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Joseph Hergesheimer—Helen Wills—Lord Dunsany—Austin Parker
Isaac F. Marcosson—Samuel G. Blythe—F. W. Bronson—Corra Harris

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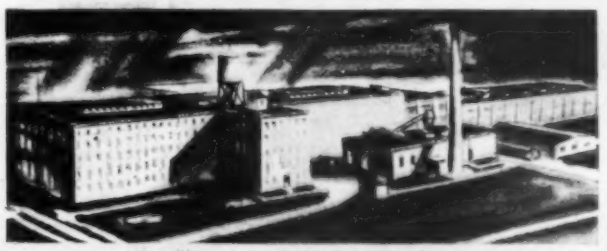

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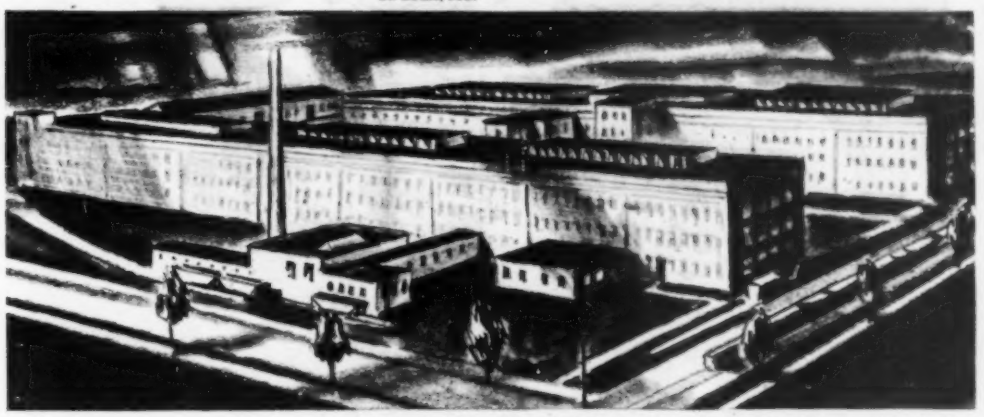

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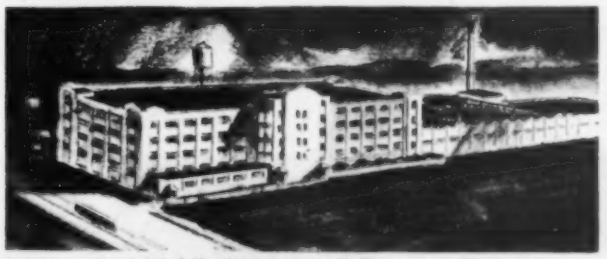

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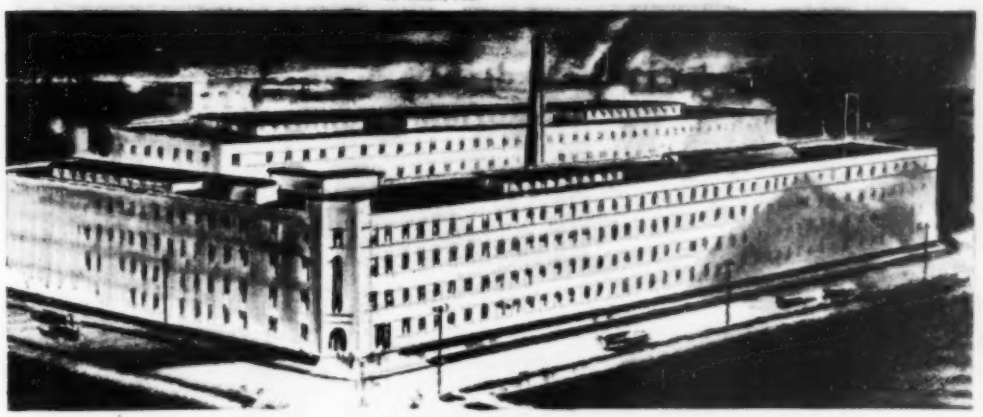

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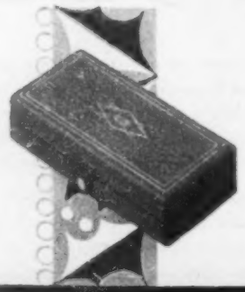

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THE BRIDAL CHEST

"Deauville" design illustrated

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Thomas B. Costain, A. W. Neall,
Wesley Stout, B. Y. Riddell,
Merritt Hulburd, W. Thornton Martin,
Associate Editors

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THE LIMESTONE TREE

"I Never Took Notice to Girls. It Wouldn't be Right. I Got No Life a Girl Could Manage With"

LES KAINTOCKS

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE French, who hunted and traded on the western waters long before the first Virginian pioneers forced their way through the dense laurel and rhododendron of the Appalachian Mountains to the sylvan and perilous region beyond the Ouasioto Gap, called those later adventurous settlers Les Kaintocks. The French and Indians—a phrase of complete unity—had already joined their temperaments and lives when, soon after 1730, John Sallings of Williamsburg in Virginia, on a hunting party to the salt licks of Kentucky, was captured by the Illinois Indians. It was not until 1769 that Daniel Boone, conducted by John Findley, followed him. Within the few decades that divided those events the French had fought the English and, in America, surrendered to them. The Kentuckians, unlike their white predecessors, joined with the Indians in nothing but battle. Both the spirit, the convictions, of the new settlers and the French saw to that. There was, for a number of years, a brief destructive struggle, and then the Indians, too, were forced to surrender. They retreated to remoter forests and still more western waters.

The English, in America, conquered the French and Indians, and then it became necessary for the Americans to defeat the English; that, as well, with the assistance of France, they accomplished; and then Kentucky was actually born. It was settled and formed by men hardened by primitive existence and skillful as the Indians themselves in the woods. Kentucky was never, like the eastern part of Virginia, an English colony; it was, for a little while, an English county; but it was so far from Williamsburg, the seat of government—four hundred miles through the wilderness—that from the first it was independent of the Crown. It was composed, together with the bands of hunters,

A Very Nice Boy—John Skelp—Who Had Kissed Her, Afterward Told Nancy to Her Face That He Would as Lief Kiss a Scalping Knife

of soldiers—privates and officers—in the French and Indian War and of the Revolution. They were given bounties of Virginia land beyond the mountains, and their grants brought parties of surveyors to establish properties and lines.

They came upon a remarkable and beautiful land of extraordinary fertility—the limestone region of the Kentucky River. The blue grass. It sustained crop upon crop of wheat and corn and tobacco, clover and hemp and rye. There was water everywhere, and great salt springs. The forest was endless—sugar trees and blue ash, black locust trees and honey locusts with thorny spikes and broad pods, elms and hickories and walnuts, mulberry trees, pawpaws and buckeyes, groves of red cedar and tall groves of tulip poplars. They stood, without underbrush, high and grave above a plane of shadow transfixed by bars of sunlight falling on the long fronds of ferns and on brilliant emerald-green mosses. Impenetrable canebrakes were succeeded by the meadows of wild rye and buffalo grass, scarlet with cardinal flowers, beside rivers that kept the cold clarity of the mountains.

Its apparent tranquillity, however, was an illusion; it was the most fatal land on the circumference of the globe. The deep forest, the thickets of cane, the flowery meadows and shining rivers, were inhabited by a flitting and implacable evil, a painted, furtive death on soundless moccasins. Kentake, the place of meadows and hunting ground, was so supremely dangerous that no Indians lived there. It had been too long a region of desperate struggle. The Six Nations, from the north, claimed the land; the southern tribes, the Catawbas and Cherokees, fought bitterly in the belief that it was theirs. The right to it was even more complicated, more difficult, than that; the Illinois confederation—tribes allied to France—sent war parties to secure their asserted property in the salt licks and game upon the east. The Six Nations, their canoes filling the Wabash River, brought that pretension to an end: The Kaskaskia Indians treated with the Mohawks, and the confederation of Western Indians was destroyed.

In turn, by treaty at Fort Stanwix in 1768, the Six Nations withdrew; they returned north from the Kentucky River and from the Ohio; but that brought no safety to the early settlers from the Great Valley of Virginia and from North Carolina. The Delawares and Piankishaws on the north and to the east, the Wyandots on the west, the Chickasaws and Cherokees from the south, all opposed themselves to the fresh white invasion. They did this, for a while, with impressive success and by two ways—swift and secretive raids and in open battle. Indians waited in the canebrakes, they fired on solitary cabins from the edges of cornfields and quickly vanished with new scalps at their belts. Or they lingered, when it was comparatively safe, and built the fires, at once ceremonial and practical, that quenched individual white aspirations to their hereditary lands. It would, however, be wrong to suppose that the Indians were wholly furtive, that they only fought from ambush or by secretive raids. Under either French or British officers, or commanded by their own war chiefs, they charged massed troops and withstood advances with a high successful bravery.

At the Lower Blue Licks one hundred and eighty-two men under Col. John Todd of Lexington, Lieutenant Colonel Trigg of Harrodsburg and Colonel Boone of Boonesborough, urged forward by Major McGary, were defeated by a body of Indians in fifteen minutes. Sixty Kentuckians were killed outright, seven were captured and burned. From 1783 to 1790, Indians captured or killed fifteen hundred men and women and children; they stole two hundred horses and damaged property to the value of fifty-six thousand dollars. In 1790 an elaborate retaliation was planned. Governor St. Clair united with Brigadier General Harman, who led three hundred and twenty United States troops, together with Virginia and Pennsylvania militia. They left Cincinnati—a force of fifteen hundred men—in September, marching against the Miami towns on the west. A detachment of thirty regulars and a hundred and fifty militiamen under Captain Armstrong and Ensign Hartshorn was surprised in the thickets that bordered on a wide plain; the militia ran without firing a shot, but the regulars stood with their two officers and were all slain. The Indians were led by Little Turtle. For some reason hidden in the past, the main army was held inactive only six miles away. Harman sent five hundred militiamen and sixty regulars under Major Willis to counter attack, and Little Turtle met them in organized battle. The regulars were killed in a body, their major at their head, and the militia ignominiously routed.

The following year an even greater force was sent against the Miami towns. A thousand Kentuckians were drafted and put under Colonel Oldham; there were two thousand regulars, a corps of artillery and several squadrons of horse—more than three thousand men—again commanded by Governor St. Clair. They left Cincinnati in October and encountered the Indians, led by Little Turtle; the Shawanese chief, Blue Jacket; and Buckongahelas, at a small tributary stream of the Wabash River. St. Clair's force was drawn up in two lines; the right wing—Butler's and Clark's and Patterson's brigades—was led by Major General Butler; the left wing was composed of Bedinger's and Gaither's regiments; Colonel Drake commanded the second line. The right flank was covered by a creek, a steep bank and Faulkner's corps; the left protected by cavalry pickets. The Indians attacked just before sunrise, the militia again fled, through the ranks of the regulars, and disorganized, ruined, the plan of battle. The front and second lines, seventy yards apart, were simultaneously assaulted. Governor St. Clair escaped on a pack horse and more than half his army was slain. The defeat became

a rout that extended for twenty-nine miles; everything was thrown away and all ammunition, the baggage and stores lost. An Indian tomahawked and scalped Major General Butler while he was having a wound dressed. Buckongahelas, who planned the Indian attack, was dressed with extraordinary fineness; there were jewels in his ears and nose, his body was ornamented with silver medals.

From the east the principal way to western waters lay through Cumberland Gap, by the Great Warrior's Path. Indian trails covered all the land east and west of the mountainous regions. Their immediate center was a warpath reaching north and south throughout the long extent of the Appalachian Valley, and from that the Cumberland Gap trail led generally across the Kentucky basin. Other trails, where it ended, ran west, one falling into the Great Scioto Trail that terminated at Fort Sandusky on Lake Erie. All the early, the pioneer, roads followed buffalo traces or Indian trails. The buffalo traces were especially valuable because, where they were broad and hard, they invariably led to salt licks. They followed convenient ridges, but the Indian trails kept to water courses, where there was small trace of passage. These were either hunting or war, portage or trade routes, and only the warpaths were comparatively easy or convenient to use; the others, never more than fifteen inches wide—for a single-file travel—wandered, apparently, in all directions and followed exceedingly rough and difficult ways.

The hunters and explorers and surveyors from the older Atlantic settlements came singly or in small companies over the Great Warrior's Path until Daniel Boone, in the interest of Col. Richard Henderson, undertook to mark out a road in the best passage from Watauga through the Indian country to Kentucky. His trace led from the Watauga River, in Tennessee, to Moccasin Gap; there it met the Big Road from Philadelphia and passed on to Cumberland Gap. Beyond, it followed the Great Warrior's Path, took to the buffalo trace that passed the Hazel Patch, and eventually arrived at Fort Boonesborough, where Otter Creek empties into the Kentucky River. Boone's company held thirty men. They started on the tenth of March, 1775, and reached the Kentucky River the first day of April. They cleared two hundred and thirty-three miles of way in practically three weeks. For a hundred and seventy miles—a very heavy task—the trace was cut through dead brush; a thirty miles that followed was easier—thick cane and reeds; then appeared the pleasing and rapturous reward of the Kentucky plains.

After that, settlements, at once isolated, precarious and determined, grew up on the Kentucky and Salt rivers and down the Ohio. In 1774, James Harrod, with forty men, left Red Stone Old Fort on the Monongahela and floated in pirogues down that stream and the Ohio to the Kentucky River. They continued to the Salt River, near McAfee's Station, and rested at Big Spring, where they agreed to lay off a town. Isaac Hite and eleven more men had appeared out of the wild; and, in small companies, they scattered, proceeded to improve their locations and build cabins. The cabins were assigned by lottery—James Wiley's cabin, for example, was located three miles east of Harrodstown; James Harrod founded the Boiling Spring settlement, six miles south of his town, and proceeded to live there.

In June, 1774, Daniel Boone and Michael Stoner arrived at Harrodstown, sent by Governor Dunmore to spread the warning of impending Indian hostilities; Boone was given a lot; a double log cabin was erected and, though he had no connection with it, named after him. Indian attacks began almost at once, and Harrodstown was largely deserted—part of the men returned to the Eastern settlements, a few went to Fort Boone, a very few stayed in the four cabins that had been built. September, 1775, however, the settlers returned to Harrodstown. Hugh McGary, from the backwoods of North Carolina, Richard Hogan, James Abel and Thomas Denton, with their families, united with Daniel Boone in Powell's valley, at the head of the Holston River; and, sending John Harman ahead to plant Indian corn at Harrodstown, they followed him three months later. On Dick's River, Daniel Boone and twenty-one men went to Boonesborough and the others continued to Harrodstown.

That winter the fort there was begun—it was finished the following spring, in 1776—on a hill by a splendid spring, and the town was permanently established. It was a simple fort and a simple town, surrounded by patches of corn, the open primitive forest and a perpetual terror. The Indians continued to harass Harrodstown in both of the manners common to them—they descended with sudden yells out of the gray stillness of the early morning on lonely cabins, and they invested the fort in force. There they were not successful. The fort was composed of two parallel rows of cabins, their outer walls joined by a high picket, blockhouses with projecting second stories occupied the four corners, the single wicket was strongly barricaded. Inside their fort the early inhabitants of Harrodstown were comparatively safe; they lived through long and stout sieges with hardly any mortality; but outside, in their close-lying fields and rude paths, they were not safe at all.

James Abel's cabin was on the south side of the town branch, a short but difficult run from the fort, and no member of his family ever went to bed or rose without speculatively gazing at the high wooden wall of the fort above. It was a large family; for its resources and situation, the largest in Harrodstown. It included Sarah, James Abel's wife—she had been Sarah McKee—Nancy, who was sixteen;

(Continued on Page 78)

"I'm Going Away," He Continued Wretchedly; "Back in the Woods to Dick's River and Joseph Drake, if Happen He's Alive"

PEACE AND PARITY

By Isaac F. Marcosson

Premier Ramsay MacDonald and President Hoover Just Before Starting on the Historic Week-End

HERBERT HOOVER and Ramsay MacDonald, sitting atop a log beside a tumbling stream in the Virginia mountains, did more to advance the cause of world peace than all the European statesmen at the thirty-four conferences held between Spa and The Hague. Never, perhaps, did an international movement of the first importance crystallize in such picturesque circumstances. If ever an open understanding was openly arrived at, it was here. The great outdoors in all the glory of autumn coloring was the environment.

From this informal meeting, and the other talks at Washington between President and Premier, emerged the invitations for the disarmament parley to be held in London next January. But these frank negotiations, for which the way was paved by the Dawes-MacDonald London conversations, accomplished much more. They created a new atmosphere of understanding which is likely to make the forthcoming conference the climax of the long and much-frustrated effort to bring about real armament reduction. For the first time, the fear, doubt and suspicion which clouded relations between the great naval powers—Britain and America in particular—are succeeded by a genuine desire to achieve a limitation compatible only with national security. Competitive construction of arms, which makes war an instrument of national policy, seems doomed.

Practical Idealists at the Helm

IT MEANS that peace and parity are on the way to become synonymous terms, with the arms mentality passing into eclipse. The stage is set for a coöperation that will bulwark the Kellogg Pact and outlaw war as much as it is humanly possible to do so. Before six months elapse the Locarno spirit, which has stimulated European accord, may reach to the ends of the earth. If present plans carry, the globe will become a succession of peace zones, with armed forces strictly confined within geographical areas.

In short, the new road to disarmament on land and sea—armies are included in the broad scheme of reduction—is wide open. It is now up to five great nations to traverse it to the logical end, establishing the precedent for all the rest. If this objective is achieved it means the easing of one of the heaviest of existing budget burdens and likewise the bestowal of a permanent legacy of peace on all posterity.

This cheering prospect grows out of a remarkable piece of teamwork which linked two striking personalities for a historic task. It was a fateful but happy coincidence that 1929 witnessed the accession of Herbert Hoover to the presidency of the United States and of Ramsay MacDonald to the premiership of Great Britain.

No deprecation of their predecessors in these high posts is implied when I say that each of these men possesses an equipment which peculiarly fits him to go the whole way on armament reduction and its by-product, which is peace. To begin with, they are both idealists, but they are realists as well. Ordinarily, when idealists meet, the world becomes a rosy dream and practicality goes by the board. Hoover reverses the usual procedure, for he is the trained engineer keyed to actual values. To disarmament, as to every other great public task he has attacked, he has applied the engineer precision, always discounting the emotional factor. Moreover, he has a profound contempt for political conventions and takes the short cut to gain his end. Long before he became President he saw that if disarmament was to be accomplished, it must be by and through civilian impulse. The people pay the freight for the naval and military show. Throughout the long prelude to the first big scene in the new drama of disarmament upon which the curtain rose when he clasped hands with MacDonald, he has been guided by the point of view of the average man. He has consulted admirals on technicalities, but he has made civilian ambassadors his spokesmen.

MacDonald, who is far more emotional than Hoover, also has a balance wheel in his Scotch strain which tempers the Covenanter zeal. Dreamer that he is, like Hoover, he sees humanity and politics in utilitarian terms. He, too, believes in the face-to-face method. He shares another strong Hoover belief, which he put to me last summer in his study at No. 10 Downing Street, when he said: "The great thing which is wanted in the world today is the capacity of different peoples, different races and different nations to put themselves in other people's shoes." His strong conviction on this score brought him to the United States in October, the first British premier to visit America during his term of office.

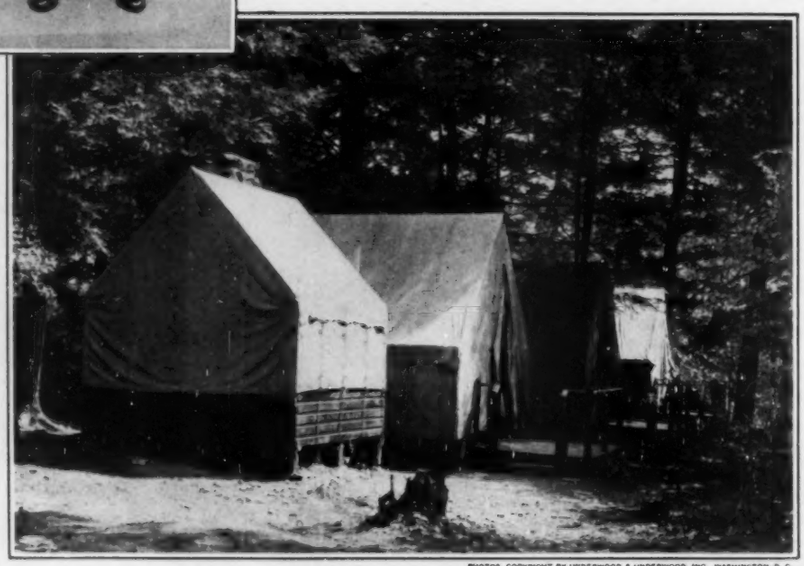
Circumstances this year favored the disarmament idea. On the American side you had Hoover representing an overwhelming civilian indorsement of his international policies, chief of which are peace and disarmament.

Old Problems From a New Angle

AT THE British end you had a Labor premier free from the "Britannia rules the waves" complex. He was further immune from the tyranny of a tradition which made British county families regard the navy and army as adjuncts of social as well as national life. Each had to have a son in one or both of the two branches of armed service. Moreover, the fetish of inherent British sea supremacy has no place in his scheme of thought. He stands at the opposite pole from the die-hard admiralty conception of sea power. Like Hoover, he represents the plain people who, in the final analysis, make the human and financial sacrifice when the red gods call.

Peace is an obsession with MacDonald. He preached it during the war when, for his pacifist convictions, he "went into the wilderness," as the British term political exile—during the lean, hard years when he led a forlorn Labor Opposition on a lonely parliamentary bench, and in his first brief tenure of the premiership in 1924. It was galvanized into new life the moment he stepped into Downing Street for the second time. Across the sea in the White House was a leader of his own temperamental caliber and outlook who had the courage to take the initiative. "Hoover and Hope," as a great British journalist put it, became the disarmament rallying cry. It was soon to be consolidated into an epochal drive to free the world from the thralldom of force.

The pooling of the Hoover-MacDonald abilities and aspirations—one had opposed war with almost fanatical fervor, and the other had salvaged its victims—made an irresistible combination. Disarmament conferences in the past have almost invariably failed; first, because of overwhelming weight of adverse mental metal, to employ the sea-fighting phraseology; second, because competitive building always raised the bogy of the next war. The problem of parity in cruiser strength rose up to confute the best intentions.



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A Section of President Hoover's Camp in Virginia, Where the Disarmament Talks Took Place

Hoover and MacDonald met the subject mentally disarmed. They did not discuss peace and naval reduction in terms of war or with the thought that war was going to break at some future time. They saw international danger in terms of peace, and brought to the solution the determination to maintain peace. It enabled them to say in their joint statement, issued just before MacDonald left Washington: "We approach old historical problems from a new angle and a new atmosphere." The impending showdown on disarmament, with the strong likelihood of a Five Power Pact that will enforce drastic reduction, is the outcome.

Fully to comprehend the significance of what this new deal in disarmament means it is necessary to state the provocation for it. The average man is inclined to think of the navy mainly as a line of menacing steel that spouts flame and death in war and acts as a policeman in times of peace. Whether in action or out, the battleship fleet is an impressive spectacle. Behind all this armored might—and it applies to land forces as well—are facts seldom realized by the

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

The Submarine V-4 Just After She Slid Into the Sea

popular mind, although they intimately touch everybody's pocketbook. The cost of big navies, especially their replacement, constitutes one of the heaviest of all modern national overheads. The appreciation of this handicap on progress is one of the mainsprings of the widespread and intelligently organized movement for relief.

The second and equally important reason is on the moral side. As long as every great power maintains a maximum fighting strength, the world remains in a state of armed truce. Those bulldogs of the sea are merely under leash. Heavy preparedness for war is not always the best insurance for political concord. I can best express this idea in the words of an eloquent Frenchman who not long ago said: "Armed peace is not a real peace. It is only a breathing space between wars."

America's New Stake in World Trade

NOW no one is sufficiently optimistic to believe that navies can be eliminated or that the war motif can be removed entirely from the symphony of the world. As long as human nature persists friction is bound to result. Armed strength of some kind is essential to the maintenance of universal good behavior. The warship, from time immemorial, has exerted a restraining influence almost as potent as its combat potentialities. Its presence in emergencies, such as the comparatively recent race upheaval in Palestine, for example, is always salutary and effective. A squadron is the best agency to meet such crises. It is swift and mobile, and can land marines to preserve order.

There is another and even more important need of navies. With it we reach the economic aspect as vital to us as to any other nation. In that other and older day we had no foreign trade and, therefore, no economic lines of communication to safeguard, once wars let loose. Today our commerce—exports for 1928 reached a total of $5,128,000,000; and imports, largely raw materials, touched $4,091,000,000—is as far-flung as the globe itself. Moreover, we possess a colonial empire that links Porto Rico with the Philippines, and have other Far Eastern interests that must be watched. The Panama Canal is a sort of aorta in the body of our international business, and demands protection.

Britain likewise has a far-flung trade, and with it a centuries-old maritime tradition. Unlike the United States, she has a dense population, largely dependent on oversea food and raw material supplies. Through her fleet she has made the blockade one of her first lines of defense in war. Out of the blockade imposed during the world conflict has arisen one of the many troublesome tangents of the disarmament problem, summed up in the phrase "the freedom of the seas." It comprises one of the "old historical problems" to which Hoover and MacDonald referred in their joint statement. This, however, is a subject to be dealt with later on. There is no more emphatic evidence of the importance of the economic factor in its relation to war than the part it played in precipitating the stupendous struggle from which the world is just beginning to recover. Trade rivalries, together with the race for raw materials, lay largely at the root of this cataclysm.

The secondary agency, which brings us to the crux of the disarmament problem, was a top-heavy German naval and military machine that had been paid for with the sweat and savings of the mass of the German people, who had no interest or stake in the glittering pageant. What most individuals do not comprehend, even at this late day, is that this machine had to have action, or the last of the kaisers would have faced revolt even before defeat and destiny dictated his downfall.

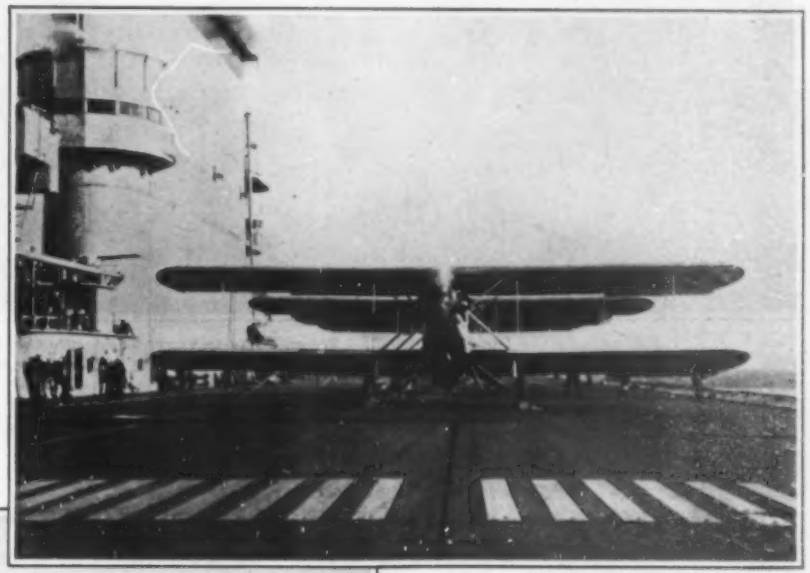
What concerns us just now, however, is the high price of armed peace. Let us take Europe in the half century preceding the outbreak of the Great War and see just how it helped to precipitate a monster dislocation. Between 1871—the end of the Franco-Prussian War—and the close of 1913, the European nations spent $40,500,000,000 upon their naval and military establishments. It averaged $10,000,000,000 a decade, or $1,000,000,000 a year.

France led with a total of $8,568,000,000; with Great Britain a close second, her expenditure aggregating $8,401,000,000. Third ranked Russia, with $7,581,000,000; while Germany was close on her heels with $7,434,000,000. Italy and Austria-Hungary were fifth and sixth; their outlays being $3,010,000,000 and $2,774,000,000 respectively.

The High Cost of Armed Peace

YOU get some idea of the increase in the price of armed peace when I say that whereas the outlay of these six powers for actual military expenses in 1873 was $550,000,000, it represented $1,894,000,000 in 1913. Yet the forty and a half billions prewar outlay for arms did not include pensions—the French bill for them alone was $1,200,000,000—and the financial legacies of previous wars. The Napoleonic wars cost $3,070,000,000; the Crimean, $1,700,000,000; the Franco-Prussian, $3,210,000,000; and the Russo-Japanese, $2,100,000,000.

To this must also be added the public debts of the six nations, which, in 1913, reached $24,403,000,000, and meant an annual service of $869,000,000. The pre-World War debt has frequently been termed a "dead-weight debt," and did not belie the phrase.



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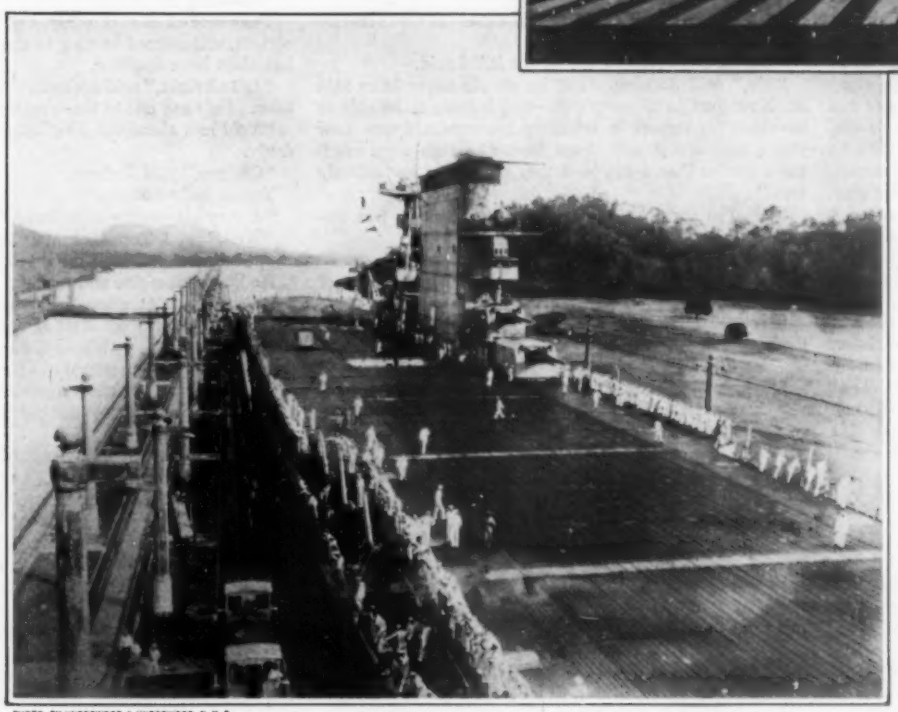
On the Flying Deck of the U. S. S. Lexington



PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

The Aircraft Carrier U. S. S. Lexington Squeezing Through the Miraflores Locks in the Panama Canal

The cost of the catastrophe between 1914 and the end of 1918 makes all previous war sums look insignificant. The estimated direct cost—that is, for guns, munitions, aeroplanes, tanks, clothing and upkeep—has been put at $80,687,000,000 in gold, while the indirect cost—which means capitalized value of lost human life—civilian and soldier—losses on land, sea and production, depreciation of capital and dislocation of trade—is set at $186,333,637,097. Succeeding generations will stagger under the burden of the obligations heedlessly and needlessly incurred.

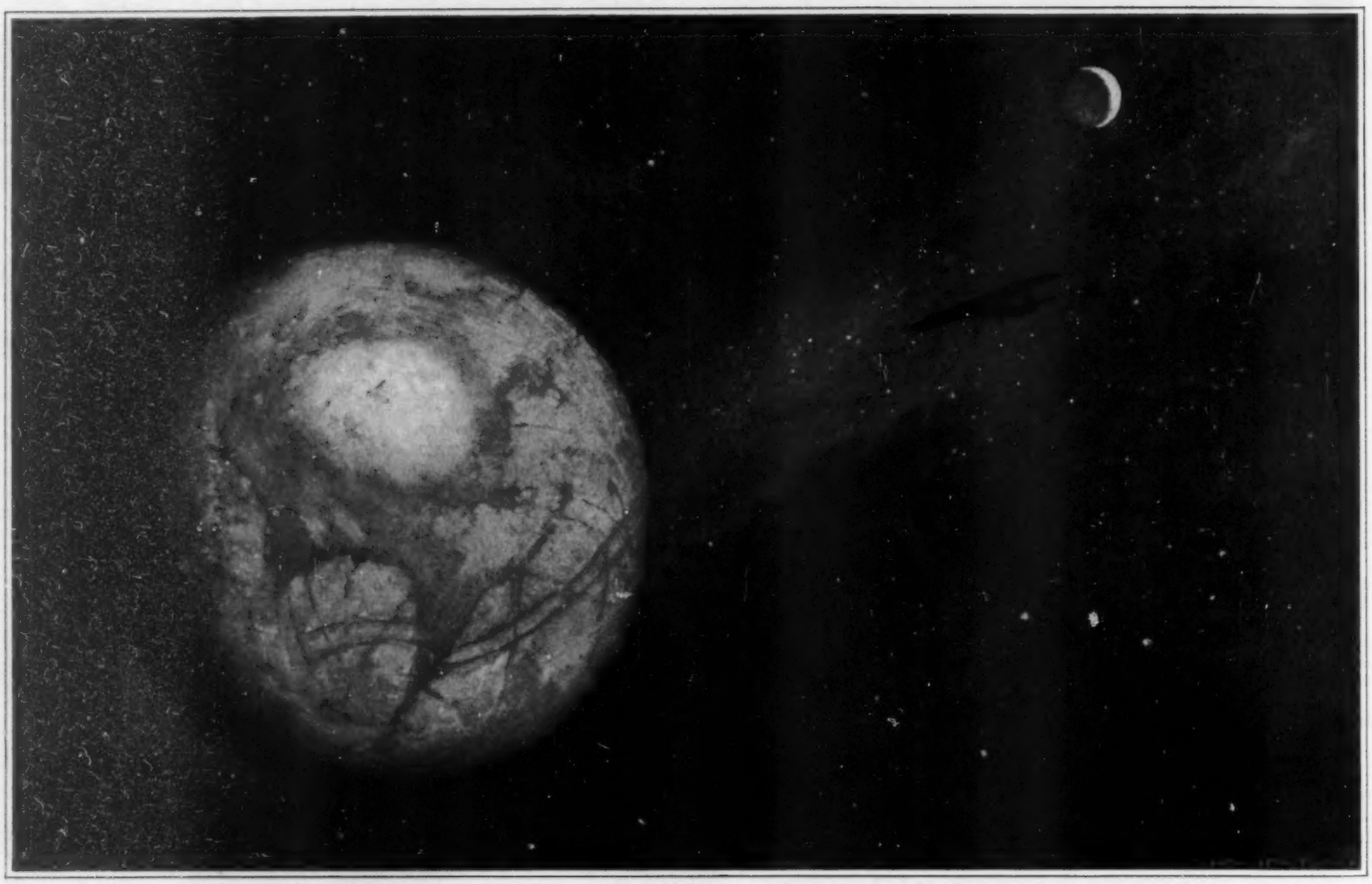
This well-nigh incredible expenditure was to a large extent due to the armed truce to which I have just referred. Great armies and navies had developed. In Germany, particularly, the sense of inevitable war was ingrained in the ruling class. Europe was spoiling for a scrap, and she got all that she asked for.

The larger moral of this militant procedure was admirably expressed by President Hoover in his Memorial Day address of this year at Arlington, when, in urging armament reduction, he said:

"Such a program, if it be achieved, is fraught with endless blessings. The smaller

(Continued on Page 46)

OUR DISTANT COUSINS



"Gradually the Canals, as We Call Them, Came in View; Gradually the Seas. It Grew to the Size of Our Moon, and Then Grew Larger, Exhibiting a Spectacle the Like of Which No Human Eye Had Ever Seen Before"

By Lord Dunsany

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

I WAS elected a member of the club to which Jorkens belongs. The Billiard-room Club it is called, though they don't play much billiards there. I went there many days before I met Jorkens again, and heard many tales after luncheon, when we sat round the fire, but somehow there seemed something missing in all of them, to one who was waiting for one of Jorkens'. One heard tales of many lands and of many peoples—some of them strange enough—and yet, just when the story promised to grip one, there was something that was not there. Or perhaps there was too much—too many facts, too impartial a love of truth—that led so many of them to throw everything into their tales, apart from its interest, merely because it was true. I do not mean that Jorkens' tales were not true, as, to some extent his biographer, I should be the last to suggest that; it would be unfair to a man from whom I have had so much entertainment. I give the words as they fell from his lips, as far as I can remember them, and leave the reader to judge.

Well, about the fifth time I came in, to my great delight, there was Jorkens. He was not very talkative at luncheon, nor for some time after; and it was not till he had been a while in his usual armchair, with his whisky and soda at hand on a little table, that he began to mutter. I, who had made a point of sitting beside him, was one of the few that heard him.

"There's a lot of loose talk," he was saying, "goes on in clubs. People say things. They don't mean them, but they say things. A lot of loose talk."

"Yes," I said, "I suppose there is, rather. There oughtn't to be."

"Of course, there oughtn't," said Jorkens. "Now, I'll give you an instance. Only today—before you came in, but only today—I heard a man saying to another—they've both gone out now, so never mind who they were—I heard him saying, 'There's no one tells taller tales than Jorkens.' Merely because he hasn't traveled, or, if he has, has kept all the time to roads and paths and railways, merely because he has never been off a good wide path, he thinks that things that I may have seen hundreds of times merely weren't there."

"Oh, he can't really have meant it," I said.

"No," said Jorkens, "but he should never have said it. Now, just to prove to you—as I happen to be able to do—that his remark is definitely inaccurate, I can show you a man not a mile from here who tells very much taller stories than I do; and they happen to be perfectly true."

"Oh, I'm sure they are," I said, for Jorkens was distinctly annoyed.

"Care to come and see him?" said Jorkens.

"Well, I'd just as soon hear one of your own stories of things you've seen," I said, "if you'd care to tell me one."

"Not till I've cleared myself," said Jorkens, "of that loose assertion."

"Yes, I'll come," I said.

So we left the club together.

"I'd take a taxi," said Jorkens, "only I happen to have run out of change."

Though Jorkens was once a great traveler, I was not sure what training he was in to walk a mile just then. So I hailed a taxi; Jorkens insisting that he must owe me the money, as it was he who was taking me. We went eastward and soon arrived at our destination; Jorkens generously placing himself in debt to me for the fare.

It was a small lodging house beyond Charing Cross Road, and we were shown upstairs by a maid to a carpetless room, and there was Jorkens' friend, Terner, a man probably still in the thirties, though he obviously smoked too much, and that made him look a bit older; and besides that, he had pure white hair, which gave a queer, venerable appearance to a face that seemed somehow unsuited to it.

They greeted each other, and I was introduced.

"He has come to hear your story," said Jorkens.

"You know I never tell it," answered Terner.

"I know," said Jorkens; "not to sneering fools. But he's not one of those. He can tell when a man's speaking the truth."

They looked at each other, but Terner still seemed uncertain, still seemed to cling to the reticence of a man who has often been doubted.

"It's all right," said Jorkens. "I've told him lots of my tales. He's not one of those sneering fools."

"Told him about the Abu Laheeb?" asked Terner suddenly.

"Oh, yes," said Jorkens.

Terner looked at me.

"A very interesting experience," I said.

"Well," said Terner, taking another cigarette in his stained fingers, "I don't mind telling you. Take a chair."

He lit his cigarette and began:

"It was in 1924; when Mars was about its nearest to the earth. I took off from Ketling aerodrome, and was away two months. . . . Where did they think I was? I certainly hadn't enough petrol to fly about in our atmosphere for two months. If I came down, where did I come down? It was their business to find out and to prove it; and, if not, to believe my story."

Nineteen hundred and twenty-four, and Ketling aerodrome. I did remember now. Yes, a man had claimed to have flown to Mars; had been reluctant to say much at first, because of some horror that he had seen, would not give cheery interviews, was too grimly solemn about it, and so encouraged doubts that might otherwise not have been, and was soured by them, and overwhelmed by a rush of them.

"Why, yes, I remember, of course," I said. "You flew to ——"

"A thousand letters by one post, calling me a liar," said Terner. "So, after that, I refused to tell my story. They wouldn't have believed it in any case. Mars isn't quite what we think it.

"Well, this is what happened. I'd thought of it ever since I realized that aeroplanes could do it. But about 1920, with Mars coming nearer and nearer, and 1924 the only year that would be possible, I began my calculations. I worked at them steadily for three years; I have the figures still. I shall not ask you to read them, but the whole point of my work was this—that there was only one motive power that could possibly get me to Mars before all my provisions gave out, and that power was the pace of the world. An aeroplane can do more than two hundred miles an hour, and mine got up to nearly three hundred by means of the propeller alone; and in addition to that, I had a rocket attachment that gradually increased my pace to an enormous extent; but the world, which is ninety-three million miles from the sun, goes right round it in a year, and nothing we know on its surface has any pace like that. My petrol and my rocket were merely to pull clear of the earth's attraction, but my journey was made by the force that is moving you in that chair at this moment at something like a thousand miles a minute. One doesn't lose that pace merely by leaving the earth; it remains with one. But my calculations were to direct it; and I found that the pace of the earth would only carry me to Mars when Mars was a bit ahead of us. Unfortunately, Mars is never straight ahead, but a bit out to the right, and I had to calculate at what angle I was to aim my plane away to the right of our orbit, in order that the combined pull of my little plane and my rockets and the vast pace of the earth should give me the right direction. It had to be as precise as aiming a rifle, with this slight advantage of my side to make up for the forces that grudged my journey—that the target would attract a missile that was going a little wide.

"But how to get back? That doubled the complexity of my calculations. If the pace of the world sent me forward, so would the pace of Mars. Mars would be ahead of the world when I started. Where would the pace of Mars send me?"

I saw a flash of doubt even on Jorkens' face at that.

"But it was fairly simple," continued Terner. "Our world has the inside berth, a much shorter journey round the sun at ninety-three million miles than Mars at an average of a hundred and forty-one million. It, consequently, soon passes its neighbor, and I found that just as I was to shoot forward from Earth to Mars, so, by leaving at the right hour, I could shoot forward from Mars to Earth. As I said, these calculations took me three years, and of course my life depended on them.

"There was no difficulty in taking food for two months. Water was more cumbersome; so I took the great risk of carrying water for only a month, and trusting to find it in Mars. After all, we have seen it there. It seemed a certainty, and yet it was an anxiety all the while, and I drank so sparingly that, as it turned out, I had ten full days' supply when I got to Mars. A far more complicated matter was my supply of compressed air in cylinders, my method of releasing it for use, and my utilization of exhaled air to the utmost that it could be utilized."

I was about to ask some question about those cylinders when Jorkens interrupted. "You know my theory about Jules Verne and the men in the moon?" he said.

"No," I replied.

"So many things he describes have been done since, and have become commonplace," said Jorkens—"Zeppelins, submarines, and one thing and another—and are described so minutely and vividly, that it's my theory—I don't know what you think—that he actually experienced these, especially the trip to the moon, and then told them as fiction."

"No, I never heard that theory," I said.

"Why not?" said Jorkens. "Why shouldn't he? There are innumerable ways of recording events. There's history, journalism, ballads, and many more. People don't believe any of them very devoutly. They may disbelieve fiction, too, now and then. But look how often you hear it said, 'That's Little Dorrit's home; that's where Sam Weller lived; that's Bleak House,' and so on and so on. That shows you they believe fiction more than most things, so why shouldn't he have left his record in that form? . . . But I am interrupting you. I beg your pardon."

"Never mind," said Terner. "Another thing that perplexed me greatly, and gave rise to immense discomfort, was the loss of the pressure of the atmosphere to which we are accustomed. I shall always regard this as the greatest of all the handicaps that anyone has to face on a journey from earth. Indeed, without the most careful and thorough binding with bandages, one's body would be crushed by the pressure within it working outward when the weight of the air was gone. I should have published details of all these things if it hadn't been for that outbreak of disbelief; which would not have occurred if I had had a publicity agent."

"Most annoying," said Jorkens.

Terner got up and paced about the room, still smoking, as always.

There certainly had been an outbreak of disbelief. It was just one of those things that the public had turned against—like Epstein's Rima, only far more so. Some men are unlucky. It was largely his own fault. It was as he had said—if he had had a good publicity agent the outbreak would not have occurred. They would have believed him without his troubling to make the journey at all.

He paced up and down, a few long strides, in silence.

"I spent every penny I'd got," he went on, "on the aeroplane and the outfit. I had no dependents. And if my calculations were wrong and I missed the red planet, I shouldn't want the cash. If I found it and got safely back to earth, I imagined it wouldn't be hard to earn all I needed. I was mistaken there. Well, one never knows. Achievement by itself is not enough. The necessary thing is for people to admit your achievement. I had not thought

(Continued on Page 109)

"He Spun Round and Stumbled Away, Waving His Arms Above Him and Bleating Out of His Great Mouth"

LAST LEAVES

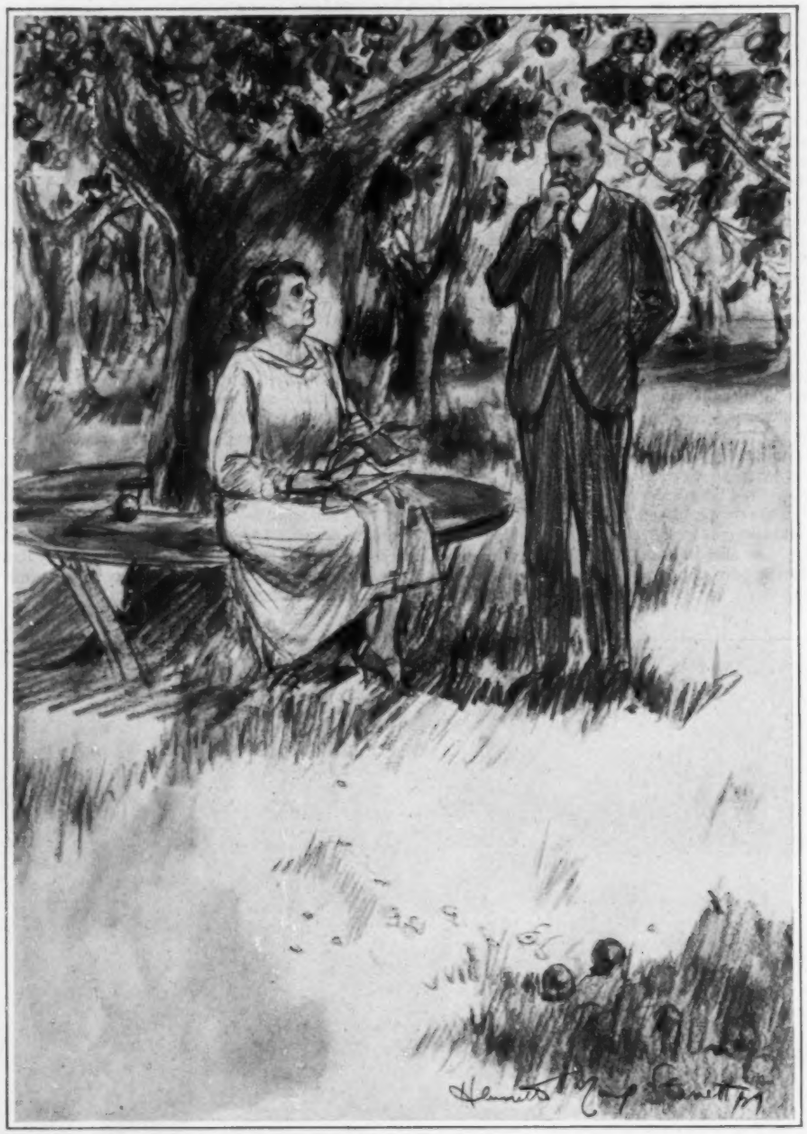
By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

WHAT follows will not be an autographed elegy, which is some kind of funeral song better done by the sadder poets. I have acquired a working knowledge of many sorrows without ever developing the gift of sadness or learning how to take a poetic license with grief. I seem to have exchanged all these for a more tranquil wisdom—not resignation, a word that always seemed to me to have a sick face or at least a defeated look—but they have become the dim and softened pattern memory weaves that fits the peace of my mind now more intimately than any of the joys I ever had.

I have thought a good deal about this, in view of the recitative relation so many of the best women retain toward their sorrows, as if this was a duty they owed misfortune. So far as I know, I have never left a tear-stained grief behind me—not even in a paragraph—without giving the reader the same chance to grin over a happier turn in my affairs as life has always given me.

At the same time, the overwhelming evidence of what a popular dramatist sorrow and pain are in the lives of so many people has impressed me. And I have worried some lest the disposition to outdo and live down sadder circumstances is a mistake. For it is generally conceded that grief is very refining to the human soul. I never thought so. I had an idea that cleaving to a vicissitude was like settling down in a state of arrested development with tears in my eyes. Besides, I have never had much time to devote to the refining of my soul. I let it go with a lick and a promise to make it more attractive if I ever got around to it. But I never did. Even as a widow I was so hard pressed by the necessity of becoming self sustaining that I never thought of assuming the forlorn widowy aspect of my state. I put on black and went ahead without changing my expression, which was too firm—always has been. But now I have come to the point of envying the sympathy and consideration other women receive who suffer no more than what I should regard as a mere bagatelle of a sorrow or a negligible ailment. As they grow older they feel obliged to grow sadder, until the whole community unites in visiting and comforting them. A shrewder woman at being a woman would have known better than to cheat herself of so much endearing tenderness by being brave in affliction.



He Said That the Ten Commandments "Must be Subjected to a Closer Scientific Scrutiny" and That Theology Should be "Supplemented by Mental Hygiene"

A Timid Widow in a Man's World

THE fact is I am really as pale in courage as any other member of my timid sex. A sort of humbling sense of humor always kept me from paying myself the dubious compliment of expecting to find a man under the bed, which is a futile form of horror enjoyed by so many genteel ladies. Still, I have the same aversion to mice we all had who came up in the long-skirted period of leg modesty. But I might scream and scream at the sight of a mouse and no one would come to the rescue, because no one believes I am afraid of anything.

When I was obliged to pick my way in the world at least half full of men who knew all the things I did not know about them and their methods, especially in business, I was scared stiff. I remember still the first turn I made under these adverse circumstances. There was a man who was at the head of a great business. And I had literally no experience in the legitimate rascality of business. After trying to figure him out from a respectful distance in the amen corner of our church for a long time, I felt obliged to come to grips with him and find out how he managed with such a good conscience to be a Christian and a financier at the same time, for I knew that in the particularly frail investments I should make, these would be the kind of men I might deal with.

One day I called on him and laid my case before him without dwelling at all on the purely Christian confusion in my mind about his case. I wanted to find out, I told him, as much as possible about how a capitalist dealt with a customer. There is no creature so disarming to an acquisitive rich man as a penniless widow. He was taken completely off his guard. For two hours he taught me the intricacies of his game—what questions to ask about the ancestry of bonds and stock, and how to find out the worth of actual assets back of liabilities. I was astonished to discover how many had negligible assets.

Having nothing yet to invest, I left his office with my hair setting up and my heart palpitating with financial fears, which is a wholesome thing to suffer if you have no financial sense.

From that day till this I have never doubted that men have more sense than I have. I mean the ordinary man, even if he cannot spell or sign his own name. Even if I have a wider wing-stretch in thinking and the witness of the Spirit to boot, he can get the better of me in a trade. By his authoritative manner he can convince me that I am wrong about some practical detail of life or business, although I have succeeded and he has not. He can come over here and prove to me that a certain field should never be planted in corn, although I have grown better corn in that field than he ever did anywhere. I do not give in, go ahead and plant corn there again by way of holding on to my own opinion out of pure feminine perversity. But during the whole growing season I am aggravated and burdened with the anguish of his assurance that the harvest will be a failure. I cannot account for this inferiority complex, although no act of mine ever confirms it.

Audience Shy

ANOTHER thing that confounds me is the invincible simplicity of men underlying all their brain power. I have discovered in every man I know, from the wise to the clown, that they share in common an element of stupidity which somehow gives them the advantage. Thus, while I keep a wary eye on them, I have been deprived all my life of the feminine privilege of looking up to one of them with complete confidence in his superiority. I simply could not do it without at least laughing up my sleeve. And I have often wondered if other women feel the same way in spite of the flattering upward glances we all feel obliged to bestow upon them.

I would rather endure the criticism of a thousand women than one belittling-minded man. Women may be spiteful, but they cannot be so ruthless as a man is at this business. And the creature I am most afraid of in this world is an audience. To me it seems a terrible thing to go up against such enormous and visible odds. But no one will believe this, because so many frailer-looking women with nothing like my shotgun use of words—provided I am ambushed behind everybody with a pen in my hand—are not afraid of any kind of audience. In the main, the spirit of these groups is cordial. They were always more gracious to me than I deserve, but nothing they do can enable me to overcome my own conscious inadequacy. That many people are bound to know more than I possibly could on any subject is the way I feel about it.

It is dangerous to go over the top on a public occasion when you may forget what you planned to say and say something else, brighter but not so dully discreet, or when there may be another fatally interested person present waiting to take a pot shot at you, no matter how sweet and kind you think you are.

My theory is that if you are born the victim of an inferiority complex toward the public, the sensible thing is never to appear in the spotlight and so avoid becoming the mangled minority by remaining in strict retirement, where you control the overwhelming majority. This, to be sure, is no better than a witty excuse for cowardice, but it works. I am reasonably truthful without being damagingly literal for conscience' sake. Thus, during the past ten years I

have found it more polite and convincing to send some kind of touching excuse about being in ill health when I decline invitations to make an address. As a matter of fact, I was never in good health, but may be as well as usual, except for this weakness in the courage of my knees when it comes to risking a rostrum appearance. Besides, what is the use? I cannot recommend the trend of the times either in art, literature, education, morals or manners. Neither can I change them. Nobody can. I observe that the Lord himself leaves us to fight it out and come to our senses according to the nature and spirit He has given us and the laws He has made, which we cannot break without suffering the consequences. We are always getting into a cul-de-sac of some kind, either religious or profane, by following a course charted by our own minds. But we always rescue ourselves by the power of the Spirit, and go ahead.

Modern Youth and the Scriptures

I AM not very bright, but I have too much sense to campaign, as the radicals and intelligentzia are doing now, to hold the incantation they have cast. It is foolish. Their own activities will betray them and destroy their influence. I am one of those who can hold his note without making speeches about it. If I write anything, it is simply by way of passing the time and figuring out a few contrasts between the past and the present. No harm in that, and I try to be patient with these modern thinkers who call me down fiercely, remembering how uncharitable the missionary spirit used to make many Christians among us who could not wheedle others into subscribing to foreign missions or even praying lustily for the heathen in the uttermost parts of the earth. I do not say foreign-mission enterprises have failed, but they certainly have not accomplished anything commensurate with the fuss we made about saving the heathen. The heathen has even got the notion that we have been exploiting him. Well, a man ought to pay something for his salvation. Free salvation was figurative doctrine promulgated by evangelists. Nothing to it. We pay terrifically for faith and righteousness. And now it turns out that the most effective missionaries we ever sent to China—which, as I remember, was the particular stamping ground of our prayers—have been engineers, doctors and teachers. Precisely so, the fervor of these modern cults will fail. They talk too much. Propaganda is a dust storm that may obscure the vision for a moment, but it passes. There is a Wind that blows it away. And no sort of science, however convincing, can deprive a man of his soul—that spiritual element in him which must be satisfied. This and the men who actually do things are the only forces that ever change the trend of things in this world—faith and power. The intelligentzia have neither. They belong to the school of confusionists. The only good to be had from the stir they are making is that we shall presently discover that their doctrines are fallacious and impractical.

To be a competent rationalist one must know everything; therefore, only God can qualify. It follows that the only rational course then is to go on believing in God. I do, with the gay insouciance of a child; knowing well that no mortal man knows or can find out enough to confound my faith. When I am discouraged, frightened by a condition too appalling to meet, I simply retire from my mind—which is dastardly smart at revealing approaching disasters—fall back upon this childish confidence in the Almighty, and let it roll, whatever threatens. Every time it passes, leaving me sitting up in a high wind, dishevveled but not dismayed; and what I thought was the worst thing that could happen turns out for the best. This is such a witty refuge to take against fears and misfortune that I have often wondered why cleverer men and women are too vainly intrenched in their own egotism to take advantage of it.

It is useless to remind me that Scriptures are worked-over folk lore, traditions, shockingly corrupt history, sensual symbols now used to convey holy meanings. I know it. The miracle, divine and beautiful, in men is that by such untoward circumstances they portrayed the will of God, and that we receive the deep, singing ritual of eternal life confirmed by our desires and instincts no less than by these poor words.

The Bible is the only book I have ever read that a man can scarcely open without finding a search warrant of himself staring him in the face, and frequently covering something he thinks is elegantly or darkly concealed. Lately, with no maliciously pious intention at all, but merely to prove my contention that Isaiah wrote some of the best copy to be found anywhere in literature, I opened my old Bible and began to read some of it to a group of fearless young people who had never been searched by the Scriptures. Presently one of them exclaimed: "That's great stuff, but it's awfully embarrassing. Read something more cheerful." These young ones cannot bear the dark shadows truth casts! I turned the pages at random and read again. Another protest: "That stuff tears a man to pieces. Can't you find something kinder to read?" I do not think very highly of Saint John as an intellectual power in piety, but as a disciple and a theologian he is one grand expounder of the main teaching for which Christ lived and died. He has written some of the tenderest, simplest chapters in the New Testament, harping on that one point: "Little children, love one another." That sunk the whole crowd. They were bored. It sounded like a puling tune to them, because our young people shy at the virtue and sacrifice involved in this text. Chiefly they love themselves. They have pals, sidekicks for their enterprises in pleasure, as men take partners in business—to be kept as long as they are profitable and bear their share of the expense. They had been held up again by one of the meekest and least witty of all the Apostles.

Every Man's Judgment Day

THIS is Judgment Day, and nothing is hidden. We are all in the same boat, and it is no use to pretend to have any privacy, except for our virtues, which always become the very vanities of vice when too much exposed even to our own praise. The Bible is a book of awful omniscience. This, in my opinion, accounts for the fact that so many intelligent and cultured people no longer read it. It is not so much because they are the disciples of the higher unbelief as it is that they cannot read the thing without being stripped of their culture, searched to the bone, and suffering in secret a frightful lot of embarrassment. Their antagonism is similar to the animus less affected outlaws feel at the sight of a sheriff. They duck into the darker doorways of their minds and take off hotfoot according to some system of philosophy better suited to their defalcations.

What I am copying here is archaic stuff, out of date from the point of view of modern minds. But where can we find any record of a more archaic mind than we have now, drifting down behind Arcadia to the merely primitive conceptions of human life? For one, I shall be relieved when men get tired of finding out what men really are according to nature, instinct, science and mere animal facts. They will.

(Continued on Page 59)

Presently One of Them Exclaimed: "That's Great Stuff, But it's Awfully Embarrassing. Read Something More Cheerful"

LOVE STORY

By AUSTIN PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

SANDY FOREMAN—or John Twisden Foreman, Lieutenant, U. S. N., retired—saw the butler trundling a serving wagon across the smooth lawn toward the summer-house.

He cried "Come and get it!" to Warren Jeffer, his brother-in-law, and chinned himself on the springboard of the pool.

"'At's me!" cried Jeffer exultantly. He came up over the edge, dripping. Sandy, lumpy muscles bulging, pulled himself to a hand stand on the end of the board and stretched luxuriously, feet skyward. His hands pattered on the matting as he walked in, and he did a back flip.

They took a few swipes at themselves with towels, put on bathrobes and slipped off their wet trunks. Breakfast was no dainty, Continental affair. The water-heated metal platters held deviled kidneys, crisp bacon, eggs scrambled with mushrooms; hot little biscuits fresh from the oven; honey from Jeffer's own bees; coffee—plenty of coffee—with thick cream. The two men ate silently. This was no time for conversation.

"Want to know somethin'?" asked Jeff in comfortable indolence as he exhaled the first long puff of his cigarette.

"Nope," answered Sandy.

"Amusin'," Jeff urged temptingly. He patted what promised to be a respectable paunch in later years—patted it affectionately.

"Shoot it, then. But keep it funny."

"Emily's hell bent to get you married," said Jeffer. He beamed. Emily was his wife, Sandy's sister.

Sandy poured himself another cup of coffee. "That's just comical," he replied after a bit. "A fat chance! Did she say so?"

"No-o-o!" exclaimed Jeff softly. It sounded like a moo from one of his Jersey cows. "She wouldn't tell me anything about one of her conspiracies. But that's what's in her mind, little one. I can tell by the signs."

"What does she want to get me married for?"

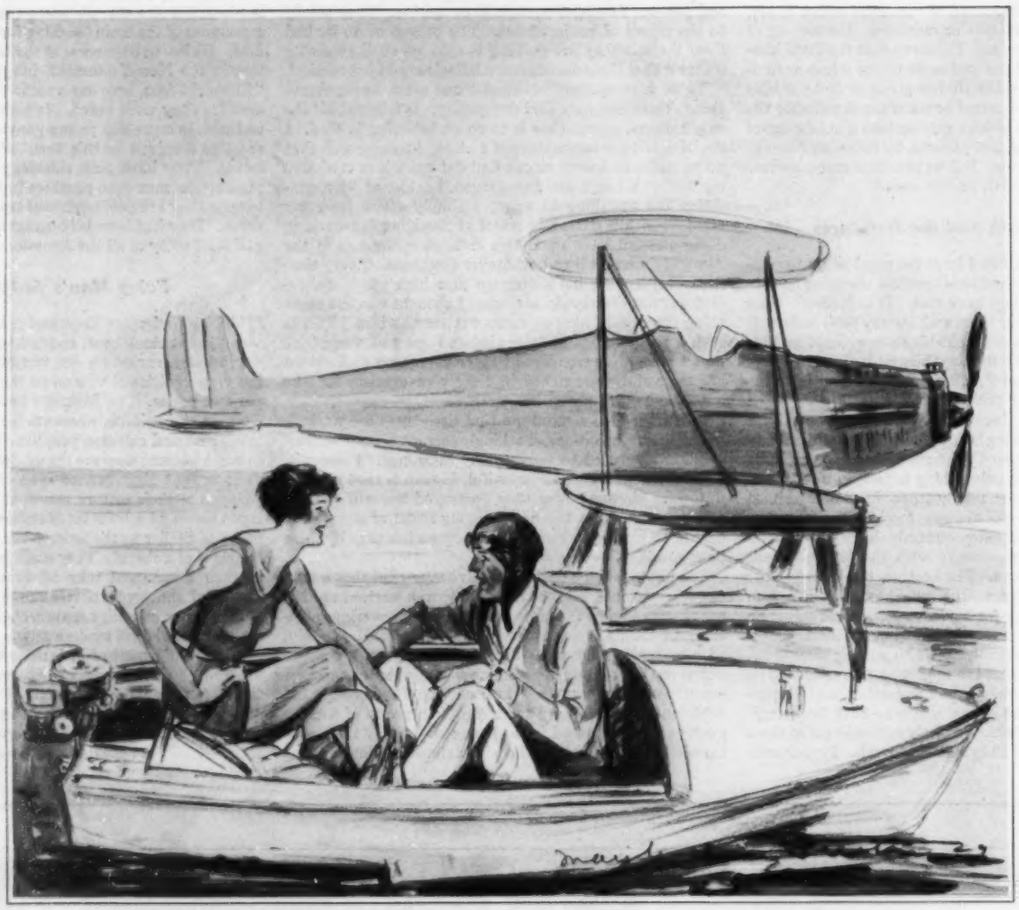
"Sex loyalty, I guess," drawled Jeff. "Doesn't think it's fair to the gals to let a young fellow with plenty of money run around loose. So watch the step. She's going to see that you meet the likely ones."

"Don't worry. I've seen plenty of 'em. No can do."

Jeffer yawned. "Oh, it's not such a bad way of livin'. Couldn't possibly do without Emily."

"For them as likes it," remarked Sandy into his coffee cup.

Then, being comfortably full of food, he whacked himself upon the chest a few times with his fists. He was built like a halfback—broad-shouldered, thin-waisted. His face was lean, muscular, his eyes a cool blue, and his close-cropped hair was sandy; hence the name by which he had been known since his academy days. The sports writers had always called him Sandy, and later, when he did such things as putting a plane through an outside loop or winning the Ballenger Cup, the reporters carried it on. People scarcely knew that he was carried on the records as John Twisden Foreman.



"You See, We Want to Get People to Like Flying—Not Scare 'Em Away From It. Will You Come?"

His Navy days were already one month behind him. He had resigned when he came into possession, at the age of thirty, of his father's and his uncle's estates. He had ideas of his own about aeroplanes and now he was free to carry them out.

"Some day, maybe, I'll get married," he announced. "Along when I'm about forty-five or fifty. Pick me out some nice widow lady who doesn't need any training. But now I've got other things on my hands—lots of 'em!"

"What's this stuff you're going to do with planes—besides breakin' your neck?" asked his brother-in-law.

"Listen, sweetheart! About my kicking off—sixty years from now your grandchildren'll be having me rolled in to tell the guests about the funny-looking planes I used to fly when I was young. And then we'll talk about how their grandpa died of hardened arteries."

Jeffer laughed derisively. "But what's the rest of it—about the planes?"

"I want to do some work with high-lift aerofoil sections ——"

"That's enough!" interrupted Jeffer. "Let me guess the rest. High-lift what-do-y'-call-em, me eye!"

"You're a lazy soak, Jeff!"

"Sure!" agreed Jeffer readily.

It wasn't, really, that he was lazy, but rather that he was aimless. He was rich and amiable, and the only things in the world which interested him, aside from his wife and two small sons, were the animals on his country place. He would work patiently and earnestly teaching a young hunter what it was all about or he'd sit up all night nursing a sick dog, but his wife had to take over the payment of all bills and the settling of his affairs with his bankers because such stuff wasn't amusin'.

The cries of his young, aged eight and nine, who were playing polo in the field beyond the hedge, made him beam.

"Guess I'll do a little riding today," he announced. "Are you with me? Let you have Justly So."

"I'm going down to the harbor and see if they've got the pontoons fitted to the bus," replied Sandy. "Come along. We'll take a hop and shake your gizzard for you."

Jeff waved him away. "Thanks. If you're going to stunt the bus, take it over to the other side of the Point where Emily can't see you. She gets worried."

"All right." They rose and ambled toward the house. Emily, immaculate, punctilious, arranger of all things for two untameable males—four, counting the children—came to meet them.

"Hello, darlings," she said. "I just wanted to remind you that the Martins are coming for dinner and bridge tonight. Be sure to get home in time to dress."

"Oh, hang it all!" wailed Jeffer.

"You sound just like Junior," she said, and turned to her brother. "I'm sure you'll like Ellen Martin. She's very pretty and attractive."

"I'll just bet I will!" he replied sarcastically. "Can't we lay off the bridge tonight?"

"The rest of us will probably play," said Emily. "But if you and Ellen want to do something else, go ahead."

Jeffer, out of range of her eyes, made a wry face, winked at Sandy and grinned. The two men continued into the house, and Emily went to inspect the youngsters.

"Object matrimony," said Jeff. "She's a little thin-nosed bluestocking. She'll bore you silly. No spunk. Come to uncle whenever you want the lowdown on any of these gals."

"Thanks," responded Sandy. "I'm not even interested in the lowdown. Get this idea of matrimony out of her head. I don't want a wife."

He went to his room, dressed, and headed for the harbor where his little M. P. T. Bug—a two-seater—was being changed from a land plane to a sea plane. The pontoons were nearly fitted. He supervised the job and started his engine to let it get warm.

II

FELICIA RIPTON SMITH turned a withering gaze upon Nature. At least, she intended it to be withering. The sky, however, remained a baby blue, fringed with puffy clouds, and the bay was mineral water with bluing in it. Just the sort of day for going nowhere very rapidly in a motorboat. But even Nature in all its glory is likely to give one a stout pain in the neck when one's outboard motor does a death rattle and gives up the ghost.

The shore was a good three miles away, and the current showed an energetic eastward-ho spirit that might eventually land her in Europe. Of course, someone would come along eventually and pick her up—at least she hoped someone would—and in the meantime she could take her choice between having a good cry and going for a swim.

Under her light frock she was wearing a bathing suit. Not that she was in any great need of privacy. Nothing else but privacy. She kicked off her sneakers. With one pull and a wiggle she was out of her dress; then overboard.

Rip was a small girl, slim, lithe, with a grace that seemed quite fragile. The grace was real, but the fragility wasn't. The sun of the long summer had burned her body to a brown that would endure until it was time to stow clothes away in the spring and get into bathing suits again. She had a strong, rather large mouth and a smile that twisted as it broadened. It made her expression humorously sardonic. Her eyes—very bright eyes—were an intense bluish green. They contrasted strangely with the tan of her face, her dark hair.

She swam for a while; then rolled over on her back and lay motionless in the water, drifting with her boat. Far up in the impeccable blue of the sky there appeared a dark speck, an insect on the ceiling, a plane. The insect—an Umpty Bug—appeared to change its mind about where it wanted to go. It paused for an instant; then its wings flashed in the sun as it started to spin down.

Rip, interested, swam to the boat and pulled herself aboard. The plane was still spinning, and it was headed directly for her. It stopped the spin, turned over in a gentle loop, and then began to spin again, again heading for her. As it came closer she began to grow uneasy. If the maniac who was piloting the thing really wanted to commit suicide, he might have picked out a different spot in the whole big bay for the ultimate crash. She wondered whether she hadn't better jump overboard.

The plane again came out of the spin, looped halfway and flew upside down. She could see the dangling head of the pilot. It flipped suddenly in half a barrel roll and came right side up.

Rip's neck was stiff from watching, so she stretched out on the seat and made herself comfortable. The plane was now doing a series of barrel rolls, which ended in another spin, almost into the water. He came out of it just in time to take a little bounce on his pontoons and shoot skyward at a crazy angle.

Rip was on her feet, without knowing just how she got there. "The man's crazy!" she exclaimed aloud. And she added, on second thought: "But he's good!"

The thought occurred to her that she might hail him and have him send someone from shore to help her. She snatched up the dress and began waving it. The plane turned and came back. She could see the begoggled face of the pilot peering down. He waved in response and went on. Couldn't the fool see that her engine had broken down? Did he think that she was flirting with him? Didn't he know an S O S when he saw one?

Then the plane soared in half a loop and came back, upside down, went on, completed the loop and came out just over the water. He came to a stop about twenty-five yards away. "Engine conked?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Rip.

"Wait a second."

He gave his motor a touch of the gun and drew up alongside.

"Anything I can fix for you?" he asked.

"I don't know," she admitted.

"How did it act? Did it cut out cold?"

"No, it just began to lose power. And it spit fire from the exhaust too."

He rubbed his nose reflectively and said: "Sounds like an exhaust valve is stuck. I'd better take a look at it. Take a lash of your painter around one of the pontoon legs, will you?"

He rose in the cockpit, got out of his parachute harness and dropped over the side to one of the pontoons.

"You'd better stand there to fend off," he said. "Don't let 'em touch." He went to the engine, examined it with a professional air, cranked it and nodded. "Exhaust valve," he announced finally. "Nothing much we can do about it. Shall I send somebody out from town to get you?"

"It'd be mighty nice of you if you'd tell 'em at Bill Peterson's boatyard. And tell him not to take all day about it, either! The last time I broke down, the big Swede let me wait four hours!"

"Who shall I say it is?" he asked.

"Just say that Rip Smith is headed for Europe. . . . Tell me, is it much fun to do that?" She nodded toward the plane.

"To stunt a ship?" he asked, and hesitated. "Oh, not particularly. Not after you've done it a few million times."

"Then why do it?"

"This is a new bus," explained Sandy. "I've just had the pontoons fitted to her and I wanted to see what she'd do with them."

Rip sighed. "Well, you certainly found out! You had me scared pink when you were coming down at me."

He looked genuinely concerned. "I'm awfully sorry!" he exclaimed. "Really, I am! I didn't think about that. You see, I wanted a target to aim at so I could see how much she oscillates in a spin. You happened to be handy, right out here in the middle of the bay."

"I wasn't very scared," she admitted. "I'm only glad that you spotted me." For a moment she studied his face. "You don't live around here, do you?"

"No, I'm just visiting my sister. She's Mrs. Warren Jeffer—lives on the other side of the Point."

Rip's eyes widened. "Oh-h!" she exclaimed. "You're Sandy Foreman! You're in the Navy and you won the Ballenger Race."

He laughed and little wrinkles radiated from his eyes. "That's almost right," he said. "Only I'm not in the Navy any more."

"How does it feel to travel as fast as you did in the Ballenger Race?"

"After you pass two hundred miles an hour you don't notice much difference," he answered negligently. "It just makes the turns a little tougher." He paused self-consciously and said: "I'd better be shoving off."

She put out her hand. "Mighty nice of you to do this for me."

"Least I could do after scaring you."

He stepped to a pontoon, pulled himself up to his cockpit. The starter whined and the motor let out a lusty, crackling roar which mocked the little broken-down putt-putt. Then, with a wave of his hand, he took off. The plane seemed scarcely up before it dwindled into a speck and settled beside the water front.

III

WHEN Rip was eleven years old her brother had been killed in France. Like a proper Smith, living up to family tradition, he had died with his boots on. Their father, when Rip was a baby, had his neck broken. A horse fell with him. Their grandfather had gone all through the Civil War with scarcely a scratch, only to be shot down by a desperately crazy enemy ten years later. And Rip's great-grandfather, old Faber Smith, who founded the family fortune by going to California in '49, had been lost in a shipwreck. No one knew who old Faber's father was, so he probably wasn't a real Smith—he must have died between sheets. Faber was the beginning of the clan, as though he had been created like Adam himself, and Rip was the end of it, the last of the Smiths. Of the fortune which had begun in the placer claims of California and which had swollen in trading ships, only the old house and its fifty acres remained. By renting the place Rip had been able to go through schools, to camps and to college.

She sat upon the edge of the boat, dangling her feet in the water, and whistled a little tune out of the side of her mouth. It was pleasant to be twenty-two years old, to own a big, beautiful house—even if she had to live in the caretaker's cottage—to be a gloriously healthy little animal and to sit in the sun whistling. Now that Sandy Foreman had rescued her there wasn't a thing on earth to worry about, except, perhaps, that the new gardener might turn out to be a drunk. Most of those she'd known—at least if they knew anything about

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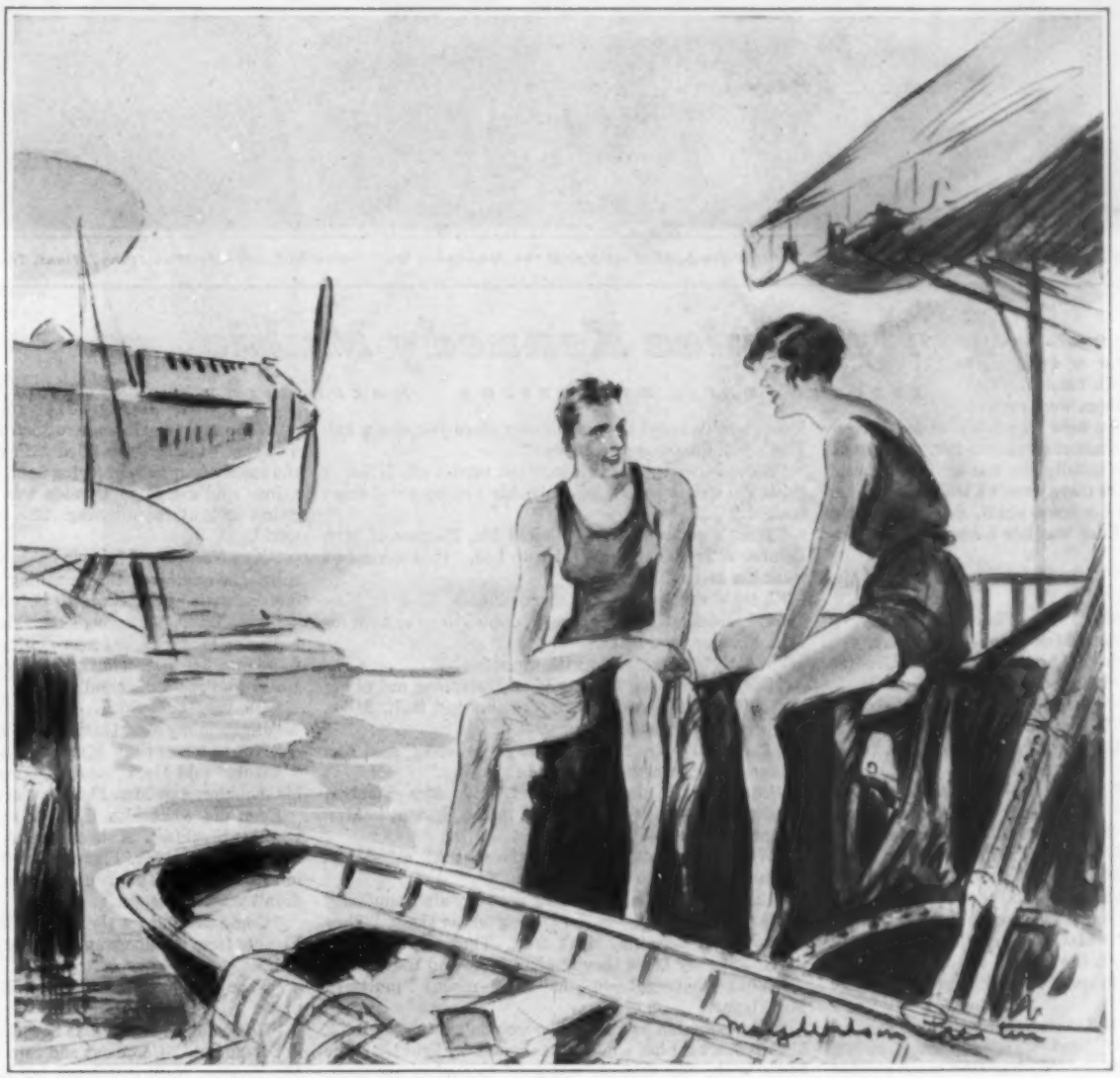

"I May be a Little Bit Afraid, But I'm Not That Much of a Coward!"

THE ARTIFICIAL MOON

He Looked at Her Much as the Mountain Might Have Looked at Her if the Mountain Had Cared to Look. He Was Stony, Aloof, Invincible

By Louise Kennedy Mabie

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

AT THE ranch Eden wore brown overalls and a yellow or green shirt and an orange silk bandanna tied round her head. Her shoes were scarred and stubby, and the laces were frequently untied. Sometimes she wore socks and sometimes she didn't. Sometimes she was off a horse but usually she was on. If she went over the mountain where there wasn't a trail and lost her way, the horse brought her home again. Sometimes Mrs. Flanner worried when Eden was late for supper, but usually she didn't.

"Eden's late again," Mrs. Flanner would say to Mr. Flanner.

"What's she ridin' today?" Mr. Flanner would say.

"Eden's ridin' Modesse," Mrs. Flanner would say.

"Shoo, woman! Modesse'll bring Eden home. Give me some more coffee," Mr. Flanner would say.

Eden usually got in by suppertime. Sometimes she would stop to wash her face and sometimes she wouldn't. "Hello, folks," she would say in her soft, tired voice. "Give me food."

Eden didn't talk much, but when she said anything there wasn't a waste word. When Eden did anything there wasn't a waste motion. Eden was what Mr. Flanner called a straight shooter. Eden was pretty grim. She wasn't very happy except on the ranch. This year when Eden arrived the train had been six hours late, and the truck had had a puncture bringing her from the station, and she had stumbled from the truck into Mrs. Flanner's arms more than half asleep and blinking in the glare of the artificial moon. For, of course, with Eden coming Mr. Flanner had turned on the moon.

"Hello, folks," Eden had murmured sleepily. "Turn off that moon."

"Eden," said Mr. Flanner, "we had that moon painted new for you yesterday when we heard you was coming. Eden, you've loved that moon ever since you was a kid. Don't yuh love that moon now?"

"Sure, I love it," said Eden, "but turn it off, Mike. I guess I'm sick or something. I couldn't stand a real moon tonight."

"What's got into Eden?" asked Mr. Flanner of Mrs. Flanner after she had put Eden to bed, "that she didn't want her moon?"

"Eden's engaged to get married back East in New York," said Mrs. Flanner tersely, unbuckling her belt, for Mrs. Flanner wore belts.

"What's that got to do with the moon?"

"Eden," said Mrs. Flanner tersely, stepping out of her skirt, "has got a ring with a real diamond in it, Mike, bigger'n the diamond in your stud."

"There ain't any real diamond anywheres," said Mr. Flanner, "bigger'n the diamond in my stud."

"Eden showed me her diamond," said Mrs. Flanner, "and then she took and slung it into a drawer." Mrs. Flanner unbuttoned her shirt waist.

"What's that got to do with the moon?" asked Mr. Flanner getting into bed.

"Engaged girls ain't one thing nor they ain't another," said Mrs. Flanner vigorously, kicking off her shoes. "They ain't bound, and they ain't free. They ain't wedded wives, but they know they're goin' to be and they balk."

"Whas—that—got—to—do—with—moon?" muttered Mr. Flanner.

"Eden's as thin as a rail. She wouldn't drink her milk. She wouldn't eat her apple. She wanted the light left. She had a book. She said she was goin' to read in her book. Eden's changed," said Mrs. Flanner, braiding up her hair.

"Whas—got—moon," murmured Mr. Flanner.

"Oh, shut up!" said Mrs. Flanner vigorously. "You and your moon!"

In the morning Eden struggled in for early breakfast. The ranch kitchen was filled with the scent of coffee and the smoky fragrance of frying ham. Outside was the marvelous cold morning. Outside was the world. But Eden didn't look at the morning. She turned away from any world.

"New York," said Eden in her brown overalls and yellow shirt, shivering a little, hunching over her plate like a molting little bird, "is pretty far off, isn't it, Mike?"

"New York's far enough off, Eden," said Mr. Flanner, buttering his bread. "I hear you've got to be an engaged-to-be-married woman back East there in New York, Eden. I hear you got a diamond."

"Oh, yes," said Eden.

"Bigger'n my stud that I got with the soap."

"Not as big as that, Mike, but big," said Eden.

"Huh," said Mr. Flanner, looking at Mrs. Flanner over his shoulder; but Mrs. Flanner was busy with her cakes.

Eden did what Mrs. Flanner anxiously called "fool" with her breakfast. A sip of this. A dab of that. Eden ate really nothing. Mr. Flanner wanted her to go out with him to inspect. The owner always inspected. But Eden didn't want to inspect.

"Come out and see the new hosses, Eden," begged Mr. Flanner from the doorway. "Come out and take yer pick, girl."

"Thanks. I like Modesse," said Eden, hunched over her plate.

"Come out and see Skid's new chaps, Eden, that he got in Sacramento. Come out and turn on the moon," begged Mr. Flanner, really distressed, but Eden drooped suddenly forward. She folded her arms on the table and hid her face

and sat. Eden didn't make a sound. She just sat. Mrs. Flanner waved her apron, and Mr. Flanner went dumbly. Mrs. Flanner took charge of Eden. Eden's mother was in Venice. Eden's father was dead. Eden's mother had married again. Eden had a sister named Elise and a brother named Bill, but Lise was living in Reno just now, and Bill was speed-boating at Santa Barbara. So Mrs. Flanner let her work stand while she took charge of Eden. She put Eden to bed again. She bathed Eden's poor face and her brown little hot hands. She dipped a towel in cold water and folded it down over Eden's eyes. She pulled down the shades and made the room dark and cool. She drew up a chair beside the girl's bed and sat down on it. When Eden reached out a groping hand Mrs. Flanner wiped her own on her apron and held Eden's hand. And after a while Eden went to sleep. Mrs. Flanner sat for a long time there beside her and thought of the butter left standing on the table and of the piled-up dishes in her sink, but mostly she thought of Eden. Eden had always come flying back to her ranch when things went badly—when her father died, when her mother married and went to live in Italy, when Lise eloped. At these three former times Eden had cried, but she didn't cry now. So this must be worse, decided Mrs. Flanner.

Eden struggled out to the porch late that afternoon and sat in the Mexican barrel-hoop chair and looked at the mountain. It was a pretty bad mountain, one of the high Sierras, but it was a beautiful mountain to look at. For centuries it had stood there, stony, aloof, remote, invincible, impervious to storms, to sunsets, to life, to death. It had stood like a wall against the march west of tired feet, torn feet, stumbling, despairing feet. It still stood like a wall against the rolling of wheels. Eden looked at the mountain until Jeff Macomber came by in his big car. Jeff Macomber was better-looking than ever this year, or so it seemed to Eden. His hair was more sun-bleached, his eyes more blue. There was snap to Jeff Macomber, and charm and style.

"Hello, Eden," said Jeff Macomber getting out of his car.

"Hello, Jeff," said Eden sitting in her Mexican chair.

Jeff came up the steps and crossed over to Eden and stood for a moment looking down at her. When she held up her hand Jeff Macomber took it and looked at it.

"Well, what am I to do with it?" he asked.

"Shake hands and drop it," said Eden.

"But I want to kiss it," said Jeff.

"No, you don't," said Eden.

"Don't I?" said Jeff. He kissed her wrist. "My soul, Eden, but you're thin," he said. "And what's happened to your eyes?"

"My eyes?" said Eden. "They've grown."

"Eyes don't grow," said Eden contemptuously.

"They're so big and so brown they swamp your face. You got any red on your mouth today, Eden?"

"No," said Eden.

"Well, I want to kiss it," said Jeff Macomber.

"No, you don't," said Eden.

"You bet I do," said Jeff Macomber. Stooping swiftly he kissed her mouth. Eden just sat.

"What's got into you, Eden?" he asked, standing off, looking down at her. "That's no way to do. And I hear you got yourself engaged to be married back East."

"Who told you?" asked Eden.

"Skid. And I came right over. Why'd you have to go and do that, Eden?"

"I don't know," said Eden grimly.

"Well, what's he like?"

"I don't know," said Eden.

"You know all right, Eden. I tell you, what's he like?"

"Well—he's rather like that mountain, Jeff."

"The mountain!" Jeff whirled to look at the mountain. "Big, is he," said Jeff Macomber, "and darned rich and not too young, and set?"

"I guess so," said Eden.

"Well, I never liked that mountain, Eden," said Jeff.

"I never liked it either, Jeff," said Eden.

She went off the next morning on Modesse and was gone all day. She took along a wedge of chocolate cake and an apple. She wore a pale green shirt and an orange bandanna and her chaps, for she was going over the mountain where there wasn't a trail. She didn't wear her diamond. It still lay where she had slung it that first night into a drawer. When Eden got back it was dark night, clouded, starless, and supper was over and someone was sitting alone on the porch. Eden was tired out, and Modesse was still lifting her feet and putting them down again as if she expected to slide somewhere.

"That you, Mike?" called Eden through the dark night to the figure on the porch. "Come on down here and lift me off. I'm dead-beat. And if you want to carry Modesse to her stall it'll be all right with her."

Someone came down off the porch, but it wasn't Mike. It was someone tall and silent and leisurely. Eden stared at him through the dark night. Eden swallowed once or twice, but she didn't say anything. The man lifted her off Modesse and carried her up the steps of the porch and set her gently down. Eden staggered a little before she reached the Mexican chair, but she didn't say anything. Modesse stood alone in the dark night below the porch and thought of her supper and waited patiently for someone to do something. When no one did anything Modesse lifted up her poor feet at last and slashed around a little and then trotted off briskly to her stall.

"You came West to see Lise," said Eden definitely after a while in her soft, tired voice.

The man had settled himself on the porch railing well away from Eden and was lighting a cigarette. Eden could see his hands as they cupped the tiny flame. She could see the line of his jaw, his mouth. All else was in shadow. The man dropped his match and stamped it well out before he answered. The man took his time. "And why," he asked at length, "should I have come West to see Lise?"

"Because you're in love with Lise," said Eden, straight and unfaltering as an arrow, from her Mexican chair.

"Who says so?" asked the man.

"I do," said Eden.

"Why?"

"Everything," said Eden. "You went about with her a lot abroad. You came home before she did. You met me and by the time Lise came home and decided to go to Reno and divorce Denny, you were engaged to me. I don't blame you for falling for Lise and for not knowing what to do about it and for getting engaged to me and for being mixed up in your mind. Everyone gets that way with Lise. It's her lovely gilt hair, I think, and that still look she has, and everything about her silk."

"Lise is wonderful," admitted the man. "Lise is tolerant and sophisticated and amused."

"Well, I'm not," flashed Eden, uncompromising, straight as an arrow. "I'm primitive. I like caves and trees and mud. I like storms and sunsets and dust. I like my ranch and everything on it. I like my stubby old shoes. I like to get lost on a mountain and fight through to home again. This ranch," said Eden, "is home. This ranch house is home. This moon is my moon." Standing up abruptly Eden walked over to the switch and turned on her moon. It was a large moon and yellow and pleasant. It illuminated the tall tamarack pine in which it was hung and the little patch of blue larkspur and the pink geraniums and the whitewashed stones. It burnished up the plain old ranch house. It was an unreal, childish moon, but then all moons are unreal and childish. It was a palpably make-believe, sentimental, out-of-all-proportion moon.

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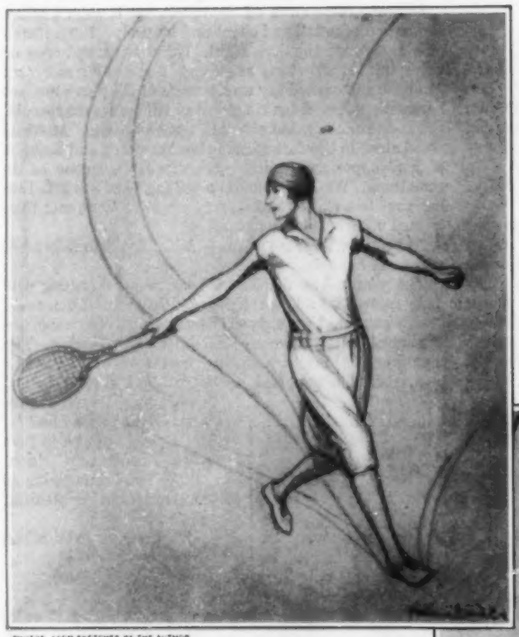
She Saw Him Coming and Just Leaned Against Her Tree. She Didn't Say Anything and He Didn't Say Anything Either

TOURNAMENTS—By Helen Wills



PHOTOS. FROM SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR
Mrs. Kathleen McKane Godfree

WHY play in tennis tournaments? Why does a player go out upon the court with linesmen, umpires and audience, and play with all his might and main, striving at every point to subdue his adversary? He runs, he jumps, he grows hot under the broiling sun. He feels during the game that the world depends upon his winning. He may become nervous over the match beforehand and may be quite disturbed at the moment that he goes out to play.

To some people it may appear that tournament play is an unnecessary effort. Why can't players be content with tennis on their home courts or at their clubs? However, there must be a reason why tournament play is enjoyed, because players who take part in it dearly love it. Some will tell you that it gives them a big thrill, others will say that it is the interesting variety of games that they meet that makes them send in their entries. Certainly, match play is more exciting than the everyday play at home. At the very bottom of all the reasons that are given there probably lies the answer—competition. All players who take part in tennis tournaments enjoy the competition—matching game for game, stroke for stroke, brain for brain. The competitive spirit is something very much a part of the human heart. May one say that all sports owe their origin to the love of competition, that has been so much a part of man always? Perhaps competition, in the more serious forms of gaining a living and of fighting, needed for balance a happier form, and so sports were gradually evolved.

When I Won My First Match

ONE can imagine our shaggy ancestors fighting fiercely with other wild savages or can picture them chasing through the dark underbrush after an animal that they hoped to broil over their fires that evening for dinner. Then, in the protection of the cave, after the crude meal, they played games with polished bones and round stones, and yelled with delight or rolled upon the ground with laughter and wild glee. Sometimes, in the excitement, they would forget that they were playing, and would begin to fight. There would be terrific pandemonium, and the embers of the camp fire would be scattered and the game forgotten.

The play spirit has endured, and today the white-clad tennis player steps out upon the green court, the golfer with his beautiful clubs starts out for his round of play, the polo player sits upon his restless mount. They play, they enjoy their games, and are exhilarated with the competition. But, unlike the savages, they do not become angry or fight, because along with civilization there has grown up a code of conduct and a behavior in play which is called sportsmanship.

Sportsmanship, which is so important in our games, defines a certain line of conduct, and goes even further, in defining a kind of thinking. The true sportsman's actions are natural because he is thinking in a sporting way. He can enjoy the competition of his game, find complete expression for his play spirit—and all in the harmonious and pleasant way that the modern code of sportsmanship makes possible.

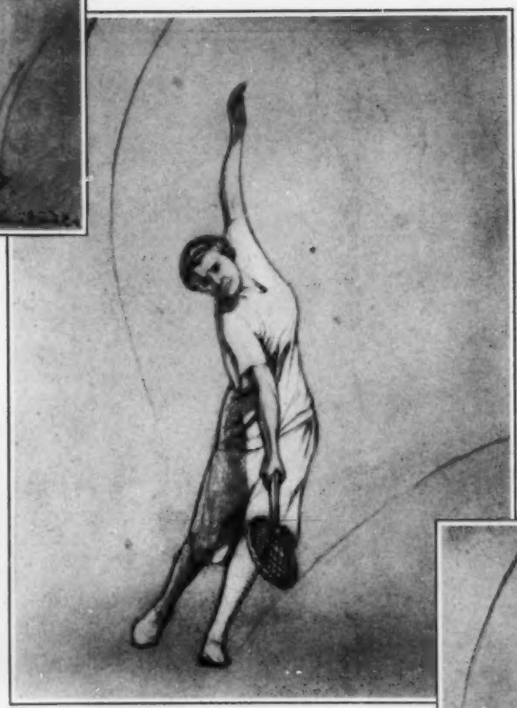
One is not surprised, then, to find tennis players gathering together in groups, taking part in tournaments.

"How did you happen to play in your first tournament?" I have been asked.

It probably happened quite like every other player's first appearance. I began playing tennis by having a game on our own court now and then. I became gradually more interested, and finally fascinated. When I won my first match with my father, I was given a membership in the Berkeley Tennis Club, where, thanks to the kindness of the older members, I found many different kinds of games to play against. When I had been a member for a few months, a tournament was announced. It was the California State Championship, which was, and is, held yearly at the Berkeley Club. "Wouldn't you like to play in the tournament, Helen?" I was asked by Mr. William Fuller, who was on the tournament committee. Yes, I thought I would like to, but was not particularly excited about the idea. Looking back upon it now, I seem to have been most matter-of-fact about taking part in my first match play. As a child of fourteen, in my first tournament, I should have been much more impressed and thrilled at the newness and novelty of the thing, but I was not. And I remained calm and unimpressed when I found myself, pigtails flopping, in the first round, against one of the leading women players of San Francisco. It was a gray day, and a few drops of rain fell now and then, making damp spots on the gray asphalt of the court. We had an umpire who sat on a raised stand by the net. My father and a friend of his who was a great enthusiast had been watching a match on a near-by court, but they came over when my game got under way, and watched from the sidelines. I was doing better than they had anticipated, and the rallies—some of them—were quite long. To their surprise, I won a set, but, strangely enough, I felt neither delighted nor elated. The third set went rapidly to my experienced adversary, who had no trouble in capturing it.

In looking back upon my tournament play of the first year or so, I am amused and puzzled to recall that, though I tried very hard to win my matches, and was exceedingly interested in them, at the finish, if I happened to win, I was never highly delighted, as a child might be, but only very quietly pleased. Later on, when I was playing grown-up tennis, and when I was fortunate enough to win, I could never become exultant over victory or show any outward signs of delight. But I was quietly happy, nevertheless, below the surface.

After having played in hundreds of matches in many tournaments, large and small, I can truthfully say that each succeeding match seems to me to be delightfully new and fresh. In tennis, there seems to be a surprising and fascinating newness about every encounter that one has. This must be one of the reasons why tournament play has held the interest of players for so long a time.

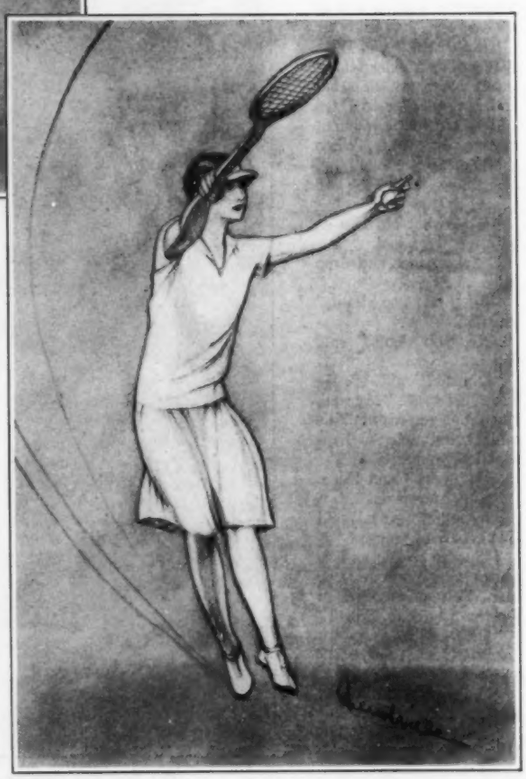


Miss Elizabeth Ryan

How Suzanne Learned Her Game

YOUR game is always greatly benefited by early tournament play. Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, as a child, lived at Nice. It is to the Riviera that the best tennis players come each winter to take part in the series of tournaments held at Monte Carlo, Cannes and Nice. Especially did the English players appear, and as they were the best players in the world at the time that Suzanne was learning her game, she had before her an excellent example.

The best tennis that one could see was played at her door. This made its impression, and set before her at an early age her goal. She began by playing in the handicap events, which are always held on the Riviera in conjunction with the open



Miss Wills

meetings. She took part in numerous tournaments and had her defeats, as do other beginners.

Mademoiselle Lenglen learned, as have all beginners in match play, that it is absolutely necessary to put the ball over the net and within bounds. She learned the meaning of steadiness. She discovered that there are many kinds of opponents and games—some easier to play against than others. She found Miss Elizabeth Ryan's chop strokes difficult to cope with, at first. Monsieur Lenglen, her father, a really great tennis critic, watched every match, and with his expert criticism helped her to build up her game, which was to become as flawless a one as has ever been seen on the courts.

However, without the experience of tournament play that Mademoiselle Lenglen had from childhood, her ultimate perfection of stroke and strategy would probably never have been attained. It was the countless matches that she played, with their points won, points lost, service aces scored, balls on the line, balls barely out. There were the close rallies when inches won or lost, the million movements, the long strides, the intricate steps of the tennis dance woven in and out on the pink courts of the south of France. Her play improved with the continued concentration of match after match, and was hardened and at the same time made more flexible. She became both supple and like steel.

The player who decides that he wants to become as proficient in tennis as possible must take part in tournaments in order really to develop his game.

Many Steps Up the Tennis Ladder

IN HOW many tournaments should one participate? I believe that eight or ten tournaments a year are a good number. Some of the players one sees and hears about play in more than this. Miss Elizabeth Ryan, from California, who does all of her tennis abroad, plays each winter in the south of France and in the summer in England. She does not play in the singles in every one of the meetings, but enters the singles, doubles or mixed doubles, as she feels inclined. She takes part in tournament competition throughout the year, as do several of the English players, Miss Betty Nuthall among them.

It makes an amusing and interesting round, and for a player who is strong physically, and fond of the game, it is very enjoyable. Each player, of course, has his own idea about the number of tournaments he wants to play in.

Although I love the game, and play all winter through in California at the two tennis clubs where I am a member, I rarely play in a tournament during the eight months of the year that I am at home. I find that during the four months when the tournaments are at their height I have enough competition for the year. For the past few seasons I have played in the French championship, in the English meeting at Wimbledon, with a preliminary tournament or two in England on grass, and in the championships at Forest Hills, with one or two preliminary American tournaments.

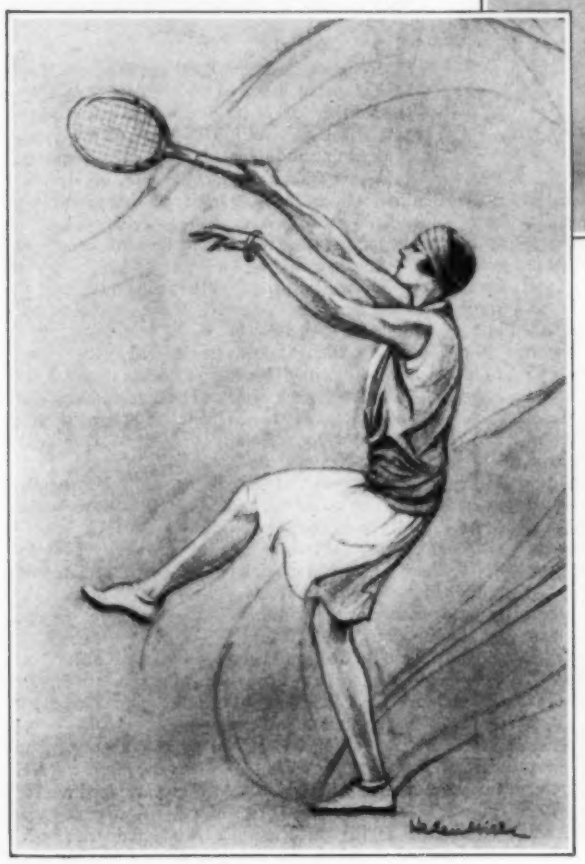
"But," one may say, "the beginner in search of tournament experience can hardly be expected to go to Paris and Wimbledon for his matches."

Everything is, however, in its proper relation. The beginner will find his Wimbledon at his own local tournament, whether it be in Berkeley, California, or in Des Moines, Iowa. Then if he wins in his own local tournament, and wins, as well, the tournament in his particular section, which is marked off on the map by the American Lawn Tennis Association, he will be invited by his local association to represent it in the national tournament at Forest Hills. When his game has stood the test, then he can turn his eyes toward international competition and the courts of Wimbledon. But one must win his tournament at home before he can hope to feel the grass of Forest Hills or Wimbledon under his feet. No players are permitted to enter these important events unless they have behind them a record of other less-important wins which qualify them for the big meetings. We are very likely to forget that every champion who wins a coveted title has had his preliminary tournaments and has had to work long with his game before he has gained the highest awards. We think of William Tilden as having been always a champion and of Suzanne Lenglen as having been always unbeatable. No one has ever won a championship without long years of practice, and it is safe to say that no title has ever been won that was not deserved.

If an enthusiastic young player sets his or her mind upon the strokes, and gets the ball over the net and in the proper place for a sufficient number of times, and observes the rules of good conduct, he will sometime find himself playing for his country in the Davis Cup or Wightman Cup matches—a most desired and coveted honor among tennis players.

Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen

Miss Betty Nuthall



Señorita Lili de Alvarez

How does tournament play differ from ordinary play? In ordinary play the player is less likely to give much thought to the outcome of the match. He practices his strokes, experiments with them, and often tries to execute the more difficult ones. In tournament play the object is to win the match; otherwise the player would not have entered. He wants to win as many matches and go as many rounds in the tournament as he can. He brings forth all the tennis that he has learned and tries to display it to the best advantage. He is not likely to try shots that he knows he has small chance of executing satisfactorily. He tries to use the most logical stroke and the one that he thinks has the best chance of winning the point. He uses his judgment on every shot. He concentrates.

Henri Cochet's System

MATCH play is not for experimental tennis. Ordinary practice games are the time for that, and for the wild flights of fancy. The strokes are discovered, rounded out and polished in practice, and then are brought forth at their best in match play. This does not mean, however, that the player in tournament competition should adhere always to the "safe" game. A player who plays absolutely "safe" tennis is not making the most of opportunities. The tournament player must take a chance with his shots. He must try for a corner, or a swift drive, or a decisive overhead. It is here that his good judgment is called upon. When shall he take the chance, and when is the risky shot sound tennis? Should one make his risky shots before it becomes necessary or should one use them only at a time when one must? This is a question which is hard to answer, because there is no one general rule. Every player has his own special way of carrying on his game, and it is not so much a matter of preconceived strategy as it is the situation at the moment which decides it.

Henri Cochet very often seems to take pleasure in playing along in the first two sets of a five-set match in the most extraordinary manner. He tries for the narrowest margin of safety at net and line, so that the ball very often just barely falls outside the court or goes into the net. He puts balls over the net that his opponent can reach and return with ease. Then suddenly he changes. He is no longer the player quietly wandering about his court, missing shots by inches. He is a player of steel and fire and daring recoveries. His balls do the most surprising things, and, unlike most other players' daring shots, they are consistent. In a short time the opponent, delighted

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DOLLAR WORSHIP

By F. W. Bronson

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

THE Quinbys went to Florence with the intention of living there at least a year, but within five months they were home again in Oshalong, Michigan. This is an attempt to explain why they went in the first place, and why they changed their minds after being there for so short a time.

Most of my material comes direct from Mrs. Quinby. I happened to be in Florence that winter and spring, writing a novel in a frigid *pensione* bedroom, and I saw quite a lot of the Quinbys. Two or three evenings a week I went by tram to the Porta Romana, and then walked the three kilometers to the old convent that they had rented on the La Certosa road. It was a long, pale, decrepit building, with moss dripping from its reddish tiles, and weeds sprouting through its courtyard pebbles. Eucalyptus and cypress trees hid most of it from passers-by. There were gardens, a fountain, a number of lemon and fig trees, and a view from the terrace over fields and olive orchards and walls that climbed drunkenly up the far hill. "Old Italy," I thought, enviously, when I first visited them. And my envy was doubled when I saw what a snug, livable, Americanized job they had made of the interior.

After listening all afternoon to the death rattle of my *pensione* radiator, the blazing fire of olive logs in the Quinbys' living room was worth a forty-minute walk. The generous heat seemed positively to drive the dampness back into the stone walls and floors. There were rugs, comfortable chairs, pipes, tobacco, brandy and seltzer, a feeling of warmth and ease, a sense of being home again. Furthermore, there was Mrs. Quinby.

I spent many evenings alone with her by the fire, when the others were out or in bed or away. A woman of fifty, she had the ivory-white hair and courtly manner of a Marie Antoinette. She was a family woman—a wife and mother above all things—and yet one felt that her knowledge had a universal quality, that the things she told me about her family applied equally well to all families. I think this impression was due to her rare emotional sympathy or to the faint sadness that can be found in all truly wise faces. At any rate, I learned many things from Mrs. Quinby; and, most important of all, I learned about her family.

"A Man Can't Spend His Whole Life in Galleries; He'd Jolly Well Have Fallen Arches!"

There was her husband, John Quinby, fifty-four, tall and limber, always a trifle rumpled, with absent gray eyes and the aquiline brown face of a man who has fought and won. He had the sensitivity of a poet and the lean mind of an executive. I used to see him loping down the Via Tornabuoni, a big red copy of Vasari under his arm, to lunch at Doney's with some Florentine business man, or, perhaps, with an acquaintance from America. I rarely saw him with the English crowd that flourishes in a few of the popular bars on risqué jokes and local scandal; and I felt that John Quinby was making a gallant effort to fit himself into the really substantial, basic life of his adopted city. He didn't want to be a visiting American—he wanted to be a Florentine. And yet, back in Oshalong, his factory was turning out an up-to-date line of kitchen furniture. "A queer hybrid," I thought.

Roger Quinby had been two years behind me at Yale. I remembered him as a star hockey player. Likewise I remembered his exquisite pen-and-ink sketches that appeared in the Record. Blond, shy, athletic, he moved with a pleasant grin among the upper collegiate circles. He was studying art in Florence with a typically American energy. We used to meet at Casoni's once in a while and talk about our work over a bottle of ale. He wasn't sure what he wanted to be—artist, stage designer, sculptor, architect. The only thing he knew for certain was that he hated Oshalong, hated all of America, and that most of all he hated the furniture business. He never said so outright, but I gathered that he meant to live abroad all the rest of his life.

Molly Quinby, his nineteen-year-old sister, was an electric little figure in greens and soft browns and fluttery scarfs and galoshes. To see her dancing at Rajola's with the young Marchese Scagliarini was to think: "She's all golden bobbed hair and sheer silk stockings." It was Molly who drove their car at a terrific speed up and down the tortuous Florentine streets; and it was always full of tight-waisted Italian officers, Americans, or alarmed Britishers. Mrs. Quinby told me that Denny Small, the son of the president of Small Motors, Incorporated, wanted to marry Molly and take her to Detroit. But Molly was tired of young American business men. Money grubbers. All alike. Dull. The Italians, on the other hand, were glamorous and romantic.

All in all, my conclusions about the Quinbys were: "Another transplanted American family. They'll never go home at the end of the year, except perhaps for a visit."

Then one spring evening I walked out the La Certosa road. The mud was over my shoe tops, but all around me hung the scent of wine and wistaria and lemons. Mrs. Quinby was alone. She ordered me into a pair of Roger's slippers, and we sat on the moonlit terrace with liqueurs, watching the eucalyptus shadows sweeping the façade of the old convent.

"Well, Frank," she said, "I imagine you'll be surprised to hear we're going home."

"Going home? Good Lord! When?"

"Next week." Mrs. Quinby turned her face aside, trembled a little, and I thought: "She's crying." Then she looked at me, and I saw that her eyes were shining with merriment. When Mrs. Quinby laughed I always felt that she was laughing at life itself, at the whole complex, twisted, ridiculous muddle of it. A wise and understanding laugh. She added: "All of us are ready to go back to Oshalong."

"But I thought you were staying a year?"

"So did the others. As for me, I anticipated ——"

"But you're all having such a fine time over here. I'll bet your house in Oshalong can't touch this."

"Our house in Oshalong is yellow brick, and it stands about eight feet from the Main Street. Nevertheless, we're going back to it. I'll try and show you why, but first I want to impress on you that each one of them, in his own way, wanted to escape from American commercialism, standardization, machine production, dollar worship—the things that Europeans criticize us for, and that a certain type of discontented American is always moaning about. Perhaps there's a lot in what they say. It's all too deep for me to understand. But, at any rate, my three children wanted to live in a civilization that despised money and worshiped the higher things. They picked out Florence because for centuries it was the heart of European culture."

"Shoot," I said.

And this is what I learned from Mrs. Quinby that evening on the terrace in the moonlight.

II

THE noon heat that filled the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele flickered in visible waves above the whitish dust of the pavement. John Quinby tilted back his chair into the shade of the restaurant awning and signaled for the bill. Across the table his friend, Signor Casolito, of Barker's Bank, Limited, was still eating gorgonzola cheese on crusts of rye bread. With a severe wrench of his will, John Quinby managed to forget that Signor Casolito was trying to sell him a thousand shares of a foreign light and power company. Following the progress of a sprinkling cart across the piazza, he thought: "Ye gods! Can't the fellow talk about anything except money?"

John Quinby's thoughts traveled elsewhere. Specifically, they were admiring Donatello's bronze David in the Bargello. A thrilling work of art. Too soft and graceful, perhaps, to be as great as Michelangelo's, but how cultured and civilized! And John Quinby thought: "Donatello, the perfect gentleman of sculpture."

Signor Casolito's electric voice obtruded itself: "Really, Signor Quinby, at seventeen and an eighth you can't lose. My son is a broker, and if you wish ——"

"Thank you," said John Quinby vaguely. "Not today." Taking his hat and stick from the back of his chair, he added: "It's two o'clock. The Uffizi is open. I'm going over there to look at the Botticellis again. Would you like to come along?"

Signor Casolito held up his hands. "Oh, no no! What time have I for looking at pictures? Pictures are for the rich Americans. Me—I work! And, Signor Quinby, if later you wish some shares of this light and power ——"

"No, thank you," replied John Quinby crisply. And under his breath, as he swung off across the *piazza:* "Not a chance, my friend! The U. S. A.'s the place for invested capital!"

Nevertheless, his subtilized mind wondered whether he was justified in taking his living from one country and spending it in another. Not on moral or ethical grounds,

of course, but on the grounds of personal satisfaction. Could a man ever be thoroughly happy so far away from his major interest, the wealth that he had created, the property that represented years of his life? "And yet, hang it," he thought, "I won't tie any capital up over here—not with conditions the way they are."

Always a stickler for the finer shades of living, he wished that there were someone with whom to discuss the point. But there was no one. All of his acquaintances were at work—even Roger! And John Quinby conquered a sudden restlessness with the self-reproach: "If I don't look out I'll find I'm that pathetic idiot—a retired business man with nothing to do and no one to talk to." He consoled himself with the thought that he'd be just as isolated in Oshalong, Michigan. Here, at least, he could live in the presence of the great minds of the Renaissance—Leonardo, Donatello, Ghiberti, Mino da Fiesole, Masaccio, and a hundred others. Each one of them, through his works, had given John Quinby a precious and exhilarating joy. "All my life I've been starved," he told himself grimly. "Spiritually starved."

He was standing outside the Loggia dei Lanzi, looking up at the Perseus. And abruptly he decided not to enter the Uffizi Gallery. There was no need to; the Botticellis were all stamped firmly in his memory; to experience their shadowy charm he had only to remember.

"Hang it! I've done all the galleries! A man can't spend his whole life in galleries; he'd jolly well have fallen arches!" And John Quinby decided, instead, to walk on up to the Piazzale Michelangelo.

He arrived slightly out of breath, and sat down on one of the stone benches overlooking the roofs and domes and towers of the city. His body had moved, but his mind had loitered in the same spot. "No," he concluded, "a man can't spend his life looking at other men's work, no matter how fine it is. One must create for oneself. But what satisfaction is there in creating a million-odd kitchen chairs? Not a blamed bit, except for the profits!" Lighting a cigarette, he reviewed with some bitterness the failure of his last attempt to make something—a table, a breakfast set, a chair, anything—that would satisfy his own acute taste and at the same time pay for itself. He had hired the best craftsmen to design beautiful pieces. He had sent men over here to copy Italian and French antiques. But he had been unable to sell the stuff at a profit in America. It wasn't his line. He was John Quinby, the kitchen-furniture man. Only by sacrificing years of goodwill and devoting other precious years to the exploitation of an entirely new market could he have hoped for success; and by that time he would have been on his last legs or dead. Now, if Roger had only felt a hankering to carry on ——

"Money!" said John Quinby to a dozen pigeons wheeling overhead. "It's dominated my whole life. I'm not sorry, because it's giving Roger and Molly their chance. But I haven't enough of it to throw thousands away on making beautiful furniture and selling it at a loss. If I only had Roger's youth and talent, plus my own experience, I know I could build up an American market for the sort of furniture that I'd like to make." John Quinby crushed out his cigarette with the ferrule of his stick and got up restlessly. "No use brooding. I've escaped the drabness of Oshalong. I'll go down and have a drink with somebody."

Cassoni's, however, was full of tea-sipping women, and John Quinby drank a martini alone at the bar. Afterward he escaped as quickly as possible. That inner restlessness was changing definitely to discontentment, and it worried him a little. "Hang it! Haven't I enough resources within myself to carry me along during the day? I've only been here three months, and yet I've seen everything and done everything."

Glancing into a shop window, he saw a tortoise-shell case that his wife might like. It was priced at two hundred lire. When the salesgirl was wrapping it in tissue paper, John Quinby laid two one-hundred-lire notes on the counter.

Mrs. Quinby

"*Due cento cinquanta,*" said the girl.

"Eh?"

"Two hunner feefty."

"I understand you, all right," said John Quinby. "But in the window"—he pointed with his stick—"it's marked *due cento.*"

The girl shrugged, extended one hand in a vague gesture, and John Quinby paid the additional fifty lire without protest. "That's the way they do things over here," he told himself humorously. "I'd better get used to it." But headed for home in a *carrozza,* he thought: "Hang it. Why do they always try to gouge us? If a man's not careful they'll take the money right out of his wallet."

And his twinge of protest against the mercenary qualities of shopkeepers spoiled the fun of presenting the case to Marie.

She was alone on the terrace with a novel, and, brushing her hair with his lips, John Quinby thought: "What a woman! I'm a lucky dog!"

"John, dear, Marchese Scagliarini wants to talk to you. He's waiting in the *salone.*"

"Eh?"

"I imagine it's about Molly."

"Well, what about Molly?"

"Probably he wants to marry her, dear. Most men do. You'll have to use your own judgment."

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"Pick Me Up at Two Outside the American Express, Will You, Moll? You Can Run Me Over to San Marco Before You Go Home"

OPAL AND CRYSTAL

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

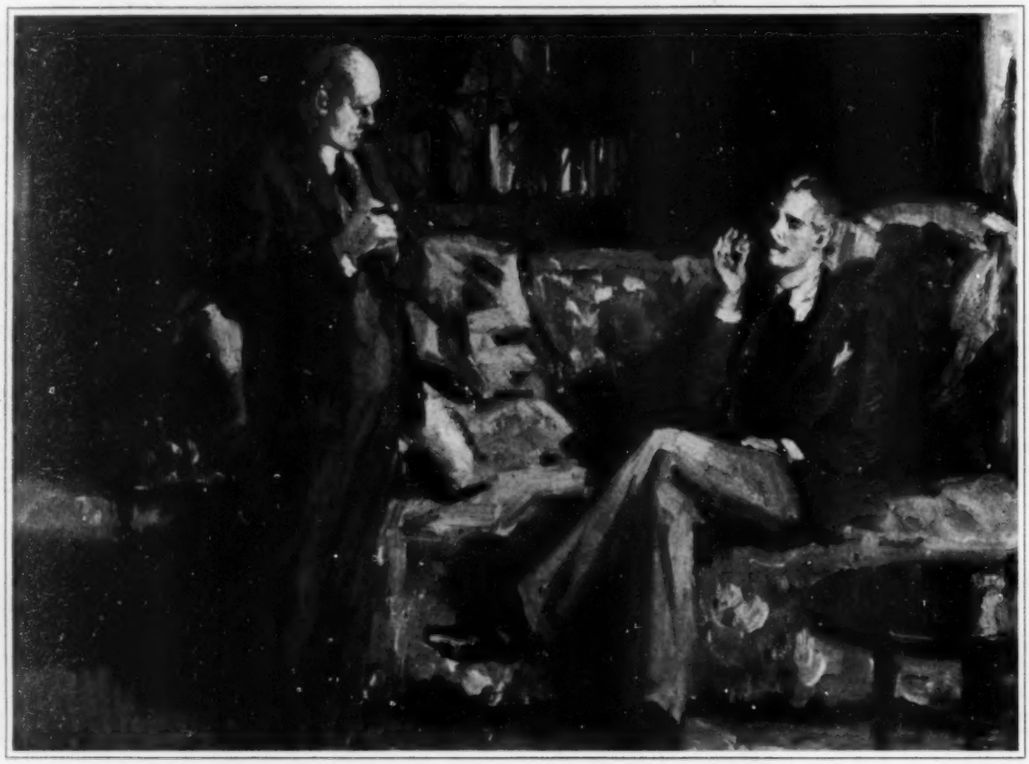
"CRYSTAL scrying?" I repeated lightly.

"Savages and scientists, Case," said my friend Beekman Brown grumblingly, "are highly credulous people, eager to believe, like little children; between them are the half-educated millions who have to be shown proofs and who naturally find life flat and stale because they think they know all about it. Crystal scrying, certainly! It is a phenomenon as well-attested as moonlight or Niagara Falls."

"And since I am neither a savage nor a scientist ——"

Beekman Brown is a domineering old codger who will spare no effort in a friend's behalf and will waste no suavity on him.

"I'll give you your proof, and right now, if you wish, Case. Sit down here and look into this crystal. Can you stop thinking? People who can think when they want to, can generally stop at will too. Fix your gaze on the brightest spot ——"



"'This is a Gem for a Man With a King's Treasury at His Disposal; Let Him Only See It'"

"Mr. Brown," called his man Gibbons from the doorway of Brown's living room. He saw me and gave me the enveloping and soothing smile that is the gift of his race. Gibbons is a colored man of the new generation, a public-school graduate, and a fellow of mine by Brown's classification. Brown went out to him now to interview somebody or other, leaving me before the soothsaying crystal.

I see now that I was in the mood to consult it, in the relaxed mood of the twilight hour; we were awaiting dinner and Brown was entertaining me with instruction and abuse, pending the arrival of his other guests—a couple, man and wife.

The crystal was of clear and glistening quartz, spherical, about five inches in diameter—four and nine-sixteenths, to identify it, if you know the one I speak of. It rested on a table of bronze, which was upheld in turn by four dwarfish and big-headed men of bronze, sandled, robed, shaven-skulled, and grinning tantalizingly—four pot-bellied dolts in a doltish secret.

It was the work of some Far Eastern artist, a man of one of those incomprehensible races that love first of all to amaze and bewilder; that studied astronomy before we did, but used it only in fortune telling; that discovered gunpowder and used it only in firecrackers. Crystallomancy, I thought, brooding over the shining and beautiful sphere that rested on the feet of ugliness, would be just in their line.

But I was to think of nothing or I wouldn't be favored, wouldn't get *en rapport* with the spirit that dwelt in the crystal.

There were points of brightness in the sphere, and I shifted from one to another, seeking always the brightest, my mind idling like that of a hungering man with food fast in his jaws at last. But there was nothing before me but the obstinate crystal, and my patience was running fast.

But now it darkened, deepened, until it was quite black, and in this blackness floated shadowy shapes. They were coy, evanescent, and I did not try to study them or to find them significant, but gazed steadfastly, seeking brightness like a moth. And now the shapes, retaining their mobility, took on sharpness and color, and I was staring at the surface of the sea. It was a lonely sea—such a forsaken wilderness as one may view off ominous Cape Hatteras—and yet it was not forbidding, but altogether delightful. I was penetrated with sensuous pleasure, with the feeling of pure gladness that one experiences who views unexpectedly, through a window cunningly set in the end of a commonplace corridor, a smiling and majestic landscape. There was nothing on the face of the endlessly heaving water; by noonday light and from the deck of a liner I could not have seen it more plainly.

It vanished. "Eh?" I ejaculated.

"What luck?" asked Brown.

"I was looking at the ocean."

"The devil," said Brown, letting burn unregarded in his fingers the match he had struck for his cigar. The gray-blue eyes in the long and lined face topped by the shock of gray hair—I think Brown's a handsome man, but have never found a woman to agree with me; they like him, play for him, and protest that he is very ugly—scrutinized me with a skepticism that was tinged with alarm.

"Pshaw," he grunted ruggedly, "you've seen the ocean many times, Case; though one thing about looking in there is that when it shows you people, they are commonly strange to you. A purely natural phenomenon—the optic nerve grows tired and refuses to respond to stimuli from without, but projects pictures from within—out of the subconsciousness. It's of scientific interest, as it gives us a peep into the dark background of our thoughts. Madame Charibel, whose crystal this was, accepted that scientific explanation, but professed to believe ——" He broke off and said, "But it is a surprising coincidence that you should have seen the sea there just now. It was suggested to you somehow. I suppose you've heard of the Fire King?"

"Certainly, if you mean the big opal that was found in the fish."

"The big opal that was found in the fish," assented Brown with a smile. "Its recent history involves this crystal, and it will be of interest to you in the light of your remarkable scrying. There were reasons why I couldn't tell it to you until now, Case. . . . Are you smoking?

"Perhaps, in the course of your prowlings, Case, you came across a gem broker named Lunn Varley. . . . No? Well, he's an old acquaintance of mine; you know that I was a broker before I retired and took hold of the Jewelers' League. Varley came to my office about a year ago to tell me that he had bought for his own account a very fine opal and to ask me to work with him in marketing it.

"I agreed, knowing that he was a man of much ability and having heard that he had been very successful of late. I was delighted with his new success and congratulated him upon it. He was a mere business acquaintance, infrequently met, but I knew that he had been honest, industrious and desperately unlucky until he arrived at middle age, when had come the turn of the tide that led him on to fortune. No question about it, Case, a man must have luck; as the Arabs say, 'Give a man luck and cast him into the sea.' Varley had burned up his youth in fighting an adverse current, and here he was now—bald and pudgy and somewhat deaf—riding the crest of the wave.

"But he had young ideas. While we were chatting, heightening our appreciation of our comfortable circumstances by recalling hardships past, my door was flung open by the young lady whom he had left in my anteroom.

"'Ain't you coming, sugar?' she called in a cultured voice. 'What in the Murray Hill'—or something similar—'is keeping you, sugar?'

"'Let me present Mr. Beekman Brown,' said Varley. 'Miss Lothere.'

"'Hello,' acknowledged Miss Lothere, who couldn't have been more than twenty, with languor. And 'Hello,' said I, seeing that three would be a crowd and promptly ending the interview. 'Glad to work with you, Varley; glad to have seen you again.'

"That evening I went to his apartment in the new Dominant Tower on Fifty-seventh Street, where Varley, penned in three lofty rooms, was being held to ransom in the sum of eight thousand dollars a year. The opal was there. When I knew Varley, he was as free as a sparrow on the roof, nobody caring when he came and went, but now he was as hard to get sight of as a prisoner in the Tombs. I was scrutinized by the guardian of the street door, catechised deftly by the uniformed warden of the hall below, had my name telephoned upstairs for verification, was accompanied up in the elevator, was passed on again by Varley's houseman, and was admitted on probation to wait for the pretended beneficiary of this pomp.

"These fine flats are frequently like stage sets, with no depth of time behind them and no assurance of permanence; their occupants do not evolve them, but buy them *en bloc* from the interior decorator, and are themselves mere impersonators and will return whence they came when the lights go out. Books, except the obligatory latest, are commonly absent; but here at my elbow in Varley's living room were books of an unconventional and

unprescribed sort. Here was Merveilles des Indes Orientales et Occidentales; here was the Book of Wings, with directions for making charms and talismans. Here were Planetary Interchanges, and Felton's Secrete Wonders of Nature, The Book of Abrameln the Mage, and the Psychology of Precious Stones. Varley had evidently a mind of his own; he was a disciple of the occult or he viewed its shimmering lore with the respect due to the beliefs of many millions of men. I spoke of the books when he came in—he had been out to dinner with Mrs. Varley—and he undeceived me. 'What do you take me for, Brown? They're Dolly's. . . . Now, my dear.' Mrs. Varley, a pale and stout woman with nice brown eyes, gave me a plump hand and a fleeting smile, and left the room.

Mrs. Varley

"Varley produced the opal and set it before me. 'I bought it of a man named Wynn; here's the bill of sale. You will see there that he had a year to buy it back and that the time is now up, so that I can sell it.'

"He reveled in my astonishment and admiration. After all, Case, there is no gem like the opal; had it the durability of the crystalline gems or even that of the pearl, it could be ranked, when choice, second to none. And this one threw lambent flames. It was an oval stone of about the bulk of a goose egg; three and one-tenth inches in greatest length by a scant two inches. It was peculiar and unmistakable in that the center was in relief, bulging, and always differing in color from the border. Now the center flamed red, even to scarlet, while the border was a mid-ocean blue through which green crawled and swam; a turn, and the center was yellow as gold, shaming the yellow topaz; a turn, and there was the glory of the emerald, like young grass after spring rain. Amethyst, ruby, emerald, sapphire, pearl, topaz—pshaw, I knew the stone at once, though I had never seen it before, as I have never seen, for that matter, the Koh-i-nur.

"'It is the Fire King, Varley,' I said breathlessly. 'The great opal from Lightning Cliff in Queensland. How did Wynn—his name was Wynn, wasn't it?—ever bring himself to part with it?'

"'Can we sell it for fifty thousand dollars, Brown?'

"'Perhaps.'

"'For one hundred thousand?'

"'It may be.'

"'For two hundred thousand?'

"'Certainly!' I cried, catching fire. 'This is a gem for a man with a king's treasury at his disposal; let him only see it! For comparison, there is the opal of Czernovitz that I saw in the Museum of Natural History in Vienna, and that was valued at fifty thousand sterling.'

"We were prosy and grubby dealers, Case, but when a man has spent his years in trade, money is not an ignoble symbol to him, but the measure of all things merchantable, including sheer beauty. The man who cannot measure by money may be artistic, esthetic, but is not completely appreciative.

"'You ask how Wynn came to sell,' chuckled Varley. 'Ha! Like a man might sell his child. He needed the money and wanted no publicity. I got it.'

"'Wynn, owner of the Fire King, needed money?'

"'Oh, you know his sort, Brown—promoter, speculator. I don't think he was ever rich; the story has it that he picked up the Fire King in Australia for a mere thousand pounds. He came here in the course of travel and took a flyer in our stock market, and the first thing he knew, he was hooked. He had to have money to protect his investments and I let him have it, and it evidently hasn't come back out of the market yet.'

"'How much did you give him?'

"'Must you know that, Brown?'

"'It would help.'

"'I don't mind telling you. Eighteen thousand dollars. But I'll tell you, too, Brown, that eighteen thousand dollars is and was nearly as important to me as the Fire King was to Harry Wynn; and I think he used to say his prayers to that stone. I've been making money, but it costs me like thunder to live.'

"'I should think it would,' I said, remembering Miss Lothere. 'But it's worth it, isn't it? You've established yourself at last and made a name; you have a fine home and a fine wife.'

"'I admit I'm enjoying myself,' he growled sourly, knowing very well of what I was thinking, 'but I guess I'm entitled to. I've been a good husband to Dolly; money's no object with me when it's a question of pleasing her. By the way, Brown, Dolly doesn't—you understand?'

"'Perfectly,' I said. And we talked business over the glowing lump of hydrous silicate.

"In our favored land, Case, there are regiments of people who can spend a thousand dollars or a million and still have their wonted two eggs for breakfast; their expenditures

Miss Lothere

are controlled by habit and not by necessity. The old proverbs are blunted on them—they can waste willfully and never want; Solomon in all his glory could not have spent like one of these. When they are young fools, they live to be old fools, still scattering; when they have scrimped and pinched until middle age, they are commonly confirmed misers, adding dimes and nickels with indecent jubilation to a pile of a hundred million dollars. Lucky is the self-made man who has saved to spend, who, through long years of labor, has repeated to himself, 'Some day!' Among this twice-blessed minority would be the purchaser of the incomparable Fire King. Varley had come to me because I, more than any other man in the trade, had the confidence of the likely buyers; but we should also have publicity, to catch the man who had suddenly struck it rich and who would astonish the neighbors. Perhaps he would be some pugilist who, in another age, must have fought for beer and pretzels; perhaps he would be some comical chap whom the moving pictures had lifted from the status of town buffoon to that of a notable of our planet; perhaps some such madcap as the saloon keeper, Brodie, who jumped from the Brooklyn Bridge and who was pursued by the police and not preceded by them in civic triumph, who, in our time, would stunt in an airplane and become the pillar of a nation's hope.

"Even our writers are notables nowadays, thanks to the public schools; it cost me three hundred dollars to get, for implanting in Sunday supplements, a short article from a fellow whose ancestor would have written a whole book, with a lickspittle dedication to a lord, in the hope of a bid to Sunday dinner. I planned a sales campaign, giving time and engaging money, and was accordingly upset, several weeks after my interview with Varley, when I heard that the Fire King had been taken by a robber. Because of my work with the league, I subscribe to a clipping bureau on a special basis; it snips, from other than our publications, notices of gems and jewelry, and delivers them within the hour. Here were clippings from several metropolitan newspapers announcing briefly the spoliation of Varley's flat and the taking, among other

(Continued on Page 90)

"'A Friend Advised Me to Consult You, Madame Charibel, But I'll Tell You Frankly That I'm No Believer in Magic'"

WHERE ARE THE IDLE RICH?

By Maude Parker

ILLUSTRATED BY LU KIMMEL

ROSAMUND DOANE, although American by birth, lived in France from the age of six until, at eighteen, she went to the United States to spend a winter with her aunt, Mrs. Frank Hotchkiss. Some time after the death of her father, her mother had married the Marquis de Quelquechose and, consequently, Rosamund had been brought up according to Old World traditions.

Such was her adaptability, however, that her debut in New York had been a great success, and the following spring she had been presented at the Court of St. James's, and enjoyed six weeks of the London season in June and July. After that she joined her mother and stepfather at their country place three hours by train from Paris. By this time her homesickness for the scene of her childhood had grown so acute that she had answered her aunt's invitation to return for the next winter by saying that she felt she ought not leave her mother again.

Mrs. Hotchkiss had refused to accept this decision as final. "Let me know after you've had a month to think it over," she suggested.

During the first weeks in the ancient château, Rosamund steeped herself in the peace and quiet which for almost a year she had failed to find, no matter how luxurious her surroundings had been. She reveled in the orderly routine and the formality which had been totally lacking in America. Certain calls were made on neighbors she and her mother had known for years, and at fixed intervals dinners were arranged. Even a tennis match here was conducted along more rigid lines of prescribed etiquette than a ball in New York.

But after she had reassimilated all of this scene and satisfied her nostalgic longing for the serene beauty of the landscape, restlessness, like an insidious fever, entered her blood. She received communications from various girls and young men she had known the preceding winter. Not letters, as a rule, but cables. Long cables, apparently sent in the course of gay evenings, which appalled the marquis by their extravagant wording. "And not even sent deferred!" he exclaimed on one occasion.

"But they wouldn't dream of wasting several hours," Rosamund explained.

He smiled. "And what do they do with those hours? I assume they are all what is known as 'the idle rich,' no?"

She pondered over this. "Rich, yes. But not idle. The least idle people I've ever seen."

"When you return to them, you must write me an explanation of that."

Rosamund saw clearly his dual meaning. He was too polite to contradict her, and also he recognized her desire to again become part of the chaotic, rapidly moving society across the Atlantic. From his standpoint, this was wise. Her mother's income—less than ten thousand dollars a year—could not yield a dot sufficient for a good French marriage, and he considered a newly rich American a better match than a parvenu of his own race.

The Rôle of an American Wife

WHEN she cabled her aunt that she would join her in Paris early in October, the message was not only deferred but all unnecessary words were eliminated. The marquis spent an hour effecting this economy.

"But Uncle Frank would have been too busy making money to waste all that time," Rosamund reflected. For the first time she saw her stepfather's carefully planned life as totally lacking in vigor.

An even sharper contrast between her mother's days and those of her aunt struck her. For, after all, they were sisters, and although the marquise was only two years older than Mrs. Hotchkiss, her face showed a middle-aged acceptance of the inevitable, whereas the younger woman was so alert and eager for new ideas, new places and new people that she seemed to belong to a different generation.

"Even if I had a dot, I wouldn't marry a Frenchman," Rosamund thought. "It's like being buried alive to do the same thing every winter and every summer, and just see the same people and be afraid of things you haven't always done."

Having thus established her Americanism psychologically, she reached the Paris hotel where her aunt was staying. Mademoiselle Bétain, who had accompanied her last winter, escorted her up to the sitting-room door and then told her good-by. It was a permanent separation, for although the marquis could not comprehend the American custom of throwing aside all pretense at chaperonage, simply because a girl had made her debut, he found it agreeable to save the salary.

Knowing Rosamund's Love of Music, She Had Taken a Box at the Opera for Alternate Monday Nights

Mrs. Hotchkiss was so surrounded by blue prints and samples of various-colored brocades that she could not rise from the sofa to greet her niece.

As they embraced, Rosamund felt elated at being again in a bustling atmosphere.

"We've only ten days before we sail," Mrs. Hotchkiss explained. "And I've not only got to order my clothes but the plans for the house Frank has bought on the left bank must be settled. The architect is coming in a few minutes. You can interpret for me if my French fails. The important thing is that everything shall be finished, down to the china and linen, by April fifteenth. Frank is giving a dinner then for half a dozen men who are capable, apparently, of changing the economic map of Europe. But we can't get over until the day before."

To explain this to the French architect required not only Rosamund's linguistic ability but her knowledge of American business methods.

"It will cost two, three times as much if it is done so quickly!" he kept repeating. "It requires a year."

It seemed vulgar to state bluntly that her uncle was one of the richest bankers in America and the extra hundred thousand dollars meant nothing to him compared with the magnitude of the scheme of which this house was a part, but Rosamund attempted to convey this idea by subtle means.

The Frenchman refused to believe that the mere element of time could be so vital. He chose to regard it as the childish caprice of a spoiled woman. He shrugged his shoulders and discussed the necessity for tapestries in the large drawing-room.

"We shall wait and find them at a bargain."

"No!" Mrs. Hotchkiss said. Seizing a piece of hotel paper, she wrote out a formal contract, stating not only the price agreed upon but containing a penalty for delay so large that it would eliminate most of his profit.

He looked at her in astonishment as she said, "Either sign this or I shall find another architect. We are lunching at 12:30 and I haven't time for any further discussions."

"Time! Always time!" he repeated. But as she rose decisively he signed the agreement.

"Well, that's settled," she said, as she took Rosamund into her room. "He would have been here all day if I hadn't been so brusque. Imagine not having anything more to do than that!"

They changed quickly and went down. At the entrance to the hotel, the limousine, in which she had ridden so often in New York, was waiting, with the head chauffeur whom they had brought over for their brief stay. "Frank hates rented cars and strange drivers," Mrs. Hotchkiss said. "He made Murphy study French last winter so he could at least ask his way around. Now he knows the city as well as we do. Moreover, he's completely loyal, and if you hire a man over here he might sell all the information anyone wants about your movements." Noticing the girl's bewilderment, she added, "International banking occasionally requires the necessity for secrecy which we used to associate with diplomacy. The man we're meeting at luncheon today, for instance, was formerly the prime minister of a country in Southeastern Europe. He is using his influence with the present government to get them to let Frank's bank float a huge loan. There is a great deal of competition. Now, if the rival bankers know Frank is seeing this man, it will lead to all sorts of complications. The man would not come to our hotel, but chose an out-of-the-way place and suggested we join them, so, if we are seen, the luncheon will appear to be merely a social one."

Rosamund looked admiringly at her aunt. "How nice it is that you enter so much into Uncle Frank's life."

Mrs. Hotchkiss smiled. "I don't pretend to know everything he does or understand the intricacies of all those situations. My chief rôle is to be ready to do what he wants me to do in the way of changing plans at the last minute or entertaining anyone he wants to see."

"But it is like being an unofficial ambassador," the girl insisted. "And more difficult, for you have all your own interests too."

During luncheon Rosamund realized that the function of her aunt and of herself was to keep up a continuous conversation between themselves which would allow the men to talk without being overheard even by the waiters. She felt mentally exhausted when at last they left, and she was amused when she contrasted those hours with the effortless days in her stepfather's house.

Mrs. Hotchkiss consulted a memorandum. After her husband had been dropped at his Paris office, she said, "We're too late now to see the dressmaker's collections, but Madame Callonet will have to give us a private showing."

Spending Money to Save Time

THEIR arrival at the huge, modernistically decorated dressmaker's establishment created a flattering flurry.

"They know I can't waste time," Mrs. Hotchkiss said, as they were led upstairs to a private room. "I always come here because their clothes suit me, and I simply cannot run all over Paris getting a few things here and a few there."

"Mamma goes to at least six collections and often sees each one three times before she decides on the two good gowns she gets each season," Rosamund said.

"Of course, my dear. I probably would, too, if I lived here and had nothing else to do. But it would mean another week in Paris if I did, and Frank simply has to be back. Your mother's become so French that clothes are part of her life; she says she goes to a dressmaker or milliner or shops part of every day. Imagine if I tried to do that!"

With a cool efficiency which astonished Rosamund, her aunt selected sixteen gowns, five coats, and a vast amount of lingerie. She did not even try them on. A model, not only like her as to figure but with coloring uncannily similar, displayed them.

Her measurements were taken again, to make certain there had been no change in the past four months, and in two hours they were out again in the street. Only a final fitting was deemed necessary, and this was set for the afternoon before they sailed.

"But suppose something's wrong?" queried the girl.

"Then a corps of unfortunate girls will sit up all night fixing it. But that rarely happens."

"Mamma has four fittings for everything, and never gets them in less than three weeks after they're ordered."

"And pays about half what I do. I know that. But in the sort of existence we lead, it's impossible. If I told Frank I wanted to wait over two weeks to save a few thousand dollars, he'd laugh at me."

They stopped at an antique shop, where the proprietor, having been warned by telephone, had assembled several sofas and chairs covered in petit point.

"I'm doing over the drawing-room in the New York house," Mrs. Hotchkiss said. "My decorator cabled today, telling me to see these pieces." From her purse she extracted samples of the new curtains and carpets, and within a short time had made her choice.

At the hotel they found the representative of a famous porcelain manufacturer with innumerable samples.

To Rosamund's surprise, her aunt insisted upon a wholesale price. "Oh, I don't squander money!" Mrs. Hotchkiss protested. "I am only extravagant when there is something more valuable to be gained by doing so; the way one promises a taxi driver an extra ten francs if he'll catch your train. The hairdresser is coming here at 7:30, for example, which means double pay, but if I had him earlier and saved that money, I'd have to do without the hour's rest I've simply got to have before going to the dinner one of Frank's partners is giving for us tonight. I shall have to be up extra early in the morning, because we stayed so long at luncheon I couldn't get to the milliner's."

She had given Miss Simpson, her secretary, a month's vacation, and although her maid answered the incessantly ringing telephone, personal letters and cables had to be answered by her. The others were taken over by her husband's secretary. Rosamund could not believe anyone could receive so many invitations, often from comparative strangers, or be so conscientious about their prompt answers.

"It's the penalty for being so well known," she thought, when her aunt had disappeared for a brief massage and a nap.

Frank Hotchkiss came in at seven, having played nine holes of golf after he had finished his business. He spent an hour dictating memoranda and letters before he changed for dinner. Just as they were leaving, a telephone call from New York came in, and as a result, they were thirty-five minutes late. His wife occupied this time by making out her next eight days' schedule, arranging and rearranging errands into a neat pattern so she would waste no time in getting from one neighborhood to another.

Shortly after midnight the party broke up. Some of the guests had been insistent upon journeying to Montmartre, but Mr. Hotchkiss declared this was impossible for him.

"I've two men breakfasting with me at nine o'clock and I've got to look over my mail and sign my letters when I get home tonight," he told his hostess.

A young man who held a minor position in the Paris office made a private protest to Rosamund. "As if a man as powerful as that, with a whole army of people to carry out his orders, couldn't do exactly what he wanted to do? If he had to be on the job as I have to, at a regular hour each morning, it would be a different story. But even I'd be willing to sacrifice a few hours' sleep for a good party."

"And that," the girl reflected sagaciously on the way home, "is probably why he'll always remain in a minor position."

She no longer had the illusion that her uncle's power carried with it freedom of personal action. In fact, she wondered if any men, except those at the head of governments, worked more hours a day. Even his exercise and recreation were part of his program for keeping fit for his multifold activities. When he played, he did so deliberately, but he rarely allowed himself to be swept into gayeties which destroyed his self-imposed regimen.

High-Speed Shopping

WHEN her aunt's maid woke her the next morning, she said that Mrs. Hotchkiss had ordered Miss Doane's breakfast tray sent into her own room, as she wished to talk to her.

"I've done a stupid thing," the older woman declared, "in making an appointment at the milliner's before we've chosen your clothes. There's no use going there twice, so we'll go to Vinlan's this morning. I've made a list of what I think you'll need. Do you mind looking it over, for we won't be able to go again."

The selecting and fitting of the half-dozen frocks the marquise had purchased for her daughter a year before had consumed the best part of an equal number of weeks. Before noon of this day, fourteen costumes had been ordered. Samples of the day gowns for which hats were required were labeled and placed in an envelope with her aunt's.

They lunched simply and expeditiously in order to reach Georgeboux's before the mad confusion of mid-afternoon. Rosamund regretted having missed dessert when they learned that the head *vendeuse* had not yet returned.

"I always forget how sacred their luncheon hour is," Mrs. Hotchkiss said. "This girl knew we were coming, and that I always give her a big tip if my hats are right, yet nothing would induce her to hurry."

Remembering the coffee éclair for which she still hungered, Rosamund was sympathetic with the delay. "The French believe that eating is not only a pleasure but, done properly and leisurely, produces greater efficiency in the long run than our disregard for food."

But her aunt's attention was concentrated on the various hats scattered around the long room. She showed no inclination to try them on, however, until the expert knowledge of the saleswoman should be at her disposal to save her time and effort.

At last the girl appeared, wiping a crumb from her lips, while she exclaimed vivaciously as to her great pleasure in seeing again Madame Hotch-kiss. Rosamund saw her aunt glance surreptitiously at her watch as the *vendeuse* asked about her health, her voyage, and the length of her stay. But when these preliminaries were finished, the Frenchwoman produced suitable models with the precision of an expert gunner. She matched felts, suggested variations in crown or brim to suit her client's individual style; then turned to Rosamund and by seeming clairvoyance put over her beautifully cut amber-colored hair exactly the hats which would be most becoming to her extraordinarily pretty young face and still harmonize with the costumes of which they formed a part.

The head fitter took their measurements and they were out in the Place Vendôme at exactly the hour Mrs. Hotchkiss had fixed for her appointment with the hairdresser.

"There's something in what you say about French efficiency," she admitted. "They save time by making so few mistakes. Did you notice how she refused even to let me try on things she knew wouldn't suit me? . . . Now while I'm having my facial massage and permanent wave, you can go out to the club with your uncle if you'd like to. You said last year that you'd like to have golf lessons. There's a good professional here and the car can take you both out. Frank has such a big deal on that he's got to have two hours of exercise to forget it, in order to be able to pull it off. You'll just have time to change."

Rosamund had learned, during her months in New York, that the ability to play games well was part of her contemporaries' education, both because of the resulting physical fitness and the popularity with young men it engendered.

They Had Brought From America Two Boxes Containing the Books of Fiction, Poetry and Biography They Really Wanted to Read

"My stepfather wouldn't believe how hard Americans work over the so-called pursuits of leisure," she told Mr. Hotchkiss as they motored out to Saint Cloud. "He thinks of us as lilies of the field."

"Which reminds me I've got an appointment with a book dealer at 6:30," he said. "Although collecting first editions has come to be a profession too. This man has flown over from London with a manuscript letter of Keats' and, curiously enough, one of Anatole France's first editions we couldn't find in Paris. I've got almost a complete set of him now."

This hobby of his wife's brother-in-law had astonished the marquis when he had learned of it. He preferred to believe that American business men—particularly the highly successful ones—were without cultivation. He had been almost as surprised to find that, before reaching Paris, Hotchkiss had gone to Ireland to buy some hunters, and then on to the Isle of Guernsey in order to select cattle for his recently acquired farm in Vermont.

"But how can one person do all those things?" the Frenchman had inquired. "You say he rides and shoots and occasionally hunts. And in the winter plays squash every day. From all I can hear, he enjoys the same sports as an English country gentleman who does nothing else. Yet he is a great financier. What is the answer?"

Encouraging Talent in Others

THE answer, Rosamund decided, lay partly in the perfection of genius for elimination her aunt had attributed to the *vendeuse*. For Mr. Hotchkiss ruthlessly refused to let anyone, even his wife, dispose of any of his time for him. He alone was the arbiter of his daily allotment of twenty-four hours, and if he decided at the last moment to drop out of a dinner party—whether in his own house or elsewhere—he did so. Many people considered this the height of selfishness and of egotism, but he was not disturbed by their criticism.

"It's the only way I can accomplish anything," he declared.

But when he did play, he played with complete concentration. When they met at the clubhouse after Rosamund's lesson and his round with a business friend, he was exuberant at having won the match. On the way in he asked her about her summer at home and gave her gossip of the younger group, which surprised her by its keen knowledge of their character and habits.

"An amazing man," she decided. And this verdict was confirmed when she saw him lose himself in the examination of the Keats letter, which the Englishman brought to their hotel sitting room.

Mrs. Hotchkiss was busily dictating cablegrams to her husband's secretary. She asked Rosamund's advice about French boarding schools, explaining that the daughter of a distant cousin, whom she was educating, wanted two years abroad. She approached this subject with as much desire for full information as she did every other.

In addition to belonging to several hospital and settlement-house boards, she had undertaken to educate half a dozen girls of varying ages whom she felt had unusual promise, but whom she guarded against any feeling of dependence.

"I would have preferred having Grace stay in America, but she's got to develop along her own lines," she said. "Since she wants to come over next year, I shall investigate two or three of the best places and give her my recommendation."

A young sculptor and his wife in whom she was also interested were to spend the winter on the new farm. One of her cables had to do with the proper heating of the studio which had been constructed from an old barn adjacent to the house proper.

To Rosamund, her aunt's form of helpfulness seemed to transcend charity because it was so completely personal in its expressions.

"I do it for my own enjoyment," Mrs. Hotchkiss protested, when her niece raised this issue. "I have no talents myself and it's fun to help people who have. If I were really unselfish I might not choose them the way I do, for I try to pick only those who show possibility of development. . . . That reminds me I must send another cable." And she sent off a message to New York regarding a dinner and musicale on the first of November, when another protégée, a young singer, was to make her debut.

(Continued on Page 38)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 23, 1929

Business Cycles

THE relative stability of business in the past few years has encouraged optimists to hope, and even to assert, that the business cycle has been ironed out. It is a consummation in the world of affairs devoutly to be wished for, but the highest authorities are reluctant to accept it as a fact. In the report of the Committee on Recent Economic Changes of the President's Unemployment Conference, Prof. Wesley C. Mitchell, leading authority on cycles, contends they are likely to continue. He explains that the more optimistic view is justified only if a business cycle is regarded as a period including a boom, a crisis and a severe depression. In that sense he admits that our last cycle ended in 1921, since which time there has been no general boom in business at large, no commercial crisis and no severe depression.

But using the term in its more general acceptance in economic discussion, it is pointed out that there have been four cycles since the close of the war. That the amplitude of the cycle has been reduced since 1924 is suggestive, and Doctor Mitchell states that "with the significant exception of stock-market dealings and closely related processes," the indications are that the country's business expansion which started in January, 1928, is proceeding at a moderate pace. He declares that, for the country as a whole, business has been maintained for the past few years on a high, but not exceedingly high, level, with brief periods of contraction to which the term "depression" seems scarcely applicable.

The actual ironing out of cycles appears to us to necessitate a complete and perfect preplanning of industry, based in turn upon a gigantic system of budgetary control. All consumers' orders would have to be stated in advance and stabilized in relation to productive capacity. Whether this can be reconciled with free consumer choice and with freedom of individual decision in business is extremely doubtful. Then, too, business consists of a fast-coming series of new generations of men, each of which, from the very fact of human nature, must make many of the mistakes of those who have gone before.

But this is not a subject for pessimism, even though the more extreme flights of optimism are unrelated to reality. The engineering, planning and organizing attitude has grown appreciably. Gains in transportation efficiency tend to bring a smoother flow to the movement of goods and to release capital invested in supplies and inventories. Hand-to-mouth buying is one concrete example of changing business methods, and of course there are others. As the forces of planning and control extend, business itself should be subject to fewer convulsions.

Convalescent Nations

ONE of the most encouraging features of the international situation is revealed in the repeated statements which come from the Department of Commerce in regard to financial conditions in Europe. In country after country floating debts have been funded, budgets balanced and the dire uncertainties of only three years ago dispelled. A Europe headed toward bankruptcy was a menace to the world as well as to itself. Today all the powers engaged in the war, with four exceptions, have managed to strike a balance in their budgets, and the revenues of fifteen of the twenty-six European combatants and neutrals are now greater than expenditures, the deficits of the remaining eleven being relatively small, except in the case of Soviet Russia.

Perhaps the most striking instance is France. The heavy deficits which followed the war have gone and a real surplus is being applied to debt amortization. Only a few years ago the franc had sunk to low levels and the financial ship of state was apparently foundering. But drastic remedies were resorted to. Taxes were applied to every activity of life, and now France is in a singularly liquid condition. Its gold holdings are phenomenal, and its financial position, internationally speaking, is an exceedingly powerful one. It is true that the people have carried a grievous burden of taxation, but they have stood it well, and now there are promises of early relief.

France has more to boast of than financial solvency. Crops have been good, unemployment is absent, and marked prosperity continues in the coal, steel, mechanical and electrical industries. Nor is all gloom in England by any manner of means. The troubles of the coal industry and general unemployment still face the country like two gaunt specters that will not be exorcised. But in a number of lines, such as the automobile, electrical, chemical, dyestuff and rayon industries, enormous progress has been made in the way of mounting output. The most remarkable phase of European recovery, however, would seem to be that of the two conspicuous combatants, Germany and France, the former a few years ago and the latter more recently. The way in which these two nations pulled themselves back from the brink of disaster speaks well not only for the likelihood of economic stability in the immediate years ahead but for the inherently constructive and courageous qualities of mankind.

Mending Niagara

THOSE who can compare the present Niagara Falls crest line with their memories of what it was twenty-five years ago will agree that it is sadly thinned and much shortened. The first abstraction from the crest line, some four hundred and fifteen feet on the Canadian side, has long been so built upon that it has been absorbed into the shore line. But from Terrapin Point, on Goat Island, looking across the Horseshoe Fall toward the deep green notch, the thin drip of water over many feet of the near-by escarpment and the similar depletion—the engineers call it "unwatering"—on the Canadian edge of this fall give evidence of what abstraction from the natural volume of the four Great Lakes which unite in the Niagara River has here accomplished. The reduced grandeur of the American rapids, the thinned streams between the Sister Islands, even the lessened thunder of the American Fall, bear additional witness to the effect of abstractions.

The Welland Canal, the New York State Barge Canal, and the wheel pits of the power companies at Niagara have each taken toll of the majesty of the cataract and the rapids.

Niagara Falls is on the international boundary line, and when, in 1905, the American Civic Association called the attention of the two governments to the generous way in which the state of New York and the province of Ontario had given away for power more water than flowed in the Niagara River, congressional action through the Burton Bill of 1906, followed by the boundary-waters treaty of 1909, made Niagara Falls an international concern.

"Arising from the concern of the governments of Canada and the United States regarding the deterioration in scenic effects at Niagara Falls resulting from erosion and diversion of water, correspondence and views were exchanged between the two governments during the latter part of 1925 and during the early part of 1926, following which, arrangements were completed for an extended investigation into the preservation of the scenic beauty of the Falls, and an analysis of all factors relative thereto."

These words are quoted from the Final Report of the Special International Niagara Board, made up of an eminent Army engineer from the United States, Canada's leading water-power engineer, and a citizen from each country. This board, availing itself of the latest resources in records, in modern airplane mapping, and in the most advanced methods of metering and of investigation by floats, studied conditions as they had never previously been studied.

Herbert Hoover came into the picture while Secretary of Commerce, because a Niagara preservation plan would inevitably connect with a St. Lawrence waterway project. It was he who, when the American Civic Association president was asked to serve on this board, ended that gentleman's hesitation by saying: "Niagara Falls is the finest bit of decoration on the North American continent, and we can afford to keep it."

This independently critical board, with all possible facilities, took its work very seriously, making first an interim report to the governments in December, 1927, and signing its final report June 22, 1928. Briefly summarized, this report proposed to rewater the almost denuded sections of the Horseshoe Fall by diverting from the tremendous depth which pours into the green notch of that Fall enough water for the purpose. It was found that this could be done without in any way decreasing the deep green beauty which is the charm of the Horseshoe Fall, rather, instead, decreasing the erosion which erroneously has been said to include "the suicide of Niagara Falls." In the same fashion, another concealed weir was proposed, to divert to the American Fall a full third more water than now passes over it, not only restoring much of its majesty but also restoring the depleted beauty of the rapids and about the small islands.

Mindful of the parsimony altogether too characteristic of governments in relation to the maintenance of great scenery, the board proposed the financing of the cost of these remedial works—about $1,750,000—through a method which takes advantage ingeniously of the lessened travel to Niagara in the winter months. It was ascertained, by consulting carefully kept records, that more than seventy-five per cent of the 2,000,000 annual visits to Niagara Falls occur between April first and October first. A proposition was worked out with the American and Canadian power companies by which an additional winter diversion of water for producing power to be used through existing plants, and requiring no new construction, would finance the remedial work. This procedure, at all times in the hands of the Niagara Control Board, was to continue from October first to March thirty-first for seven years, affording further opportunity for careful study of the effect of all diversions.

Realizing the importance of this report, a convention was drafted, and on January 2, 1929, was signed at Ottawa by the American plenipotentiary and the Canadian Prime Minister. The hope of those intimately concerned was that immediate ratification by the Dominion Parliament and the United States Senate, when the latter was convened in special session, would start the remedial works. The Dominion Parliament did ratify in due course, but in the general whirl of international affairs the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations seems to have lost sight of this endeavor to mend Niagara. It might be in point for those who love Niagara to suggest to senatorial friends the wisdom of immediate acceptance of the proposition for mending Niagara, which holds, so far as we can see it, nothing but advantage to the American public.

THE OL' DEBBIL TARIFF

By Samuel G. Blythe

THAT muscular and ferocious Biblical character who killed thousands of Philistines with the jaw bone of an ass was some slaughterer after his fashion, but a mere novice compared to the Ol' Debbil Tariff, who, in the course of the one hundred and fifty years that have elapsed since Adam Smith wrote his book, The Wealth of Nations, that gave a real impetus to the carnage, has killed his politicians, statesmen, economists, princes, Presidents, premiers, potentates and proletarians to the number of ten times as many, and more, as Samson put to rest on his historic occasion, using their own jaw bones as the lethal weapons in many instances, and the backbones of his schedules in as many more.

The slaying has been political, of course, and economic, and not after the bloody manner of actual murder, but efficacious none the less. Many an ambitious and aspiring legislator and executive, from the lower realms of politics to the higher, so-called, realms of statesmanship has been bludgeoned into obscurity by the tariff. It is a killer—a political killer. Few who have wrestled with it have escaped a heavy and politically fatal fall, and that is as true of political parties as of political personages. Ol' Debbil Tariff gets them almost all.

George Crampton in his excellent book, The Tariff, which he calls An Interpretation of a Bewildering Problem, says: "The debate concerning the opposing policies of free trade and protection is especially remarkable because of the extraordinary peculiarity of the cleavage between the advocates of these two policies. Nearly all professional economists, including, outside of Germany at least, the great majority of those who teach political economy in the universities and colleges, and most of those who, though not connected with institutions of learning, have written authoritatively on the subject, are or have been free traders; and so, also, have been many of the most influential and brilliant statesmen and journalists. On the other hand, in most countries—until the last few years England was, and perhaps still is, an exception—nearly all practical men of affairs, those whose successful conduct of the large and intricate commercial and industrial units in which the modern world abounds entitles their opinions to respect, have been protectionists."

When you get a subject as complicated as this into politics, which is where the tariff always has been in this country, it is inevitable that it will not only mess up those politics but, in so doing, mess up the politicians as well, and the parties to which they belong. That has been the tariff history of England and it has been the tariff history of the United States. In England the protectionists have fought valiantly to impose their ideas on that free-trade country, and in the United States the free traders have fought as valiantly to impose their ideas on this protectionist country. And in both places their fighting has been the cause of much political disaster.

As I recall my political history, it was in 1827 that the principle of protection began to edge into American politics, although we had had tariffs before that, of course. However, I do not intend to discuss in this article any phases of the subject outside of my own political generation and interest, which began when I was a boy in Western New York, at the time when Grover Cleveland defeated James G. Blaine for President in 1884, and has continued until the present, when Herbert Hoover is having his tariff troubles at Washington. I had an active writing part in the campaign of 1888, which was essentially a tariff campaign, when Harrison defeated Cleveland, and have been more or less on the firing line in every tariff campaign since then. And my experience and observation have shown that the tariff is a killer, that it frequently wrecks politicians and parties, that it is the high explosive of political manipulation and maneuver, and that the sooner they get it out of politics and anchor it in economics, where it belongs, the safer politics will be for the practitioners of it, including all and sundry, the high, the middle and the low, from President to ward boss.

The tariff has been the Old Man of the Sea on the back of nearly every President since Cleveland began his first term in 1885, and on the backs of the parties those Presidents represented. It has defeated some of these Presidents, overturned majorities in Congress and obliterated many an office seeker. It has split parties into warring congressional factions, and was one of the real, actuating reasons for the Progressive movement in 1912. It defeated Cleveland in 1888 and Harrison in 1892. It has been a

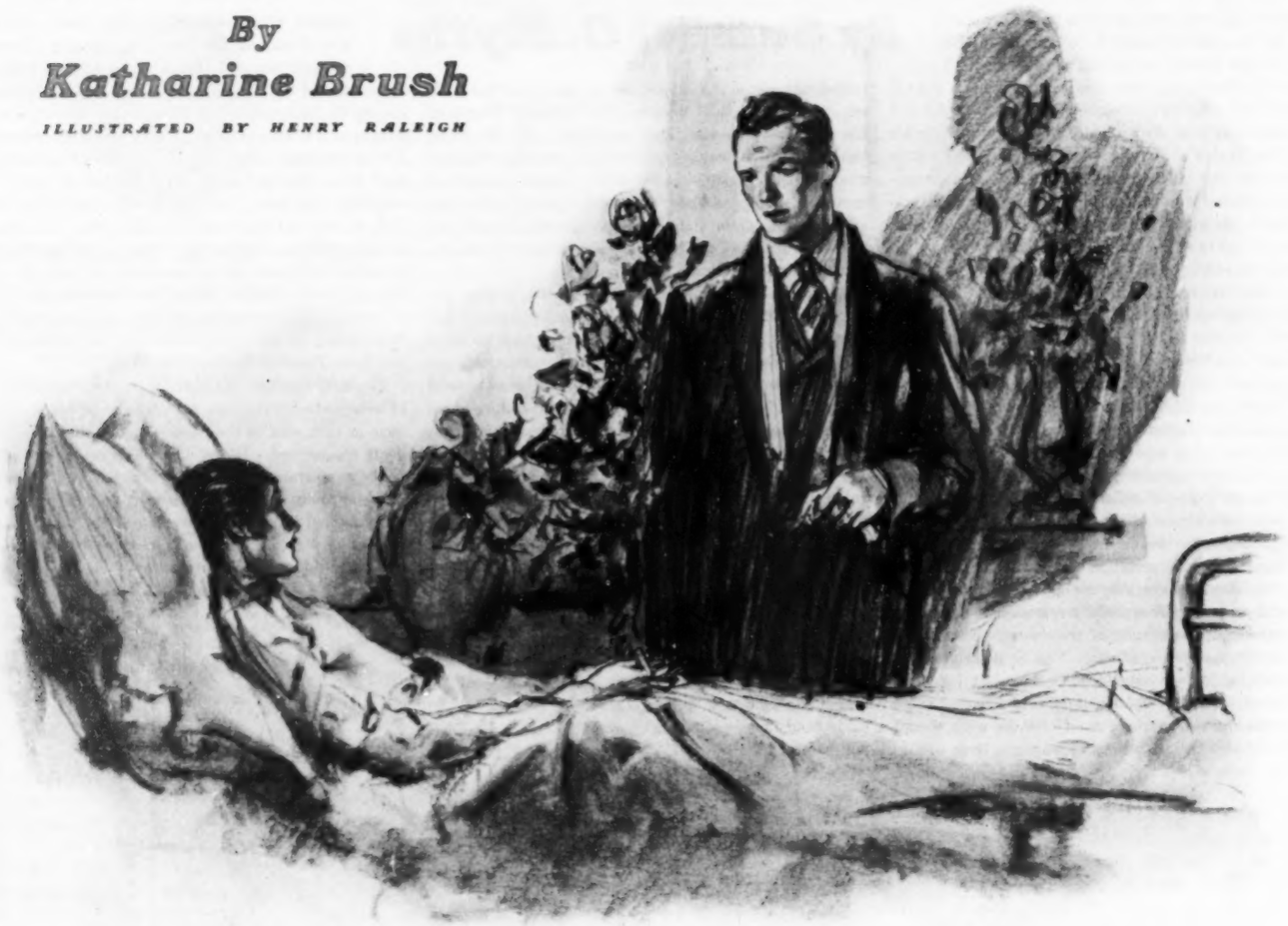
(Continued on Page 127)

Clean-Up Week—Now You've All Got to Get Off

YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN

By
Katharine Brush

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



This Constraint of Hers, This—This Politeness, Was Her Way of Telling Him That She Was Changed, That He Had Lost Her

VI

EUNICE met the train on Tuesday morning. At the top of the steep staircase that was the ultimate link of a long chain, the hook attaching the ribbons of steel from Florida onto Manhattan, she was waiting. She stood close to the gate, in an orange hat and a leopard-skin coat; still Toby did not see her at first. He had not expected her or anyone to meet him.

Almost as soon as the train stopped he was out of it, carrying his own bag, hurdling the only half-demolished mountain of other baggage that blocked the door. His car lay near the stairs. He mounted rapidly, two steps at a stride, ahead of the crowd, his free hand on the railing giving him leverage. He did not lift his head. It was by his size that he was unmistakable from above, and by the way he moved—a man released who now at last could make his own time.

Eunice caught him at the top. "Toby, wait! . . . Oh, it's all right!" she cried out the next instant. "She's better! I just thought I'd come down and meet you, that's all. Bill Hastings and I. Bi ——"

"She's better?" Toby repeated.

He set down his bag and removed his hat mechanically. His eyes that had stared through two nights at the near, dim lid of a lower berth were exploring Eunice's eyes, straining to read them. He looked gaunt. His face was thin, the sun-dyed skin seeming stretched too tight over the cheek bones. For a moment Eunice's gaze betrayed only shock at his appearance.

Then she bethought herself and nodded vigorously. "Much better. The doctor says entirely out of danger. I wired you that last evening. Didn't you get it?"

"I got it, but ——"

"The sickness doesn't last long, you know," Eunice said. "It's something like a severe attack of ptomaine. She was a whole lot better yesterday, and she had a good night last night. I called up to ask just before I came down here. She feels fine this morning. Almost well."

Eunice's clear, quick, definite voice was easier by far to believe than all her paper telegrams to the train. The tension, like a sustained electrical charge, in Toby's nerves gave a little. Just a little.

He said, "But she's still—she can't see any better?"

"Oh, she couldn't yet," Eunice answered smoothly—too smoothly. "That takes time. . . . Look," she added at once, laying four finger tips on Toby's sleeve. "Let's get Bill and get out of this mob scene. He's over there. We didn't know which stairway you'd come up. . . . We can talk in the taxi," she concluded, over her shoulder.

They joined Hastings. There was the same expression in Hastings' eyes when he saw Toby that there had been in Eunice's, but he only said rather gruffly, "How are you, old man?" and tried to take the bag Toby was lugging.

"I've got it," Toby muttered; "thanks." He gripped the handle harder. A violent trembling was inside him now, a sudden weakness. Reaction. The heavy bag was something to hang on to till it passed.

They did not talk a great deal in the taxi. Anything anyone said that was not about Ann sounded far-fetched and forced; and of Ann there was, there could be, no conversation, save the simplest questions and the simplest answers. Toby asked what her temperature was, whether the room she had was a good one, whether or not she knew he was coming this morning. Eunice, in replying that Ann did know, unthinkingly said, "She'll be so glad to see you." After which no one for a moment found anything to say at all.

"How was St. Pete?" Hastings finally abruptly demanded.

"Same as ever."

"Play any golf?"

"Yeah, a little."

"You're brown," Eunice said.

Another silence fell, during which Toby stared through the frosted window, and Eunice from the side and Hastings from opposite covertly eyed him. They were headed for the hospital, across town and down. "You want to go straight there, don't you?" Eunice had observed before they started. She would drop him there. She had, she said, an assignment in the neighborhood. Hastings was to ride as far as their turn off Fifth Avenue, where he would change cabs and deliver Toby's bag at the apartment.

The going was difficult. New York had had a snowstorm the day before, and the streets were narrowed by banks of snow, between which cars and trucks crawled single file. It was very cold. On the taxi's window there was a sticker saying HEATED to the shivering world; but it lied. Their breaths were quick, slight, vanishing plumes in the air within.

"Cold as Greenland," said Hastings, "isn't it?"

"Isn't it?" Eunice echoed.

"Cold, Toby? I should think you would be," Hastings argued as Toby shook his head. "Out of the frying pan into the ice box. You want to watch out you don't catch your never-get-overs." He paused, and added: "Listen, how about a little shot to warm you up? I brought some along."

He was pulling a flask from a hip pocket. It was manifest to Toby that Bill had been wanting to give him a drink, on some pretext or other, ever since they started.

"I guess I look like the wrath of God," he thought disinterestedly. Despite their eyes, he had not thought of it before.

He refused the drink. "I'm warm enough," he said. "Thanks."

"Just a swallow? Do you good, no fooling."

"Not right now. Thanks just the same."

He did not say that he had whisky in his suitcase, packed by Shorty, which all the endless way from Florida he had not touched. He turned back to the window, trying to look as if he did not know that Bill was looking at him, and

(Continued on Page 28)

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MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

(Continued from Page 26)

that Eunice was looking meaningly and fixedly at Bill, nudging his shoe with hers.

"Check," Bill murmured. He put the flask away.

"When was the snowstorm—yesterday?" Toby queried, eyes still on the window.

They replied in detail for some minutes. They did not expect him to listen, and he didn't listen. When another lull came he spoke again of Ann, asking who this Doctor Beauvais was. He listened then, while Eunice explained that he was the celebrated eye specialist whom the other doctor had called in. Hastings contributed the fact that Beauvais was one of the best in the country. Toby said, "What does he think?" and Eunice said, "He's very hopeful." Which, Toby knew, was what she would say.

He said, "Will he be at the hospital?"

"Oh, surely. Sometime this morning, if he isn't now."

"You see," said Hastings, "the thing is that it was methyl alcohol. Now if it had been wood alcohol ——" He shook his head.

"They analyzed it," Toby said, "of course."

"Yes."

"Sunday," Eunice supplemented.

Toby looked at the taxi driver's picture, but his eyes appeared to be looking miles away.

"I bought that stuff, you know," he said. It had shrieked in his mind for two nights and a day, but he said it quietly. "I meant to drink it on the train going down."

"You were lucky," Hastings nodded, before he thought.

For an instant they had reason to hope that Toby had not heard. Then they felt him stiffen. They saw his eyes return, become present. Incredulous eyes, and fiercely blue. "'Lucky?'" he queried, as if he couldn't have understood.

He stopped. When he spoke again his voice was slower and less harsh. "You mean I might've—gone blind," he said. "And I didn't. Ann did—instead of me."

He looked at Hastings. "If you call that 'lucky.'"

He had been in the room for half an hour before he really saw it. He knew only that it was the usual hospital room, with the high bed, the iron stand painted white beside the bed, the one wide window.

Now the nurse had brought some milk that Ann must drink, and while she drank it Toby, for the first time since he entered, let his gaze stray.

He sat back in the rocking-chair and looked about him. Green walls. Fresh white net curtains at the window. Walnut bureau. The partly open door of Ann's private bath. Really not a bad hospital room. It seemed a little larger than most. And less severe. The flowers did that. Surely there were never so many such gorgeous flowers. Everybody loved Ann so.

His eyes returned to her. The head of the high white bed was raised, to make a sort of long chair of it, and Ann was propped against two firm white pillows. Thus she had been when he saw her first—sitting up, looking pretty, looking usual and well. Her hair smooth, her head dark and small against the pillows. Her mouth reddened with a little lipstick, her cheeks colored with a little rouge.

She had been awaiting him and ready a long time. Her nurse, who had come downstairs to conduct him up, had told him that indirectly.

"She's wonderful, really," the nurse had said. "Bravest little thing! The only time she's cried at all was here awhile ago, when Miss Hay phoned to say that your train would be twenty minutes late."

He had reminded himself of that repeatedly in the past half hour. Ann had cried when his train was late. Ann, who seemed so indifferent, now he was here.

Ann had cried. Yet when the nurse caroled from the threshold, "Here he is, Mrs. McLean!" and he managed his prepared, easy greeting, "Hullo, darling," the lighting up of her face was so swift a thing and so swiftly over that he could not be sure he had seen it at all.

"Hello, Toby," she said simply. Neither happily nor unhappily. She did not smile. She did not reach out her hands toward him. She who had wept for impatience because he would be delayed a little held herself rigid, tense in his arms when he closed them around her. And he fancied she looked relieved when he let her go.

Almost the first thing she said to him was a curious formal thing: "You were awfully sweet to come all the way up here."

She didn't care any more. Gradually to the turmoil of his emotions was added this new, and yet not unforeseen, heartsickness. Ann was not his any more. This constraint of hers, this—this politeness, was her way of telling him that she was changed, that he had lost her.

No other explanation that his mind could find held good while they talked. Ann was not angry still. Their long separation, their quarrel, Puff Randolph—these things had faded into insignificance these recent days. He had a feeling when he mentioned them that even mentioning them was needless. When, briefly and haltingly, he spoke of Puff, explaining to Ann at last what he had not explained, he felt that she believed him, but with as little interest as though he said, "The day is fine."

She made one comment, smiling very slightly. "Doesn't all that seem far away and long ago? It does to me."

She made one apology: "I've been so ashamed of myself for saying what I said about—'my' apartment. That was inexcusable. I'm sorry, Toby."

So it wasn't anger. It wasn't bitterness, born of the fact that he was in a measure responsible for her affliction. She knew no such bitterness, had evidently had no such thought. However he might blame himself, she did not blame him.

It was none of those transient, reparable things.

He decided now, watching her sitting there, slowly and rather wryly drawing the milk through the little glass tube, that her fit of weeping before he arrived had meant nothing whatever. He had been clutching at straws, to take comfort of it. An invalid's overwrought weeping. He might

(Continued on Page 130)

"It Turns Out," He Said, "That I'm a Great Actor"

Created for PHILADELPHIA'S élite by a famous "*professional*" cook

Isabella Glass gives her recipe for a dish popular with the hostesses of stately Germantown

Isabella Glass, "professional" cook to the fashionables of Germantown. Among her distinguished patrons are: MRS. STANLEY W. PEARSON . . . MRS. STANLEY ALEXANDER WELSH . . . MRS. BALTZAR DE MARÉ . . . MRS. H. A. HAINES . . . MRS. W. E. CADBURY . . . MISS ALICE HAINES . . . MRS. CLAYTON PLATT, JR. . . . MRS. WILLIAM GOODMAN, JR. . . . MRS. LOUIS C. MADEIRA . . . MRS. C. L. ROBINSON . . . MRS. HENRY BELL, JR. . . . MRS. JAMES BLAKSLEE

OUT the "East Drive," beyond the gray-yellow waters of the Schuylkill you find them—Germantown and Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia's fashionable suburbs.

Communities of magnificent modern estates, and beside them, gray stone houses that were already old when the Colonies united.

It is here in Germantown that Isabella Glass, "professional" cook de luxe, lives.

And it is with the hostesses of Germantown and Chestnut Hill that her services are in such demand.

Perhaps it is a tea after the Chestnut Hill Flower Show—perhaps it is luncheon for a group of fashionables on their way to the Horse Show at the Wissahickon Farms—or an elaborate formal dinner.

Whatever the occasion, under the skilled guidance of Mrs. Glass, the food is certain to be perfect.

Her delicious dishes are noted. And she prepares them herself from her own special recipes. She takes charge of the ordering, too, and plans the menus.

A favorite with her patrons

For luncheon on these crisp fall days, Mrs. Glass's patrons are very likely to ask for the bacon and spaghetti dish pictured here. There's such charm in its rich, seductive seasoning, such zest in the savory bacon flavor.

It is on the flavor of the bacon, according to Mrs. Glass, that the ultimate success of the dish depends. "If the bacon is the least bit strong or salty it drowns the other flavors. If it is too mild the dish lacks character. That is why I am always so particular to use Swift's Premium. I know it will always be delicate in flavor, yet rich and distinctive."

This delightful mellowness which Mrs. Glass praises is only one of the reasons why so many thousands of housewives are careful to choose Swift's Premium. Its tenderness—its just proportioning of fat and lean—its uniform slices—these are a few of the qualities that have won their patronage.

Mrs. Glass's recipe for her Swift's Premium Bacon with Spaghetti is given below. It is inexpensive, easy to make, full of alluring flavor. Why not try it some day soon?

Swift & Company

* * *

A delicious luncheon dish—Swift's Premium Bacon and Spaghetti! Mrs. Glass gives her recipe as follows:

FRY Swift's Premium Bacon slices until a good brown. Remove from pan and mince fine with 2 onions and 1 green pepper. Fry these together in bacon fat, and when brown put in 1 cup of tomato purée. Cook for a few minutes.

Boil and blanch ½ lb. of spaghetti; then add the bacon, onions and pepper, cook for about 15 minutes. Pile high on platter, and garnish with strips of broiled Swift's Premium Bacon (around edges and on top), parsley, and half slices of pineapple fried a golden brown.

If some other fruit is preferred, quartered apples, fried in well buttered pan, with cinnamon and sugar and dotted with butter, may be used, or half pears (either fresh or canned) may be fried the same way.

BE SURE IT IS SWIFT'S PREMIUM! *Swift's new Premium "Savor-tite" Ham, ready cooked in the sealed container, bears Swift's familiar blue Premium label. The uncooked hams and bacon carry other identifying marks as well—the word Swift in brown dots down the full length of the side—the markings on the rind and parchment wrappers.*

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

A GIRL OF THE NINETIES

III

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

THE house my parents rented in New Rochelle when they moved there from New Haven, was a humble frame affair decorated with scrollwork which looked exactly like the sort of tatting Katerina, our German houseworker, made to sew on her underwear. Katerina's tatting certainly was not beautiful, and neither were the spiral icicles and whorls which dangled from the edge of our veranda roof. But all this elaborate carpentry was to be had for forty-five dollars a month, and my father's commutation tickets to Franklin Place, where the office of Harper Brothers was situated, were not prohibitive.

Several other men associated with the same organization in various capacities, had homes near us—to wit Zogbaum, the artist; Frederic Remington, whose delightfully pictured cowboys made me tease mother to read the stories accompanying them, and Henry Loomis Nelson, then the editor of Harper's Weekly. I was in terror of this man because his heavy gray mustache bristled out and was draped at the ends like a mantelpiece lambrequin, and because my father stood in awe of him. Remington I adored after he gave me a bit of clay to model with, and then miraculously pinched in the ears and nostrils of the horse I was trying to make, so that the animal suddenly looked real. I remember mamma found this head and thought I had done it alone, and for days I guiltily deceived her by my silence. Then, when she had completely forgotten it, I burst into tears and confessed my fraud.

The ugly little frame house, cheap and badly furnished though it was, sheltered a long procession of interesting guests. Francis Wilson, the actor, lived close by, and became a frequent visitor. The famous musical-comedy star read a great deal, and was always borrowing or lending the most erudite sort of books. He and my father and mother had long discussions of an evening, when the rumble of their debates would penetrate to my little bedroom overhead and finally lull me to sleep as once the music of my parents' tuneful duets had done. What, exactly, they talked of, I don't know, but I would catch the words "God" or "Darwin" and sometimes "Free Silver." I do, however, clearly recall one afternoon when Mr. Wilson was making his adieus on the front porch.

"Mr. Wilson," said mamma, "with your magnificent mind, I cannot see why you don't play serious drama. You could do a marvelous Hamlet." The actor looked at her with a queer little smile, half sad, half whimsical.

"My dear lady," he exclaimed, "do my legs and my nose look like tragedy?" And indeed his large nose and bandy legs were better suited to Half a King, the piece he was then playing, than to the revealing traditional costume of the Danish princeling.

The Wilsons had two little daughters, and in the course of tennis parties I became friends with them, especially Adelaide, the vivacious blond younger one, who was about my own age. Frances, the elder daughter, I regarded with respectful awe, partly on account of the deep, creamy voice in which she sang so beautifully, and in part because even at twelve years of age she had already developed that rich personality which later made her book My Home in the Field of Honor one of the outstanding literary achievements of wartime literature.

It was through my contact with these two children that at length some attention was given to the subject of my education. I was then about eight years old, and until this time had been given nothing in the way of schooling. I knew my alphabet, and that was about all. Once in a while government inspectors came around and asked how I was being educated, but up to now, my parents had easily got rid of such inquiries. Then one day a very severe, nosey inspector who took his little report book seriously, turned up at the jig-saw house on Castle Place. My mother explained that I was being educated at home, and the inspector person seemed to divine the prevarication. It appeared that there existed a law of some kind regarding the education of children and that law did not take into consideration people's personal tastes about public schools or their possible aversion to having their nice, refined little girl go to one. At least, so I gathered, hiding behind mamma's skirts while she told the inspector in very clear terms exactly what she thought of the city schools as a medium for educating the offspring of impoverished gentlefolk. But the heartless inspector said he did not care what she thought; I must either go to a school of some kind or else mamma would have to show ample evidence of a governess' presence in the house. The result was that my parents discovered the horrid truth that the inspector really was something more than an impertinent busybody. They also gathered the information that a little private school in our part of town was not absolutely prohibitive in price and would satisfy the requirements of an unexpectedly paternal Government.

A Theater Was What the Miles Family Needed! Straightway I Proceeded to Build One, and This Time I Had No Help From Toy Shops

Everybody's first day at school is something of a nightmare, and mine was no better. I had heard so much talk at home about the expense of this venture, and of how ill it could be afforded, that I fully expected the head of the school, a lady in rustling black taffeta, to pounce upon me with demands for money I did not possess. Each time I caught sight of her a cold hand of terror clutched my heart, to be followed by incredulous relief when she passed by unseeing. But school itself wasn't nearly so bad as I had feared, for nobody expected me to learn anything except how to fold brightly colored squares of paper into fancy shapes and to sing songs about Little Dandelions whose yellow hair turned to white and blew away.

During the term and a half of my stay at that mildly exclusive academy, I learned no more. I was not even taught to read or write. Attendance at school became a sort of continuous children's party to which I looked forward eagerly. Besides, if I went to school I did not have to play with the baby sister Eleanor, for whom I still could not bring myself to feel the proper degree of affection.

Then suddenly I was withdrawn from school. The pain of it was centered around the loss of the Wilson girls, whom I now saw very seldom.

During the very idle weeks at home, which followed immediately upon my withdrawal from school, I learned both to read and to write. I taught myself. I had a signed copy of Stevenson's Child's Garden of Verse which had been sent me by the author, a friend of daddy's, as a birthday gift. I knew each poem by heart from having heard them read aloud, and I could find them in the book correctly, because I knew the decorative headings of each. So, on one rainy day when no one would read to me, I lay down on the window seat with this book spread open and began reciting the verse which I knew lay before me.

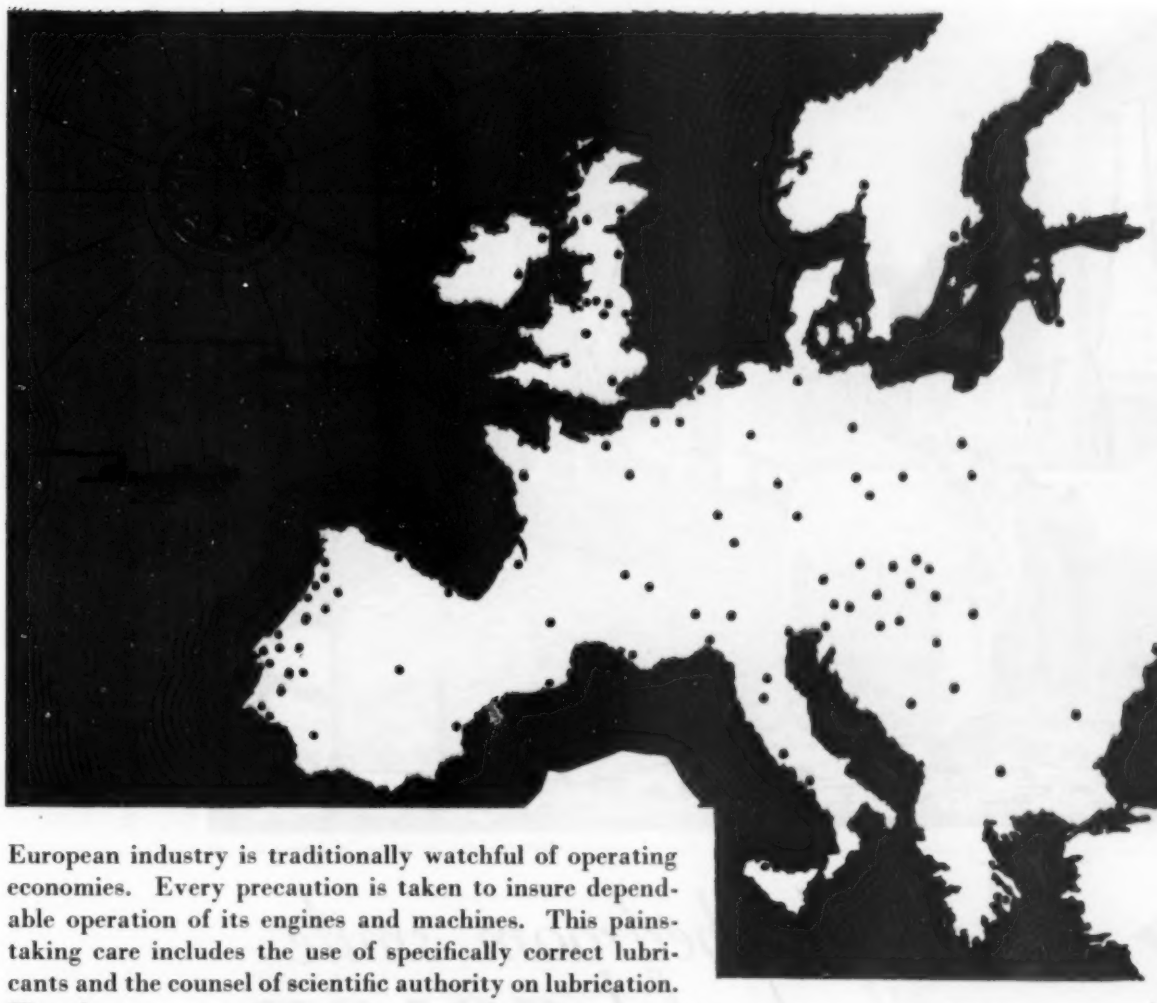
In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candlelight.

Suddenly the words in my brain connected with those on the printed page, and a miracle occurred. I could read!

At first I was stunned by the stupendous discovery, and I counted the lines, muttering aloud the familiar stanza. They checked up. Yes, the sounds and the symbols coincided perfectly. The thrill which Columbus may have had on sighting the West Indies was probably a poor thing compared with the stupendous excitement I underwent at discovering the world of literature opening up to me. I got another book and tested my knowledge. This time it wasn't quite so easy or so clear, for the book was Alice in Wonderland, and although the pages were familiar enough, a good many words eluded me here and there. But practice soon overcame this difficulty, for I knew, roughly, what the context must be. For the next three or four days I read incessantly. And the curious part of it is, nobody in the house had the faintest notion of what I was up to.

The next step was to write. If these printed letters made words, I thought, how did one make words for oneself? I puzzled over this a bit, and then got a sheet of paper, a pencil and a newspaper, and began to copy the printing in it. I formed sentence after sentence, often without in the least understanding many of the words which I wrote, but the result was a page of perfectly legible hieroglyphics, and I was enchanted with my achievement. It was many years before I could write in any other manner. Indeed, I could not really write at all but printed with exceeding rapidity. And after this I did not care so much whether mamma preferred the baby Eleanor or not. I was seldom lonely, and hardly ever at a loss for amusement, for I had books. Indeed, I was familiar with more than half of my father's library before he even found out that I could read. And as

(Continued on Page 33)



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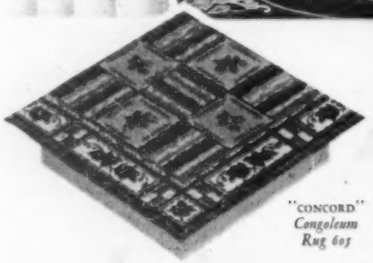

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Congoleum
Rug 603

Make the bedroom smile with cheerful COLOR

IT'S no trick at all—and surprisingly inexpensive—to "do over" a bedroom, to make it as up-to-date, as charmingly beautiful, as the one pictured above.

The secret lies in the generous use of harmonious colors! Here, for example, are walls retinted with light orange . . . window draperies in kindred tones . . . lamp-shades of delicate hues. Then complementary blues in the chaise longue and bed. And finally, all brought into harmony by the beautiful, rich colors in the smart *Du Barry* pattern, the *genuine* Congoleum Rug on the floor!

No, there's no need to go to great expense in giving the modern touch of color to any room. And remember, there are many other Congoleum Rugs fully as beautiful as this one. A few of them are shown here. Jot down their names and have your dealer show them to you.

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The Gold Seal, pasted right on the face of the rug, is a sure guide to the biggest value in labor-saving floor-coverings. No wonder, then, that more rugs bearing the Gold Seal have been sold than all other felt-base rugs combined.

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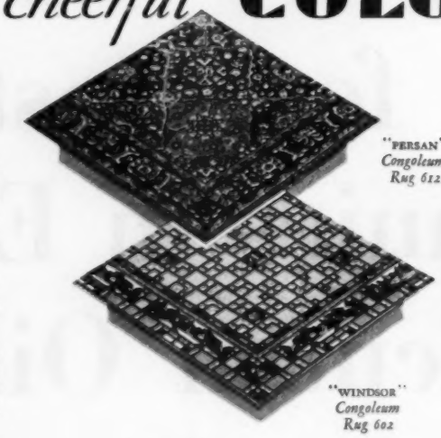

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Rug 604

Look for the Gold Seal on the rugs you buy. Accept no substitutes!

(Continued from Page 30)

his collection of books contained a considerable variety, I certainly acquired, in my fashion, a rather more liberal education than ordinary schooling would have provided. There were among these first-discovered volumes a book on demonology, six volumes containing The Story of the Seven Ronin, an archaic romance translated from the Japanese; Haeckel's Riddle of the Universe, Stanley Weyman's early novels, and Dickens and Thackeray in complete sets. There was also a complete Sir Walter Scott, whom I thought extremely dull; Huckleberry Finn, of which I held a like opinion; the Bible, Robert W. Chambers, two slim volumes of my father's short stories, Balzac's Droll Stories, the Abbé Constantine in French, and, I particularly remember, Du Maurier's Trilby.

This last was a newly published novel, much under discussion in our house, as in most others where books were read at all, and it was finding me with the forbidden volume in my hands which led to the uncovering of the fact that I could read. This brought about a censorship of my reading matter, which, however, came a trifle late. My taste for Little Women, the Elsie Books and similar stories which were hastily substituted was weak. I had sampled stronger matter, and the next few years of my life was just one long struggle to get hold of books which would make my mind tingle. Almost invariably I had to procure and read these by stealth. Of course, in this way I got hold of a good deal of trash, including Ouida's novels and those by The Duchess. But, on the other hand, I bootlegged John Fiske's Historical Difficulties, which fascinated me and put into my hands a weapon for religious argument which floored my astounded family, who had not read the book themselves. I had read and pretty well understood Wilde's poems and Carlyle's History of the French Revolution at an age when most children are satisfied with the Henty books and the world of complete unreality which surrounds the romantic purity of late Victorian literature.

Once I had discovered reading, nothing could stop me, and by hook or crook I managed to get my hands on practically every volume which came into our house. Sometimes I was forced to read at night after I was sent to bed. I would pretend to go to sleep, and then, as soon as it seemed safe to do so, I would get up, relight the gas, and read until a paternal footstep sounded its muffled warning on the stairs.

Then I would spring up and turn the light out quickly, flopping back into bed in case a vigilant eye glanced into my chamber. I also tried locking myself into the bathroom in order to read undisturbed, but this didn't work so well, because I would become absorbed in what I was reading and forget to come out.

I had been taken out of school principally because of my delicate health. I was a miserably thin, big-eyed little girl, usually silent and disinclined to the ordinary games of children. I hated romping and all the more violent amusements which the children of the neighborhood delighted in. Indeed, most games were a physical torture to me, for I was so easily worn-out that I could only play for a short while. Then, too, active games always bored me. I far preferred the making of a small flower garden in an allotted corner of our back yard, and of my own accord kept this little patch of earth tidy and free from weeds. When a plant bloomed for me, I was so thrilled and excited that I would drag every member of the family out to look at it. I liked to make things, too, no matter what, as long as I made them unaided. I manufactured all sorts of articles, from a paper doll's house in a copy book, to a bookshelf for my bedroom, built of discarded orange boxes which the grocer, Mr. Smith, generously gave me as a gift. Besides this sort of thing, I never tired of helping the cook, and my help was real. I could prepare vegetables beautifully, and never needed to be asked for assistance twice. I always adored sifting flour, greasing the cake pans, beating the eggs, and so forth, and by no means wholly for the privilege of licking the batter bowl when the cake had gone to the oven, either.

But the question of my health was not the only reason why my parents removed me from school. There were also financial difficulties. All my childhood from this point onward was overshadowed by money troubles, and in New Rochelle one of the very first things I remember doing for mamma was to answer the doorbell for her and tell a bill collector that she was out. She had not the courage to face him herself, I suppose, and if she felt one-half the terror and mortification which I experienced in obeying her, she has my sympathy.

In any event, home I stayed, and was constantly shooed away from my reading and out-of-doors. At first I missed the children at school a good deal, but one day discovered a compensation—a reason for playing out-of-doors and an entirely new interest in life.

I fell in love. I was about eight and a half years old at the time, and he was certainly twelve or thirteen. His name was Jim Saunders, a beautiful boy with curly golden hair and a fine high color. He was big for his age and quite properly refused to play with me in public, but he allowed me to come to his mother's house, where we had tea with bread and butter, just as Nursie Schofield and I used to have it in England. As a matter of fact, the Saunders were English people, unhappy away from home. I have very little recollection of this glorious, golden Jim's attitude toward me, but I was so pleased with the sensation of delight his mere presence gave, that I would willingly play for hours out in our cold front yard, just to see him pass the gate, his scarlet cap on the back of his head, whistling Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-aye into the frosty air and nodding to me in a lordly fashion, if he was sure that none of the other boys were looking.

It was doubly precious, this love, for somehow, without a word on the subject having been uttered, I knew my

(Continued on Page 70)

I Clung to the Area Railings in Front of My Home, Dumb With Misery as the Competing Street Urchins Flew By

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MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE AIR

Majestic RADIO

THE SHYSTER

By Chester T. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

"Thank You, Judge Prender," I Replied. "I Have Come Back Home to Give This Community My Best"

III

THE power of suggestion worked perfectly with Snodgrass, as it usually does when you resolutely set about the business of convincing a person that he is ill or injured. Presently I was able to report to Brinstead that Snodgrass was ready for examination by the firm's pet oculist. In this field of science the expert must depend largely upon what the patient says, and the examination quite naturally resulted in a report that made us eager to bring the case to trial. However, we had to amend our declaration of claim in order to lay greater stress upon damage to Snodgrass' eyes. That put the company's lawyers upon notice, and they obtained an order of the court for examination by their expert.

I judged that we were going to trial with this conflicting testimony, depending upon superior ability in the conduct of such cases, but Brinstead had another ace up his sleeve. He induced a former client to give Snodgrass a job checking bills of lading. Snodgrass worked two weeks and was then discharged. The poor fellow came home brokenhearted, because this was the best job he had ever held. Not until the suit came to trial did he learn why he had been discharged. It was because he had made errors of such a nature that his employer had been forced to conclude that his eyesight must be defective. Against such testimony the squabbling of the experts who had examined him amounted to nothing. We won a verdict for five thousand dollars and compromised for four thousand for an immediate settlement. Of this, half went to the law firm, as a fee. Out of Snodgrass' half, all expenses were paid, including a mysterious item of two hundred and fifty dollars for the man who had fired him and then so obligingly testified as to his reasons for doing so. The firm's advances to Snodgrass amounted, by the time the case was finally settled, to twelve hundred dollars. He emerged from the adventure with not quite enough to pay off the mortgage on his home, but very appreciative, and was turned adrift jobless, worried about his eyes, and unable to resume the only kind of work he knew, which was running a street car. When last I heard of him he was a night watchman.

I remained with this firm as ambulance chaser and general utility man for two years. Then I passed the bar examination, obtained my license, and immediately resigned. I wanted to go home and practice some of the cleverness I had learned in a field where virtually all of it would be new stuff.

Brinstead argued with me from seven o'clock one evening until two the next morning, maintaining that I owed an obligation to the firm; they had trained me with a view to using me; eventually I would achieve a partnership.

"Anyway," he said, "you aren't really a lawyer yet even if you have got a license. A good constitutional point would flop you on your back. About all you've done is memorize some procedure and a few bales of statutes. The next legislature could repeal about three-quarters of all the law you know. You'd better stick around here and pick up an education."

I knew what he said was true, but I didn't care. I had no ambition to be a constitutional lawyer or a statesman. A facile knowledge of procedure and acquaintance with the statutes were all I wanted for the kind of practice I intended to engage in. Moreover, if I tarried someone else might discover the beautifully virgin field awaiting my operations.

Just as quickly as possible I made my arrangements and hurried back to the little cow country town from which I had come. At the station to greet me on the morning of my arrival were my father and mother, Judge Prender and his daughter, Mary, Stanley Wallace, son of the editor of our weekly newspaper, half a dozen cow hands with whom I had worked on the ranch, three local merchants, and a number of youngsters who had been my schoolmates. It was quite a reception. I had written letters hoping to bring it about. Judge Prender grasped my hand as I came down the steps of the passenger coach.

"Boyd," he said, "we're proud of you." He spoke loud enough to be heard by the crowd. As a matter of fact, he was making a speech. "This young man," he announced, still holding my hand but turning to face the group, "has studied in a law office for two years while earning his living by working for wages and is now licensed to practice. We need a bright young lawyer in our community and it gives me pleasure to welcome him home. Speaking for myself, I pledge him my warmest support and coöperation." He shook my hand vigorously while the little crowd cheered.

"Thank you, Judge Prender," I replied. "I have come back home to give this community my best. They wanted me to remain in the city but I felt that my first duty was to the good neighbors who gave me a start in life."

There was more cheering, while my mother pressed forward. I kissed her and then looked over her shoulder at Slim, my father. Never before had I seen him so dressed up. He wore a new suit of checkered gray, new shoes brightly polished, a broad-brimmed black felt hat, a starchy-stiff collar that was unprecedentedly high for him, and a narrow black necktie tied in a drooping bowknot. For a veteran cow hand this outfit was amazing. As I shook his hand I was still examining it, puzzled and more or less alarmed. I wondered if he thought I had returned so rich that he wouldn't have to continue working.

"Disguised as a candidate," he informed me, his eyes twinkling merrily.

"Candidate for what?" I queried.

"County tax collector," he answered with pride. "They asked me to run and I'm going to be elected."

"Who asked you to run?"

"The people I owe money to." This with a blush of pride, not apology. "They said to me: 'Slim, you can't never pay up on your wages and we got to have a collector, anyway, under the law, so we're a-going to make you collector and then you'll make more money and you can pay up.' That's the way they figure it, and I think they're right. They're all for me, so I'm bound to be elected, Boyd. Our family is a-coming up in the world, what with you

(Continued on Page 37)

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BRING HIGH ARTISTRY TO THE MOTOR CAR INTERIOR

Anyone who appreciates harmony of line and proportion must admire the genuine artistry of the motor car fittings which Ternstedt creates. These ornamental utilities are well worthy of serious consideration as typifying the industrial art of this twentieth century world. Designed in pencil, modeled in clay and moulded from dies which are sculptured in steel, these dome and corner lights, remote control handles, window and windshield regulator handles, robe rails and other Fittings by Ternstedt lend not only convenience, but distinctive charm, to a motor car's interior. Through manufacturing economies, this superior artistry of Fittings by Ternstedt is brought to you in cars of every price field and without premium. Those who discriminate, find in Fittings by Ternstedt a degree of satisfaction which could never emanate from fittings of lesser quality and beauty.

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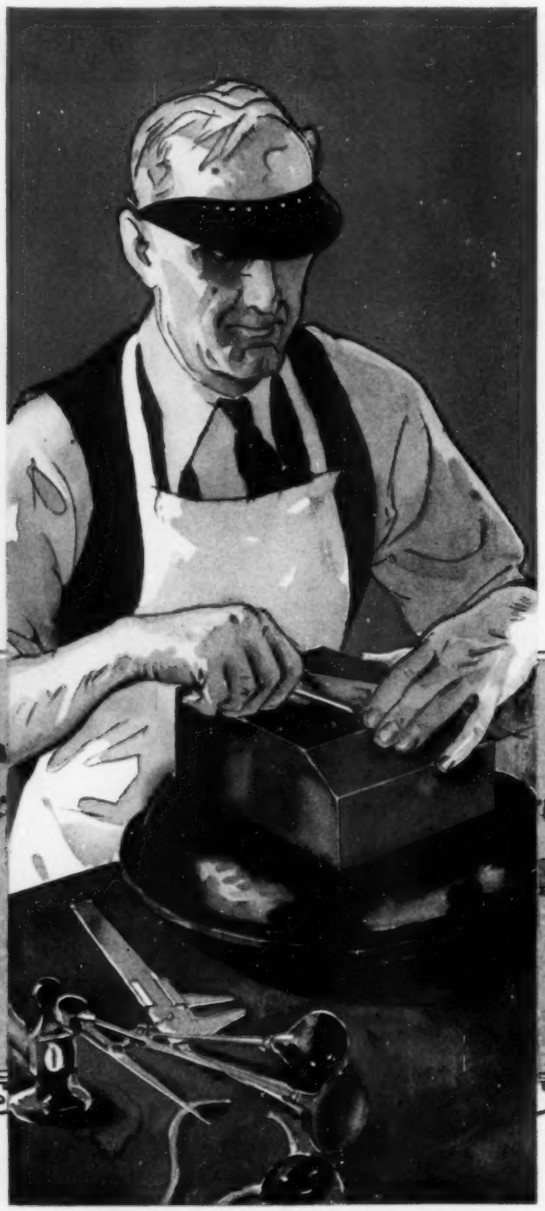

Above is depicted a typical Ternstedt die-engraver, who is cutting in steel a reproduction of a design of a corner light for an interior of a motor car. Below, at the left, is the corner light as it appears when ready for installation in the interior of the motor car for which it has been designed.

FITTINGS BY

TERNSTEDT

UNIT OF FISHER BODY CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 35)

turning out to be a judge and me a politician. Ain't these clothes grand?"

I patted him on the back and hastily moved closer to Judge Prender, who signaled that he had more to say.

"I wish you'd come to my office right away," he said. "I've got a client there that I want to turn over to you. In fact, I'll be glad to send you nearly all of my clients. I don't want to practice law, but I haven't been able to get out of it, being the only lawyer in town except for young Wallace, and he won't practice."

"All right, judge," I said, and after a word with my parents I rode off with him and his daughter and Stanley Wallace. Slim, I could see, was bitterly disappointed, but he made no protest. Mother judged correctly that there was profitable business afoot and showed eagerness to get out of my way.

Old Man Somersett

Judge Prender's law office was upstairs over the bank. This was a two-story brick building with a frontage of fifty feet on Main Street. The bank occupied all of the lower floor, and Judge Prender's office sprawled over the floor above. He used it so seldom that the tables, chairs and desks were dusty. Over to one side I saw crates of law books that he had not unpacked.

In the waiting room he introduced me to a middle-aged, woebegone tenant farmer named Chisolm, and his string bean of a son, Howard.

"This man," he said, referring to the farmer, "is an honest planter and a good man. His boy is a thief. He's been caught stealing corn and harness, and once he stole some calves. He's no good. He's been in the state reformatory once and it looks to me like he's got to go again. But his father insists upon having a lawyer and wasting some money. I've talked to him, but it didn't do any good. Now I want you to look after them. There's an energetic young fellow in the county attorney's office down at the county seat and he may try to send the boy up for a long term. No sense in that. The judge knows these people, so you look after them and see that the boy doesn't get anything worse than another spell in the reformatory. I've got to go home now to dinner. Mary's waiting for me. Good-by. See you later."

I was glad to see him go. When the door slammed behind him I said: "Mr. Chisolm, you want this boy of yours kept out of jail, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," he answered.

"All right, Mr. Chisolm, I'll do that," I said. "You pay me one hundred dollars right now for a retainer. I'll promise you your boy won't go to jail. We'll win this case. When we do, you'll owe me another hundred dollars. If I don't win this case you won't owe me anything."

"Judge Prender said he'd only charge me ten dollars," old Chisolm remarked.

"That was for seeing that your boy went to jail legally," I explained. "What I'm charging for is to keep your boy out of jail."

"Yes, sir," and he wrote a check for one hundred dollars.

"You come back tomorrow," I ordered, "and we'll talk over the details. At present you go on home and don't worry. Has the case been set for trial?"

"Yes, sir; next Monday."

"That'll give us plenty of time. Meanwhile don't worry."

Father and son departed, much cheered by my confidence. I knew how such cases were handled by the prosecutors in our district and felt sure that they would be unprepared for the tactics I would introduce.

As soon as my clients were out of sight I went downstairs and deposited Chisolm's check along with the currency I had brought with me. Total, five hundred and eighty-six dollars. The cashier was impressed, having known our family for ten years. Then I walked across the street to the Owl Drug Store and signed the lease I had negotiated by mail for office rooms upstairs. The druggist also owned a cottage on the outskirts of the village and I rented that for living quarters. We came to an agreement within ten minutes, and I telephoned to have my four trunks and three packing boxes delivered at once to my office. These did not contain my wardrobe but yards and yards of fake book bindings and collapsible shelves. A double handful of fake bindings when folded represents about five feet of books when unfolded. After two hours' work I had fitted up my office so that it showed a library reaching from the floor to a height of six feet on two sides of the room. My real library, about a wheelbarrow load, would come later by freight. With the preliminary camouflage safely and secretly arranged, I went downstairs to get an ice-cream soda. However, before I could order it Ike Singleton rode into my line of vision. He was a cow hand with whom I had worked on the ranch. His pony was walking and Ike's left foot, heavily bandaged, dangled at a safe distance from the stirrup. I saw at once that he must have been hurt and ran out into the street to intercept him.

"Hello, you old stinging lizard!" I yelled. "What's the matter with the hoof?"

"Hello, cowboy!" he yelled in return. "I hear you done turned crooked and got out a license to practice skullduggery."

While he was still speaking I came up beside him and repeated my question: "What's the matter with the hoof?"

"Oh, the Canada, Gulf and Pacific went into the ditch yesterday with a load of two-year-olds," he answered, "and one of 'em fell on my toe. What else would be the matter? It was Wednesday, wasn't it? Don't them trains always go in the ditch on Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays? Hell, yes! Why should you ask? You been in plenty of them spills. That ain't no railroad; it's a circus. But the company doctor looked at me and a pretty gal wrapped half the last cotton crop around my hoof and the boss says I can take it easy on pay till I'm all right again, and he give me fifteen dollars pocket money. What you doing tonight?"

"Listen to me, Ike," I commanded. "They've been working that skin game on us boys long enough. You've got a damage suit against 'em; that's what they're scared of; that's why

(Continued on Page 40)

"Now Do You Mean to Tell Me That You Could See Both Men So Clearly That You Can be Absolutely Certain That Jimms Didn't Try to Throw That Rock?"

WHERE ARE THE IDLE RICH?

(Continued from Page 23)

Every hour of their time before sailing was occupied. Some of them were set apart for recreation or for resting, but even these were scheduled, and were not, as in the case of most people, the result of random chance.

Then, when they were on the boat, with six days in which no errands could be done, no telephone messages or letters could reach them, Rosamund learned that both her aunt and uncle had definite plans for this leisurely interlude. They had brought from America two boxes containing the books of fiction, poetry and biography they really wanted to read. Most of them had been published long enough before so they had more than the advertisements on which to base a belief in their merits. There were also noteworthy articles, clipped from current magazines, which they had not had time to read at the date of publication.

Mrs. Hotchkiss spoke of problems concerning internal French politics which the girl had not heard mentioned by the marquis or his friends.

"Perhaps you'd like to go to my current-events class with me this winter?" the older woman suggested. "It's a short-cut many of us use, for it's impossible to read all the newspapers every day, and we have a brilliant woman who really understands the essential news and gives us, once a week, not only a digest of it but an interpretation."

Knowing Rosamund's love of music, she had taken a box at the opera for alternate Monday nights, and seats for symphony concerts on Friday afternoons. "If you'd like to study singing again, I think I can arrange to have B—— take you."

"I would adore it!" the girl exclaimed. "If I'm going to do it at all, I'd like to do it as well as possible."

This attitude, she perceived as the winter wore on, was the keynote to the activities of her aunt and most of her friends.

Mrs. Hotchkiss took lessons from a bridge expert once a week. Even in the winter she had instructions in golf. Both were games which she played unusually well, but she insisted upon keeping up to her own standard. She and Rosamund joined a class in æsthetic dancing two mornings a week to induce suppleness. Mrs. Hotchkiss had a masseuse for half an hour every afternoon at six, after which she rested for thirty minutes in order to be fresh for dinner. She had two Italian lessons a week, and always spoke French to Rosamund when they were alone, in addition to reading in this language after she was in bed at night before she fell asleep.

The Business of Being a Wife

She regarded all this as merely incidental to her main scheme of life, however. Her real interests centered in an extraordinarily comprehending desire to be a companion to her husband, to which end any merely personal engagement might be canceled at a moment's notice, or she would arrange with masterly efficiency just the kind of party he decided to give in honor of a foreign banker or visiting diplomat.

Not only to acquiesce in but many times anticipate Uncle Frank's demands would have been a life work worthy of any woman, Rosamund felt, and she marveled at the multiplicity of other things her aunt accomplished.

The mere management of six houses, with the continuous necessity for repairs and replacement of furnishings and the inevitable difficulties with servants would have exhausted the average woman. But Mrs. Hotchkiss, although delegating to her secretary as much of the routine as possible, had too keen an interest in all of these places to let any important question be solved by anyone else. In addition to the residence in town, where they stayed from November to the end of January, she had their big Long Island place to consider, the house at Aiken, Uncle Frank's shooting place north of Charleston, and now the farm and the Paris house. If they decided not to go to any of them, she had to investigate the available furnished houses to be rented in whatever locality Mr. Hotchkiss desired to journey into.

Moreover, there were the current plays to see, lectures to hear, committees to attend, and the active participation in the management of a day nursery. Despite her businesslike methods of ordering clothes at the beginning of each season, occasional trips to dressmakers and bootmakers and milliners were necessary. In January, a complete wardrobe for the South had to be purchased. Hairdressers and manicurists came to her twice a week.

But notwithstanding the clocklike regularity of her crowded days, Rosamund felt that her aunt was set apart by the retention of her human interests. She always found time to visit her friends who were ill, never forgot to send flowers on birthdays and special occasions, and personally selected most of the gifts for her family and friends at Christmas.

One Wealthy Woman's Day

Two factors enabled her to accomplish all this—one being her splendid health, and the other the unlimited money at her disposal. She declared that most of the women she knew did as much or more than she.

"Mrs. Blank, for instance, runs a shop in addition to everything else," she told her niece. "Mrs. Jones is active in politics. Mrs. Smith has five children to look after. Compared with any of them I'm no better than an idler."

But if she were ever idle, the girl failed to discover it, save on the rare occasion when her uncle would decide that he must get completely out of touch with everything for a day or two, and they would take a night train up to the farm or run out to Long Island without telling anyone of their destination. Even from these excursions, however, Mrs. Hotchkiss would return with long memoranda of things requiring attention.

Punctually at 8:30 every morning her breakfast tray would be brought to her room. It contained, in addition to the abstemiously light meal she allowed herself, the morning papers. She refused to see her mail until, at nine, Miss Simpson, her secretary, arrived. Then Mrs. Hotchkiss went through her personal letters as quickly as possible, and, if necessary, answered them while the other woman was sorting out the innumerable bills and invitations and begging letters. She gave orders to her cook and told her maid which clothes she would require during the day. These chores were rarely finished before eleven, and at half past she was dressed for whatever exercise the day's routine demanded. This was omitted only when the current-events class met. Afterward she would have just enough time to prepare for luncheon, which she often used as an opportunity to consult with other members of her committees. Again she ate less than her appetite craved, having had an expert dietitian prescribe the foods best suited to her needs. And no matter where she lunched, she never stayed longer than an hour.

Until three she read, not haphazardly but according to a definite plan. Then she went out again, to board meetings or recitals or to shops, and usually either had people in to tea or made engagements to go to see several of her friends who lived near one another. On the afternoons when she had guests, she excused herself at six for the necessary hour of relaxation before dinner. At odd moments of the day she would be consulted by Miss Simpson, would sign letters and checks, and, when unavoidable, talk on the telephone. She conferred with the butler, usually stopped at the florist's to choose the flowers with which the house was filled, and managed somehow to see every important exhibition of pictures in town. She gave half a dozen parties for Rosamund's friends in addition to those for her own groups. She and Frank dined out or had people there every evening with the exception of Sunday, which they spent together quietly.

Toward the end of the winter, just before their exodus to the South, a young French portrait painter presented a letter of introduction from the marquis. He was well known in his own country, but wanted to be allowed to paint Mrs. Hotchkiss in order to start his New York show with a distinguished sitter.

"I hate not to do it," she told Rosamund. "It seems so ungenerous. But Miss Simpson and I have gone over my engagement book for the next two weeks and I can't find even one free hour. I suppose your stepfather wouldn't believe that, would he? But do try to explain it to him when you write."

This was a difficult task. From the standpoint of her mother's husband, one of the most desirable reasons for possessing a large fortune would lie in the increased amount of leisure it would insure. In actual practice, in America, the more money one had, the more responsibilities and, consequently, the least amount of leisure, Rosamund reflected.

She expressed this idea in a long letter to her mother: "I believe it arises in part from the old Puritan tradition that wealth is somehow evil, and in order to offset its curse one must spend it wisely. In itself this is a profession. Furthermore, Aunt Mary has the vigor of her pioneer ancestors. She must be busy to be happy, and she must be, as they say over here, 'creatively busy.' She enjoys golf, but she enjoys more the feeling that her game is improving each year. Sport is not an end in itself for her and not entirely for Uncle Frank, for he uses it as a means of escape from the pressure of business."

More Money, Less Leisure

"Even her garden on Long Island, which she cares for tremendously, is on an almost professional basis. When she and Uncle Frank were in England last year, and he was collecting first editions, and so on, she was hunting earnestly for a new head gardener. The year she won a prize at the flower show with her roses was a great triumph.

"I have been searching for the idle rich in New York. Uncle Frank says it's become a contradiction in terms—that if they're idle, they are usually well-off, but not rich.

"On Aunt Mary's committees, they try to get a certain number of women whose incomes are not really big, for only they have time enough to work much. The head of a big department store told us that their best clients are also the well-to-do and not the very rich, for the women of the former group can spend time wandering around in the shop, but the wealthy customers are forced to come in and buy what they've planned to buy and then go promptly out.

"Perhaps it is because of my European upbringing that, although I admire the tremendous energy of both men and women over here, I feel regretful that they do not know more about leisure. Not leisure by the clock, giving oneself twenty-two minutes to squander in conversation or a game, but that delicious, spontaneous drifting with no thought of time. Sometimes I even suspect they are afraid of having leisure, just as they are afraid of abstract discussions and what you consider good conversation. I cannot think this is true of Aunt Mary, and yet, even with her, the only occasion when I can be sure of talking uninterruptedly is when she's being manicured. And one cannot make confidences in front of a stranger. I must add, in fairness, that when I had a bad cold and was in bed for two days, she dropped everything to come and sit with me.

"But the more I see of other women in Aunt Mary's set, the more exceptional I think she is. Not only because she is so essentially kind and sympathetic but because she has a talent for organizing her daily routine which almost amounts to genius. This is a rare quality, even in a country where the word 'efficiency' is uttered with the awe of which sun worshipers speak of the sun.

"For although most of her friends are always busy—so busy that it is fatiguing just to hear them speak of it—they seem often to be the slaves of their busy-ness, instead of being, as she is, the master. They take on so many overlapping obligations and engagements that they are forced to rush hectically from one thing to another, and therefore are unable to derive much pleasure or profit from anything."

When Mothers are Too Busy

"I am not so Americanized that I can regard a woman's life without taking into account her relationship to her husband and children. And so few of the daughters of these ultra-busy women ever have a chance to see their mothers except when other people are present or when they are exhausted after a crowded day. The result is that they become alienated, and then the older women say the younger generation have lost all respect and love for their parents!

"As one of the girls said, 'I might love my mother if I knew her, but I've literally had less chance to talk intimately to her in my life than I have to my governesses and my teachers at boarding school.'

"It is not that they are all occupied with lectures and committees. Some of the busiest women pursue a social career as ardently as others follow the hounds. One mother is completely busy being a professional invalid. She hunts out every new specialist, no matter what he specializes in, and makes semi-illness a life work. Others are keen on politics, or breeding horses or dogs, or learning to fly aeroplanes, or writing poetry, or becoming sculptors. Is it significant that I have met no one who has a true salon, in the European sense?

"My stepfather asked me to write him of my conclusions about this bustling life. To me, nine-tenths of it seems futile. It is so external. It has so little relation to their inner needs and desires. Perhaps this is why nerve specialists flourish over here. The women who try to do all Aunt Mary does, but have neither her iron constitution nor her innate calm, are forced to go away every now and then for rest cures. Nervous breakdowns are not uncommon among both men and women.

"Being rich seems to be a job in itself. And such a strenuous one! Aunt Mary's secretary said a very intelligent thing the other day. Someone asked her if it didn't make her envious to see Mrs. Hotchkiss, with her beautiful houses and jewels and yacht, and so on, and Miss Simpson said, 'I never knew how well off I was until I took this position. For after all, she can only live in one house at a time, yet she's always got the full responsibility for them all. There is always the danger that her jewelry may be stolen, and the record of each new servant has to be gone into with the utmost care. If she mislays one bracelet the household is thrown into a panic. I happen to know that she loathes yachting. As a matter of fact, the things she enjoys most—books and plays and concerts and golf—cost almost nothing. I can enjoy them too. The rest carry a weight too heavy for my shoulders. Moreover, I have so little money that I can afford to work only eight hours a day. She can't!'" •

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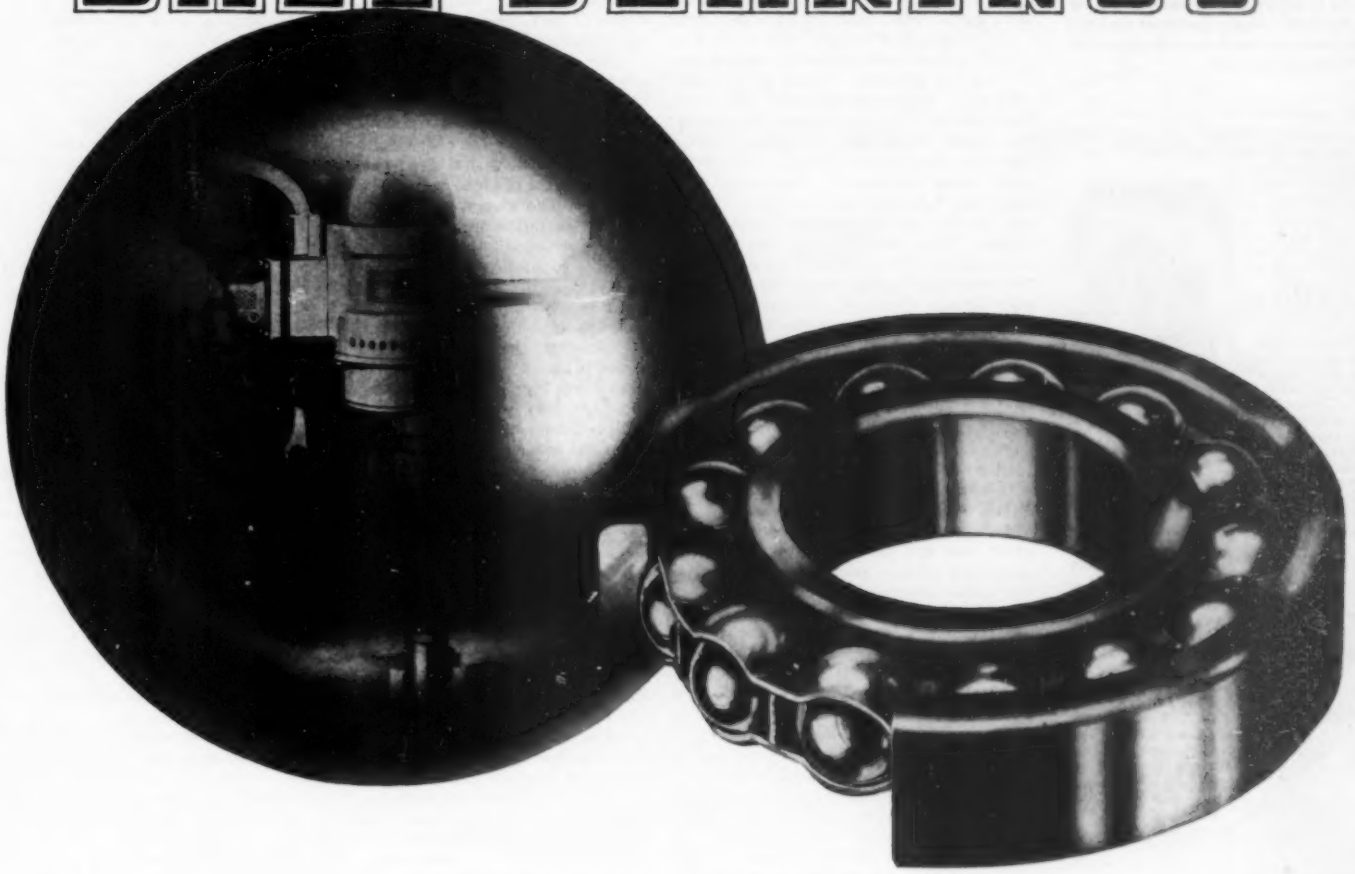

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Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

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NO producer, however technical and exacting, could fail to be impressed by the rapid advancement of JOHN BOLES. In this great age of talkies, he has a distinct advantage over all of the outstanding favorites because of his splendid voice which is intensely pleasing both in dialog and song. His intelligent grasp of the art of acting has proved delightful to me. I wish you would watch for him in his forthcoming Universal pictures and I know in my heart you will agree with my estimate of his worth. —C. L.

Carl Laemmle Jr., is a great believer in youth and beauty for the screen because he says the public never tires of either, particularly when they are endowed with talent which is, of course, an absolute requirement in Universal. What do you think of youth and beauty on the screen?

Mary Nolan in "The Shanghai Lady"

PAUL WHITEMAN'S picture "***The King of Jazz***" will be a gorgeous affair, as it has been cast and placed in the hands of the best talent available in America. Imagine the beautiful music floating through it as given by Whiteman's remarkable orchestra. John Murray Anderson, producer of Greenwich Village Follies and the season's sensation, "Almanac," is building the jazz review.

It seems as if all the top-notch Westerns are coming from Universal this year. For instance: HOOT GIBSON'S popularity never seems to grow less, and he will add a lot to it in his first talking picture, "***The Long, Long Trail.***" Then there is handsome KEN MAYNARD, whose "***Wagon Master***" we've already told you about, and whose next picture is "***Lucky Larkin,***" a magnificent outdoor picture, with one of the most exciting cross-country wild west horse races you've ever seen. If you are still young enough to get a thrill out of fast moving action, you must see KEN MAYNARD. Both GIBSON and MAYNARD are making silent pictures as well as talking pictures.

John Boles in Universal Pictures

Another bouquet for "***Show Boat***"—"I have just seen your 'wonder' picture, '***Show Boat.***' Truly, it is a milestone in Universal's triumphant progress. It is human, thrilling and awe-inspiring. And, oh, what a smashing finish! What direction! What stars!" (Mr. Laurence A. Raymond, 53 Sattler Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.)

What stories can you think of for talking pictures, bearing our stars in mind? Your suggestions will be welcome.

Carmelita Geraghty in "The Mississippi Gambler"

Carl Laemmle,
President

Send 10c each for autographed photographs of Mary Nolan, John Boles and Laura La Plante.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
"The Home of the Good Film"
730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 37)

they're singing sweet and low. You come with me to a real doctor—never mind their company doctor and I'll show you some real money, instead of that fifteen-dollar tip."

"Boyd!" he shouted. "I heard you the first time." And he laughed heartily. Conforming to our custom, I slapped him on the back heartily. Immediately his face was distorted with pain. "Got a bruise there," he whispered, barely able to speak.

"Well, you idiot," I answered. "Stop gritting your teeth and faint! Fall this way."

He followed instructions. I gathered him in my arms and carried him into the Owl Drug Store, while his faithful saddle pony followed us to the hitching rack and stood there waiting.

We found Doctor Frisbie leaning against the cigar counter, chatting with the clerk. "I'd better take him right back to the hospital," he said, administering restoratives.

"No," I objected. "He's going home with me." There was only one bed in my four-room cottage, but I could get another for myself before dark. "I want you to look after Ike, doctor," I said. "The company owns the hospital. You know why too. But this time they're going to pay real money for an accident, just for a change. You look after Ike and get him anything he needs. Never mind expense. The company's going to pay the bill—and your bill too. Now let's pile him into your car and take him to my home and put him to bed."

On the way I said: "You make careful notes of this case so that you'll be able to testify. The company has their doctors, and I'm going to have mine. You stay with me and you'll get just as many of these cases as they do."

Doctor Frisbie looked at me with mild alarm, but I could see that he understood what I was talking about and that my proposition was not absurd. However, these cases had always belonged by unwritten law to the company doctors, and habit was so strong that as soon as we had put Ike to bed, Doctor Frisbie hastened away and telephoned them a full report of what had just happened. Knowing that Ike wouldn't remain long in bed unless watched, I went in search of a companion for him, in lieu of a nurse, and found Buck Delehanty, a young cowboy who happened to be out of work. He was exactly the right man, because in addition to being joyous company and full of pranks, he could cook. Then I bought two cots, some cooking utensils and a load of wood. I hadn't intended to cook at home, but now it would be better to set up housekeeping. Buck wouldn't need a stove, not knowing how to use one. He would cook on an open fire in the back yard. My purchases made, I went home to receive them and arrived just as an automobile stopped at the front gate. Two men got out of it. When I reached Ike's bedside John Lockbridge, claim agent for the railroad company, was saying to him: "Well, young man, the doctor and I have come to take you back to the hospital. You can dress, can't you?" Then seeing me, he said: "What's your name?" and produced a notebook in which to write it.

"You won't have to summon me," I said curtly. "I'll be there. I'm his lawyer. Since you came in without being invited, I will now invite you to get out."

"Not so fast," said the doctor. "I want to look at Ike."

"You can't do that without a court order," I snapped.

"Now, now, now," he protested.

"That's all right, doctor," Lockbridge interrupted. "I can see right now that this young man and I are going to be old enemies within a month. You're Boyd McLean, aren't you? I heard about you. When you get ready to settle this little case, come to see me. You know where my office is."

"This isn't a little case," I answered. "I'll file suit as soon as I can draw the petition, then if you want to settle you can come to see me. My office is over the Owl Drug Store, and now, good-by."

"Br-r-r-r-r!" Lockbridge sputtered, making a wry face. "Well, doctor, we might as well go. I'll get you the court order. This pleasant little cow town is going to be poison for us henceforth."

Ike winked at me, highly pleased, as they walked out. Buck, who had been waiting in the adjoining room, came in and said: "Let me show you something." He flopped the covers off Ike's cot, exposing his bare legs. Then he picked up an ordinary pin and drove it a full quarter of an inch into the calf of Ike's left leg.

"Did you feel it?" he asked.

"No," Ike answered. Buck turned to me and said proudly: "Paralyzed from the hips down."

I uttered an exclamation, picked up the pin, and without giving notice pricked Ike's right calf. There was just the slightest flicker of an eyelash. Nevertheless, I was suspicious and grinned.

"We got to practice a little more," Buck announced. "We just started a few minutes ago. You ought to see what I can do. Here, Ike, you take this pin and show him." Buck stood beside the cot with his back to Ike and faced me with wide-open eyes while Ike jabbed the pin into his leg. He showed no sign of pain whatever. It was an amazing demonstration of self-control. I experimented on myself but discovered that it was all I could do to drive the pin into my flesh. Beyond question there is a wide range of sensibility to pain. That all this fooling would amount to anything in connection with the case I doubted, but it served to amuse Buck and Ike, so I refrained from discouraging them. We ate our supper, then they played cards while I read until bedtime.

On the following day I looked into the case against young Howard Chisolm and soon discovered that it was just as bad as Judge Prender had represented it to be. The boy was not only a thief but a remarkably inept one; there were enough witnesses to convict three or four defendants. Consequently when we went to the county seat for the trial on the following Monday I knew that I would have to depend upon cross-examination to destroy such an avalanche of testimony, having none to offer in rebuttal. Ours was the first case called, and I listened to the state's witnesses for two hours without uncovering any important discrepancy in their stories. The best I could do was to follow Judge Brinstead's precedent of dismissing a particularly damaging witness with a gesture of contempt as though to say: "I wonder why they brought that fool here."

However, the prosecutor was as careless as I had expected he would be about the technical details. He was even careless about bringing out the full names of his witnesses; the jurors knew them anyway. Several times the judge intervened with a question or two to keep the record intelligible. Both of them, however, overlooked one vital point. A criminal indictment necessarily charges that the crime was committed in a certain county or district and the prosecution must prove every detail in the indictment. In this case both prosecutor and judge simply forgot to prove the venue. I waited anxiously until finally I heard the welcome announcement: "The state rests." Then I hastily announced that the defense also rested. I had two witnesses, but decided not to introduce them. They might accidentally mention the name of the county and that would be enough to prove venue. The prosecutor spoke briefly. I didn't speak at all. Then the jurors retired and found my client guilty.

"I assume," the judge said, "that you are not going to appeal."

"Oh, I'm going to appeal," I announced, rising. "I'll be glad to submit my motion for a new trial right now."

"All right; you make the motion and I'll overrule it and then you can file your notice of appeal."

"Your Honor, I move for a new trial on the ground that no venue has been proved in this case and that my client has thus been denied his constitutional ——"

Judge and prosecutor were looking at each other so utterly embarrassed that I couldn't continue.

"The court will take your motion under advisement," the judge announced, "and meanwhile the defendant's bond will be continued in the same amount."

I knew what that meant, and it was all I wanted. The judge would read the record, find that I was right and then grant a new trial. The case wouldn't come up until the next term. And by that time I would be ready for them again.

Chisolm and his boy were the most bewildered persons in the court room. They knew that the case had been proved; nevertheless, they were going home together. To them it was black magic. What they didn't understand was that very few cases are toppled into ruin by facts. Defendants seldom prove themselves innocent. When a case is torpedoed and sunk as I sank that one it is nearly always on a point of law relating to procedure, so that in effect counsel for the defendant says: "I know that you proved my client guilty, but you didn't do it according to the rules." It is an odd commentary on human nature that defense counsel so often remembers these rules better than the prosecutor. And the rule I invoked in this case is not a silly one by any means. Anyone who charges you with crime certainly ought to specify where the crime was committed. It is a very sound rule.

I did not go home with my clients. Quite a number of the candidates had come to town—Slim among them—to circulate among the crowds brought by the opening of court. Our political campaigns were more like prolonged picnics in those days. There were scarcely any issues and the best hand-shakers would be most likely to win. Slim and I ate our luncheon together in a little restaurant while I interrogated him about the three candidates for sheriff.

"I'm a-going to vote for Bob Sparks," he informed me. "I want you to vote for him too."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because he's a fine young fellow."

"But, Slim, I want to know who's going to win."

"Why, Sparks will, if we all vote for him. He's the best man. That's all we got to think about as voters. What difference does it make to me and you who wins?"

"It makes a lot of difference to me, Slim. I'm going to practice law and I want a friend in the sheriff's office."

"All right, then; vote for Bob. He's my friend and he'll be yours. He's everybody's friend. He's all right."

"But I don't care much about electing everybody's friend. I want him to be my friend. I'll get out and make some red-hot speeches for him and tear the hide off his opponents if he's going to win. I want to tie up with the winner. Understand?"

"Well, why not tie up with the best man and make him the winner?"

The point of my strategy, I could see, would never penetrate Slim's understanding, so I went with him and met the various candidates. Bob Sparks was obviously the most likable of the whole outfit. He was boyish, shy, honest, and, I judged, far from lacking in ability. My offer to make some speeches in his behalf quite overwhelmed him with gratitude. Finally I picked out of this hand-shaking tournament four probable winners who were already good friends and lectured them on the subject of throwing as much as possible of their individual support to each other. In short, I explained the superior power of a clique over the sort of free-for-all picnic they had been conducting. They agreed to conduct their campaigns as I advised, but all of them seemed a little shamefaced about it. They were afraid it might be taking an unfair advantage. I was amused to discover that Slim ranked high in their counsels. Everyone apparently conceded his election and at least four-fifths of the candidates were going to vote for him. As a hand-shaker he ranked on a par with the best.

(Continued on Page 42)

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(Continued from Page 40)

With this matter arranged to my satisfaction I was ready to start for home when Judge Prender's big automobile drew up in front of the courthouse and out stepped Jeff Somersett, his hired man known as Boots, Dan Lankford, a rural constable, and Stanley Wallace. I strolled over to see what business had brought this delegation to town.

"Mighty glad to see you!" Judge Prender exclaimed. "Come right along. Like to have you sit with me. Examining trial. Old Man Somersett killed that young farmer named Simms this morning. You know Simms—Buddy Simms. The tall, tow-headed boy. Wife and baby girl. He went to Old Man Somersett's place this morning to get water and Somersett shot him. The old man thinks he ought to be allowed bail, so we're going to have an examining trial right away and see if the judge will grant it. Not sure, myself. Come along."

By this time we were already in the main corridor of the courthouse. Judge Prender hurried into the district court room and was received cordially by the judge, who interrupted a trial to shake hands with him and make polite inquiries. Judge Prender explained his mission. An examining trial would require probably not more than thirty minutes. There was only one eye-witness, Boots; after he had been heard the judge would probably be able to decide about bail. The prosecutor could interrogate Boots at once. Prender would give him all the information he had. Then could they interrupt this case for half an hour and hold the examining trial? They could. And they did. I trailed along trying my best to get more detailed information about the homicide, but we seemed to be continuously in motion and followed by a growing, crowd until finally a deputy sheriff shouted: "Have order!" and Judge Prender and I sat down facing the judge, with Old Man Somersett behind us. Boots then took the stand and calmly told a story of stark murder.

We had had a prolonged dry spell and the shallow wells on many farms had gone dry. Under pressure of necessity, farmers had gone to the Somersett place, where there was a deep well pumped by a gasoline engine, and carted off water in barrels. They drew this water from a large metal storage tank. Old Man Somersett had complained that "gasoline costs money." The farmers then willingly paid the estimated cost of pumping. But as more and more of them came, the old man had raised the price several times. He was an ill-natured, melancholy recluse and probably did this because he objected to the invasion of his property rather than to garner profit. The toll he collected, a highwayman might have scorned.

The farmers grew more and more resentful; they left his gates open, and if they happened to damage a fence post or small bridge, failed to repair it. Somersett suspected young Simms of all this mischief and told him not to return. But Simms had no choice. There were other wells, of course, but they were too far away. Most of them were already being pumped to capacity anyway. On the morning of the homicide Old Man Somersett had been waiting at the well, armed, and when Simms came, again ordered him away. Simms had argued his case, grinning good-naturedly, and at the same time proceeding to drive his wagon under the tank. Suddenly he saw the old man taking aim at him with his pistol; then he jumped off his wagon and ran.

Somersett continued to take aim while the young man ran zigzag, stooping or rising at nearly every step, hoping to dodge the expected bullet. Finally Somersett had fired. It was a long shot but struck his victim squarely in the forehead; Simms had been looking back as he ran. Boots, who had seen all this, hurried to him but knew at first glance that there would be no need to summon a doctor. Simms' right hand clutched an egg-shaped flint rock. He might have picked it up as he ran or his hand might have closed upon it when he fell. There were similar rocks thereabouts. Boots was certain that Simms had made no effort to throw a rock.

To my utter amazement Judge Prender did not cross-examine Boots. When I contemplated the fact that he had actually hurried this man to the courthouse in his own automobile so that he could pour out this devastating testimony while his impressions were still fresh, my contempt for him as a practicing attorney knew no bounds. There was nothing on earth for the court to do but refuse bail. A deputy sheriff handcuffed Somersett and led him from the court room while Judge Prender muttered: "Dreadful, dreadful, dreadful. The man's a monster."

"If you feel that way," I said, "you ought not to take his case. Let me have it."

"Good heavens! I don't want it," he exclaimed. "I'd have given it to you in the first place, but it seems to me a terrible thing for as young a lawyer as you are to begin his practice by losing a murder case. This man may hang. It's a horrible responsibility. You might never get over it. But if you're willing, and not fearful of the aftermath ——"

Such sniveling wearied me. Here was good business. "I'll take it," I said. Judge Prender scribbled a note to Somersett recommending me and I hurried to the jail.

"Look here!" I said sharply to Somersett when we were finally alone in the little room set apart for these conferences. "You're in an awful fix. If you don't look out you'll swing for this. What you want is a lawyer who'll fight. Do you realize that?"

He nodded disconsolately and mumbled "Yes."

"Read this," I commanded, and offered Judge Prender's note of recommendation.

He read it and asked anxiously: "Prender ain't going to quit me, is he?"

"What difference does it make?" I demanded angrily. "Boots has about ruined you now. We've got to break down that testimony, and Judge Prender didn't even try. I'll get you out of this if you want out."

"What would you charge me?"

"The ranch and a half interest in the cattle."

"What?" For the first time he seemed fully awake.

"They won't do you any good if you swing or go to the pen for life," I argued. "If I get you out you'll still have a home and a half interest in the cattle."

"Yes, but I'd be ruined either way."

"Well, I figure it differently. What's more, I know my business. If I don't get you out you don't owe me anything."

"What? Nothing at all?"

"Nothing."

That closed the deal. Knowing my man, I drew up a contract then and there and we signed it; after which I went at once to his ranch without stopping at my office or house on the way.

I found Boots sitting in a rawhide chair in the barnlike living room of the ranch house. Through a window we could see the metal water tank silhouetted against the glowing western sky.

"Boots," I said, "what has old Jeff Somersett ever done to you that you want to hang him?"

"He ain't never done nothing to me. We been friends more'n twenty year."

"That's what I always thought until I heard you testify. Then it sounded like you had something against him."

"Lord, no! All I done was tell the truth. I got my soul to think about, ain't I?"

"Well, if you've got your soul to think about, what about mercy?"

"That's the Lord's business."

"Yes, and so is vengeance, Boots. Look here, now! You didn't give him the benefit of one little doubt."

"There wasn't no doubts. All I told was the truth."

"All right, let's see about that. How far apart were they when the shot was fired?"

"'Bout twenty yards."

"And both moving, eh?"

"Uh-huh."

"Now do you mean to tell me that you could see both men every instant so clearly that you can be absolutely certain that Simms didn't try to throw that rock?"

"I sure didn't see him try to throw it."

"But he was looking back nearly all the time, wasn't he?"

"Uh-huh. He was doing that so's to dodge."

"He didn't tell you that, did he?"

"No. I seen it, myself."

"He could have been watching for a good chance to throw that rock, couldn't he?"

"I don't think so. I don't think he got that rock till he fell."

"Why, Boots, you talk like an idiot. He could have brought it with him."

"Yeah, but what good would that 'a' done?"

"Now look here! Haven't you seen a boy throw a rock like that and kill a rabbit?"

"Yeah. Done it myself. Yeah, I've seen that."

"Might have been Simms, himself, you saw?"

"No, I never seen him do it."

"How long have you known him?"

"'Bout four year."

"And you are absolutely certain that you have never seen him throw a rock?"

"I don't think I have."

"That's just what I'm talking about. You say things for certain that you aren't certain about. When two men are running and dodging and shooting all over a pasture you can't see both of them every second, so why don't you say so?"

"They was in line, though."

"But you've just admitted that Simms had a rock and you haven't the slightest idea where it came from."

"No, you got that wrong. My idea is he grabbed it when he fell."

"And that's a guess?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well, guesses aren't testimony. If you don't want to swear to lies you leave out the guesses.

"All right."

"You had told Simms not to come back, hadn't you?"

"Uh-huh."

"And he came anyway?"

"Yeah. I knew he'd come."

"What did he say to you when he came back?"

"Nothing. He just made a face at me."

"Why didn't you throw him off the place?"

"That'd 'a' been a fight I'd 'a' lost."

"Well, then, when he made a face at you he practically threatened you, didn't he?"

"Naw. There wasn't no harm in him. Just a big-footed country boy."

"Did he ever make a face at Jeff Somersett?"

"Uh-huh. Twice. Jeff kept thinking Simms done all the devilment but they all done some o' that."

"You saw them and are positive on that point?"

"No, I never seen 'em."

"Well, quit testifying to what you don't know, Boots."

"All right. I didn't know I was testifying. I thought we was just talking."

"We're talking, though, about your future testimony. Now, how long was it after Simms made a face at Somersett that Somersett began carrying a gun to the pasture?"

"Next day. He told me he was going to shoot him, but I thought most likely he wouldn't."

"Just exactly what did he say?"

"He held the pistol out in his hand before he put it in his pocket and said: 'I'm a-going to get me a skunk.'"

"Well, there are skunks around here, aren't there?"

"Yeah, but that wasn't what he meant."

"Now, there you go again. All you can testify to, Boots, is what he said, not what you thought it meant. You didn't mention

(Continued on Page 44)

Vitamin Farms in the Icy Seas

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"Dad and Mother always took caffein, but we were never allowed to have it. The more Dad took, the more crabby he got and the more nervous Mother became. Finally Mother had a nervous breakdown and the doctor insisted that she try Postum for a month. She tried it and gave it to us. Then Dad tried it. Three cheers!

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J. S. . . . . (Lowell High School student)
San Francisco, Cal.

MOST fathers and mothers want to be more than just "parents"—but how difficult it is when Father feels "crabby" and Mother has "nerves"! The sad part of it is that most men and women don't stop to look for the cause of their trouble. They go on taking caffein—and wonder why uncongeniality has crept into the family circle.

If it seems incredible to you that caffein could be the cause of nerves and irritability in your own family circle, just make this test. Let Postum take the place of caffein at your table for thirty days. Then check up on yourself and your family!

You'll be amazed at the difference you find. You yourself will feel better, both mentally and physically — and you'll see the same improvement all around you. Postum has only *good* after-effects. © 1929, G. F. Corp.

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(Continued from Page 42)

this today, and if I were you I wouldn't say anything about it."

"That's the way you'd feel?"

"Certainly it is. I wouldn't testify to a thing that I wasn't absolutely certain I saw or heard."

"Well, that's what I been trying to do, but I don't know no law. I reckon it's a good thing you come to talk to me."

"It certainly is, Boots. I don't want you to get yourself into trouble. Where there's any doubt, you mustn't draw conclusions. The defendant is always entitled to the doubt."

"And if I do that, it'll be telling the whole truth?"

"Absolutely."

"Well, I'm sure glad you told me. I'm an old man and I don't want to be swearing to no lies. I got enough to answer for without that."

"That's right, Boots. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." I put all of the emphasis on the last four words. "Now, good night."

"Good night, Boyd. Come again. It's terrible lonesome out here now, and I know I ain't going to sleep much."

I made a note of that remark for future use.

Then I rode home to find Buck and Ike having a joyous evening practicing their stunt. This time, however, they were using matches instead of pins. They would let a match burn until it showed a quarter of an inch of glowing charcoal, then jab this against the flesh of their bare legs. Both could do it without wincing but Ike's muscles would twitch more than half the time and that left him a poor second in the contest. However, he showed remarkable perseverance.

In spite of every protest I could think of, the Somersett case was brought to trial eighteen days after the homicide. Time almost invariably works to the advantage of the defendant, and I did my best for delay, but I had no grounds whatever, unless I should plead personal illness, and I didn't dare resort to that reliable old subterfuge on account of the pressure of other business.

The court room was crowded to the very window sills, and I saw ten or twelve of the tenant farmers who had been getting water from Somersett's well. This raised the hope for a moment that some of them might have been summoned as jurors, but it quickly developed that the entire panel was from other parts of the county, and my last hope of delay vanished.

Boots took the stand and under direct examination by the prosecuting attorney testified exactly as he had at the examining trial. A chilling story of first-degree murder.

Then I took him on cross-examination and it developed that he wasn't entirely sure of anything. On cross-examination counsel has the right to lead the witness, and I led him step by step over the same points we had discussed that night in the ranch house, carefully using the same sentences.

The prosecutor was irritated and kept interrupting, which gave me the opportunity to object fiercely and have the objections sustained. Finally I turned the witness back to him for re-direct examination, and again Boots told his original story. The prosecutor smiled confidently, and with a wave of his hand, said: "You may take the witness." He probably thought I wasn't going to but he didn't know me. I went over the whole case again and elicited precisely the same wobbling uncertainty on every point.

"This sounds to me as though this witness had been coached," the judge commented. I fairly bounced to my feet and roared at Boots: "Did I or did I not tell you that you must testify to the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?"

"Yes, sir; you said that," he answered hastily.

"Did I tell you that you must not indulge in conclusions, or explanations, but just tell the simple facts?"

"Yes, sir; you said that."

"Did I offer you any bribe or reward or make any threat?"

"No, sir."

"You told me that you had your soul to look after and that you would be very careful to tell the truth, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And I agreed with you that you had your soul to look after, didn't I?"

"Yes, sir."

"You discussed this case with the district attorney, too, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he tell you that you must consider your soul?"

"No, sir."

"That's enough," the judge interrupted. "Proceed with the examination."

The district attorney would have had Boots tell his entire story again, but the judge said: "We've heard all that." And then addressing me: "Have you anything new to bring out? If not I'm going to dismiss this witness."

For answer I asked Boots: "Have you dreamed of what you saw that morning by the water tank?"

"Yes, sir."

"Often?"

"Every night."

"Is it the same dream every night?"

"No; different every time."

"Now, Boots, tell this jury if you haven't reached the point where the facts and the nightmares are mixed up?"

"Yes, sir."

And facing the jury I declaimed dramatically: "That's all. The defense rests. We will not introduce a witness."

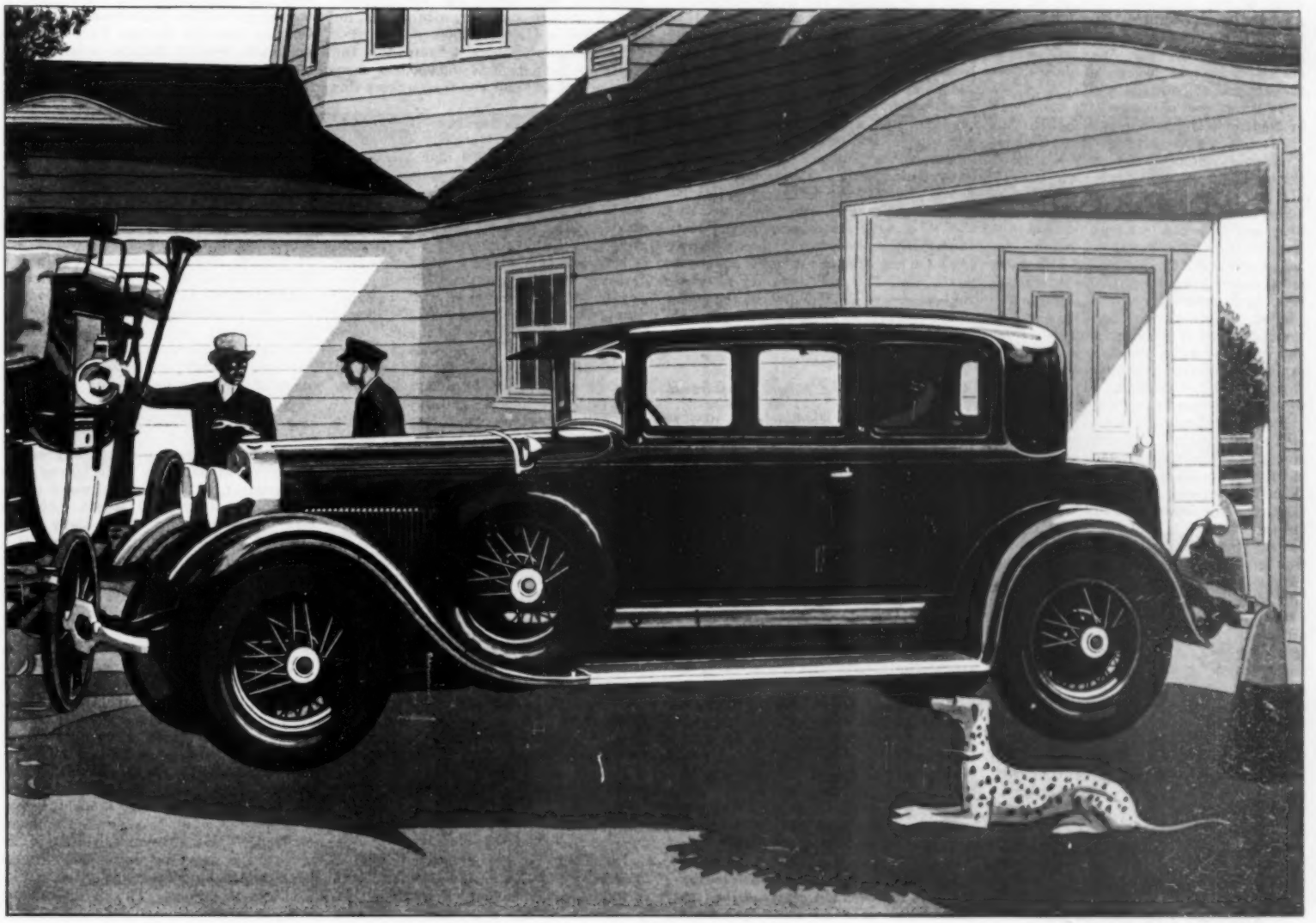
The state hadn't rested yet but I wanted to get the full effect of that breath-taking moment. And I got it. The jurors took only one ballot and my client was a free man. No doubt all of them felt that he was guilty, but the state hadn't proved its case beyond a reasonable doubt.

Men and women pressed forward to shake my hand and offer congratulations, but no one paid any attention to my client. The acquittal was apparently my own personal triumph. As the crowd dispersed, I walked very slowly through the corridor and heard ominous mutterings from little groups in each of which I recognized one or more of the tenant farmers who had come expecting vengeance. Their anger seemed not to be directed against me, however. They nodded cordially, and I was greatly relieved. On the courthouse steps the sheriff stopped me to say that his chief deputy and Somersett had just started for an adjoining county in a closed automobile.

"Merely a precaution," he explained. But both he and I had worried about the wrong man. Boots was murdered that night on his way home. The body was found next morning in the public road. At least twenty persons must have passed close to it before one reported to the sheriff. The mystery was never solved. Instead of no clews there were too many. And for suspects, approximately the whole population of the southeastern end of the county.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IT IS UNUSUAL TO DISCOVER SO MANY HIDDEN VALUES IN A MOTOR CAR



The new Lincoln Coupe, smart and compact, seats five persons comfortably. Its unusually wide doors afford access to the rear compartment without the necessity of those in front leaving their seats. An admirable car for owner-driven use.

THE POWER of the Lincoln is evident, even to those who watch it sweep along a road or through the city streets. Its distinguished beauty is immediately felt. But the character of this motor car, like that of all fine things, demands full acquaintance in order to be rightly known.

The enthusiasm of Lincoln owners grows with the thousands of miles that they drive this automobile. Everything they expect of it—in power, performance and comfort—is fulfilled. But more than this, the Lincoln increasingly reveals its excellence in every detail of motor, chassis and body.

Those who drive this automobile discover for themselves how well and to what exacting standards the Lincoln is made. It is, above everything else, a precision-built car—made in one of the famous precision plants of the world. It is a car which, in the course of its building, is tested with unique thoroughness for performance and quality.

Precision, in hundreds of instances as exacting as 1/1000 of an inch, is the rule in the machining and assembly of its mechanism. The same insistence on exact quality finds expression in the 30,000 testing operations through which the car as a whole is put. Literally, the Lincoln is as fine an automobile as it is possible to produce.

The entire resources of the Ford organization are behind the Lincoln. Ford experience and engineering skill, Ford laboratories and raw materials, Ford methods of scientific production—all contribute to its value. No separate company could make so genuinely excellent a car at a price which even approaches that of the Lincoln.

With such unparalleled background, those responsible for this automobile are able to give full expression to their ideal of making a motor car as perfect, in mechanism, chassis and body, as it is possible to produce . . . a motor car that possesses every evident and hidden value . . . the Lincoln.

THE *LINCOLN*

PEACE AND PARITY

(Continued from Page 7)

the armed force of the world, the less will armed force be left in the minds of men as an instrument of national policy. The smaller the armed forces of the world, the less will be the number of men withdrawn from the creative and productive labors. Thus we shall relieve the toilers of the nations of the deadening burden of unproductive expenditures, and above all, we shall deliver them from the greatest of human calamities—fear. We shall breathe an air cleared of poison, of destructive thought and of potential war."

On the subject of competitive armament he made this striking statement:

"Despite the declarations of the Kellogg Pact, every important country has, since the signing of the agreement, been engaged in strengthening its naval arm. We are still borne on the tide of competitive building. Fear and suspicion disappear but slowly from the world. Democracies can only be led to undertake the burdens of increasing naval construction by continued appeal to fear, by constant envisaging of possible conflict, by stimulated imaginings of national dangers, by glorification of war. Fear and suspicion will never slacken unless we can halt competitive construction of arms. They will never disappear unless we can turn this tide toward actual reduction."

Now let us bring this armed peace business up to date and see precisely what it means in terms of dollars and cents. Both naval and military forces are involved. With the army end, no explanation is necessary. It is the lesser of the evils with which we are dealing. A brief elucidation of the navy is essential, however, for two reasons. One is to show the range of costs of the various types of vessels and their functions. The second is to provide an index to the issues that have complicated every disarmament parley since the guns of the Great War were silenced.

First, however, is the approach to the disarmament period. At the base of the whole naval problem, now happily on the way to some degree of satisfactory settlement, lies the influence of sea power upon history, to employ Admiral Mahan's historic phrase. To no nation has it conveyed such kindling significance as to Britain. From that spacious Elizabethan day when she swept the Armada from the seas, down through Trafalgar to the World War, she has been mistress of the deep in both armed and merchant shipping.

Rivalries That Led to War

Trade and self-defense animated this supremacy. Behind both of these inspirations reposed the necessity implied in the one word—insularity. The tight little island, though dependent for food and other supplies on alien sources, had to be independent in the all-important matter of self-protection. But insularity, which was the watchword of a mighty sea precaution through three centuries, lost its value as well as its provocation for protection during those years of slaughter which began in 1914. The aeroplane, the Zeppelin and the submarine wiped out the aloofness which had stood like a citadel against the prospective invader, the great Napoleon included.

In the meantime Britain's sea power was challenged by Germany. The German Navy Law of 1898 was the Hohenzollern defi to the world in general, and Britain in particular, that the Teutonic empire must, and would, have its place in the sun that shone on sea as well as on land. I refer to this ambition because then began what history will always know as the naval race between the two nations.

This naval rivalry, which found expression in constantly increasing construction budgets out of which developed both the dreadnaught and the superdreadnaught, was one of the principal contributory causes of the conflict which put Germany temporarily into eclipse. It was just one other manifestation of that armed peace which is the inevitable prelude to war. If the disarmament agitation had not broken when it did, the world would be face to face with precisely the same situation right now. Bristling fear has always meant the bristling gun. The big idea behind armament reduction is to sterilize the naval competition which brought the universe to grips in 1914.

The preceding reference to dreadnaughts and superdreadnaughts links us at once with naval types. For many years the battleship has been the acknowledged basis of sea power, because it is a floating fortress immune from adverse weather conditions and capable of giving and receiving a vast amount of punishment. Together with the battle cruiser, which is also heavily armored, it constitutes what is called the capital ship. Practically all other naval vessels—that is, cruisers, destroyers, torpedo boats, submarines, and aircraft carriers, which express the last word in war craft, are termed auxiliaries. The auxiliaries act as eyes—that is, scouts—and guards of the battle squadrons, protect sea-borne commerce, enforce blockades and harass enemy supply lines.

Our Military and Naval Overhead

The Washington Conference of 1921–22 restricted capital ships and aircraft carriers, but left the field open for auxiliaries. They—especially the cruisers—have been the cause of all the postwar armament friction and rivalry. Longer and more diverse lines of economic communications, due to the opening up of new world markets, stimulated the need of swift, light cruisers to protect those far-reaching highways, the railroads of the sea. Every nation—Britain and the United States in particular—wanted the fullest possible quota of them.

Few people, save those directly involved, appreciate the immense cost of naval construction. The British estimate that a capital ship can be laid down at the equivalent of $1000 a ton. British shipping costs, whether for merchant or fighting fleets, are from 25 to 40 per cent less than ours. On the merchant-vessel type it is fully 50 per cent less. Our cost per battleship ton today is about $1400, which would make the price of the latest type of vessel not much below $40,000,000.

A 10,000-ton eight-inch gun cruiser of the Houston type, launched last summer—this type has been the center of the parity controversy—sets us back $17,000,000, while a 1300-ton destroyer cannot be put into commission for less than $2,000,000. Because of its intricate machinery, a fleet submarine costs from $5,000,000 to $6,000,000.

Initial cost is only one phase of the burden. Even in times of peace, repairs and replacement are big items. The effective life of war vessels varies, of course, but experience shows that with both battleship and cruiser the duration of first-rank activity is about twenty years; with destroyers sixteen years, and submarines thirteen years. Naval science is constantly devising improvements, with the result that ships frequently undergo expensive repairs long before their twenty-year period of premier usefulness is over. Senator Frederick Hale, chairman of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee, has estimated that an annual expenditure of $60,000,000 is necessary to keep our fleet up to date.

Now take a look at naval and military expenditures for the past two years and the estimates for the present one, and you see into what huge figures the overhead runs. For 1927–1928 our outlay was $624,600,000; for 1928–1929 it reached $684,700,000; while for 1929–30 the estimate is $741,000,000. The next largest outlay is that of the United Kingdom. For 1927–1928 it totaled $570,758,400; for 1928–1929, $551,464,200; with the estimate for 1929–1930 at $547,284,600. Third is France, whose figures for the three fiscal periods that I have indicated are; $461,543,000; $407,910,000; and $523,240,000, respectively. For Italy they are $272,690,024; $244,068,700; and $234,229,320; and for Japan $240,903,110; $239,005,340, and $247,229,320. The total estimated expenditure for war preparation of the five countries, with Russia, for 1929–1930, is $2,640,000,000.

The London Economist figures that the world will have spent $4,300,000,000 on armaments of all kinds and their upkeep this year.

Out of the foregoing figures—and they do not include our war-pensions item of more than $100,000,000 and other nonmilitary features—emerges the somewhat startling realization that we lead the whole world in naval and military overhead; this, too, in face of the fact that the American Army comprises only 134,000 officers and men, while France has a land force of 600,000 men, and Britain and Japan 200,000 men each. It prompted President Hoover to say, on the eve of proclaiming the Kellogg Pact:

"The American people should understand that current expenditure on strictly military activities of the Army and Navy constitute the largest military budget of any nation in the world today, and at a time when there is less real danger of expensive disturbance to peace than at any time in more than half a century. The hope of tax reduction lies in large degree in our ability to economize on the military and naval expenditure, and still maintain defense."

One reason why our expenditures top all others is that, as I have already indicated, ship construction is more expensive in the United States than in any of the other important naval powers. In addition, army maintenance here is also much higher. During the present year our Army paymasters will disburse $134,000,000 to enlisted men alone, whereas the British pay for their army is only $70,000,000, or practically half what we lay out. Our naval pay is on a correspondingly high scale. A further addition to our military bill grows out of the development of both Army and Navy aircraft.

Men Under Arms in Europe Today

Right here comes the material value of disarmament. If the United States, Great Britain, and Japan put off battleship replacement for only five years, it will save the taxpayers of the three powers not less than $800,000,000. By the terms of the Washington treaty, the United States and Britain are each empowered to build eight battleships and Japan five. The saving on cruisers would be correspondingly large if the parity tentatively agreed on by President Hoover and Ramsay MacDonald is ratified by their respective governments. In the face of these figures you can readily understand why the peoples of every country are rallying to the movement which will help to rid them of this incessant drain upon their incomes and their savings.

Without waiting for any formal disarmament parley, President Hoover has already initiated a movement to check our increasing military costs through a drastic revision of the Army budget. It will follow a study by a commission selected from the General Staff.

Since we are on armies we may as well dispose of them in their relation to the subject of armed peace and disarmament. Though outranked by navies in political, and therefore international, importance, their strength, especially in Continental Europe, comprises a constant hazard to good will. As a matter of fact, they are an essential factor in the unraveling of the armament tangle, because France has insisted at every disarmament conference that her trained reserves must be exempt from any sort of limitation. Her contention all along has been that land, air and sea forces are interdependent. In this she is strongly supported by Italy, and to a lesser extent by Japan.

One of the many existing world contradictions is the series of unwieldy military establishments being maintained in the very hour when practically every nation is indulging in violent peace protestations. On the day that the Kellogg Pact was promulgated, Western Europe—this does not include Great Britain or Russia—had 2,000,000 men under arms. If you include all Europe, which takes in Russia, the total is not less than 3,000,000.

Analyze these forces and it is disclosed that the entire European man power, with reserves, is greater today than it was on August 1, 1914. When the World War crashed, the European man power available for combat or behind the lines was 21,500,000, while at the end of last year it was 24,500,000; this, too, despite the reduction of the German Army, reserves included, from 5,200,000 to 100,500. Moreover, in artillery, munitions, stores, chemicals and gases, aircraft, tanks, and in every other branch of mechanized and other forms of destruction, they are vastly superior to what they were at the close of 1913.

Nations That Fear Their Neighbors

The world figures are equally impressive. According to estimates made by our War Department, out of the total world population of 1,600,000,000, about 6,000,000 men, or .38 per cent, are actually under arms. The reserve forces everywhere aggregate 27,000,000, or 1.73 per cent of the total population. The entire force capable of being put into the field is 33,000,000 which is 2.11 per cent of all the people on the globe. Thus the military wing is full brother to the naval in need of curtailment.

Taking the latest statistics, the French army now has 600,000 men, who, in the main, represent eighteen months' training. Before the war she had 800,000 men, whose period of conscription service was three years. France recently passed a bill, effective November 1, 1930, reducing the compulsory service to twelve months, which will cut her force by some 125,000 men.

It is worth while dwelling for a moment on France's land armament, because it ties up with the bigger naval problem. France is easily the most strongly armed of the Continental powers. This is due almost solely to her security complex. She looks for trouble in nearly every quarter even across the Rhine, from a disarmed and democratic Germany. It was this security complex that led her into close alliance with Poland, Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, and Jugo-Slavia. She was practically responsible for the organization of the Little Entente, and has been its banker and arsenal.

I cite this because it has an important bearing on disarmament. At every disarmament parley France and her allies have stood out against restriction of land forces in order to maintain a dominating balance of power for her on the Continent. Furthermore, France has also been steadfastly opposed, with strong Italian support, to any limitation on submarines. The line-up usually has been between France and her adherents, together with Italy, on one side, and the United States, Great Britain and Japan on the other.

The largest European armies are, of course, in those countries where conscription is enforced. Italy with her 350,000 men, which represents an increase of 75,000 over the 1913 figure; Poland with 250,000; Czecho-Slovakia with 150,000; Rumania with 160,000; and Jugo-Slavia with 110,000, are conspicuous examples of excessive armed land forces. Like France, these countries claim to have good alibis. Poland maintains that she is between two hereditary enemies, which are Russia and

(Continued on Page 50)

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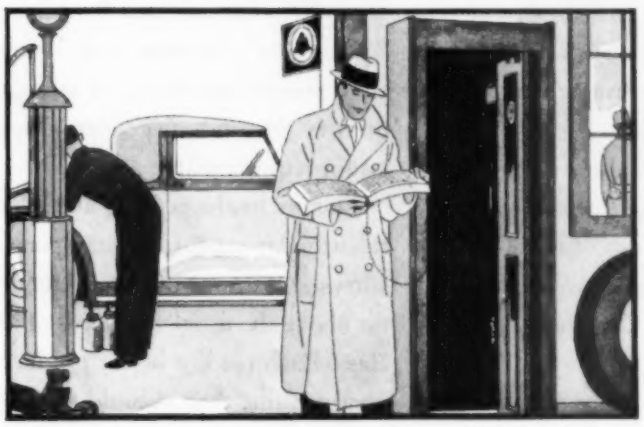

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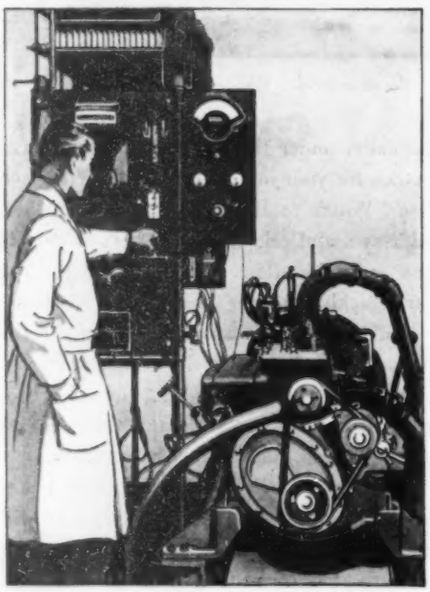

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(Continued from Page 46)

Germany. Italy insists that she must be armor-clad because of her differences with Jugo-Slavia over Albania, as well as the smoldering grievance against France. The Little Entente, composed of Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia and Rumania, have their contention with Hungary over the eternally vexing question of minorities, especially in Transylvania. Greece maintains an army of 67,000 because of hatred of Turkey and the semiannual revolution which seems to be part of her national temperament. The smallest continental army of any importance is that of Belgium, which has 65,000 men.

The inevitable result of the creation of this vast armed camp is that the so-called noncombat countries—that is, those who were noncombatant in the World War—have also increased their military footing. Little Switzerland, which had a so-called active militia of 28,000 before the war, now has 170,000. Denmark has increased her peace strength from 14,000 to 33,000; Holland from 26,000 to 30,000; Spain from 93,000 to 224,000. Excepting Germany, who was disarmed under the Versailles Treaty, and Bulgaria, whose army is limited to 20,000, only three countries have reduced their armies. They are Portugal, which has made a cut from 30,000 to 25,000; Norway from 7000 to 4000; and Sweden from 50,000 to 23,500. Sweden has also abolished conscription.

The Russian army is in a class by itself. In 1925, when I was last in Russia, its fighting strength was estimated at 625,000, including various battalions of women. Due to friction with China, which flared up this year over the seizure of the Chinese Eastern Railway, it has been increased to the point where it has the largest standing army in the world. The usual Bolshevik paradox exists in this connection. At Geneva the Russians have insistently pleaded for complete world disarmament, yet all the while they have been building up every branch of their armed service.

The Beginnings of Disarmament

In no country does the army take such toll of man power or resources as in China. For years there has been an annual war, mainly to enable the troops to be paid through looting. The moment hostilities are declared the foreign newspapers print solicitations for antiloot insurance. At the time I write more than 1,000,000 men are under arms in the yellow republic. Thousands do not know what they have been fighting for or who their leaders are.

These big armies, which are the watchdogs of nationalism, do more than menace peace. The annual cost of the military establishments of France, Italy, Poland, Belgium, Rumania, Spain, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia and Greece is exactly $923,500,000, or more than the cost of the combined upkeep of the navies of the United States, Great Britain and Japan. The irony is that, save for France and Italy, the countries are less able to carry the burden than the powers who maintain the three largest navies.

Far more destructive, in one sense, is the waste of earning power. The majority of the 3,000,000 men in the continental armies could spend their time far more profitably in mine, mill, factory or on the land, and thus give their homelands a greater degree of economic security and at the same time lessen the tax drag. Instead, their presence in uniform is a constant irritant to peace and good will, which are the bulwarks of prosperity.

We can now proceed with the chronology of disarmament. The World War proved the efficacy of the Mahan theory, because sea power checked the German submarine blockade. Without the Allied fleets, Britain might have been starved out and essential war supplies sent to the bottom of the sea. The blockade, imposed by both sides, while we were neutrals, largely provoked our Naval Appropriation Act of 1916, which authorized the construction within three years of ten first-class battleships, six battle cruisers and a large number of auxiliaries. Our entry into the struggle caused us to concentrate upon merchant vessels, submarines and destroyers to meet pressing needs. The point to be emphasized here is that the war stimulated a new era of competitive building which began within a year after hostilities ceased. This ill wind blew good, for eventually it led to the existing disarmament mood.

Disarmament really began with the surrender and dismantling of the once-proud German fleet under the terms of the Armistice. The fleet was afterward scuttled by the Germans themselves in Scapa Flow. The Versailles Treaty limited the German navy to six small battleships, six light cruisers, twelve destroyers and twelve torpedo boats, and prohibits construction or use of submarines even for commercial purposes by Germany.

The elimination of Germany as a sea fighting factor did not alter naval expansion elsewhere. By 1921 the United States, Britain and Japan were going at full tilt, especially in the building of capital ships. Japan, for example, devised her 8-8 program, calling for sixteen battleships and battle cruisers by 1928. This competition led to the Washington Conference for the Limitation of Armament which lasted from November, 1921, until February, 1922.

Auxiliaries a Stumblingblock

The Washington Conference was both constructive and destructive. Nor do I use the word "destructive" solely in connection with its famous "scrapping" mandate. It was constructive because for the first time a ratio was established. Capital ships and aircraft carriers were restricted to the 5-5-3 ratio for the three leading naval powers. It gave the United States and the British Empire fifteen capital ships and Japan nine. France and Italy got the 1.67-1.67 ratio and drew five capital ships apiece. It was agreed to scrap seventy ships, having a total of 1,644,839 tons. We made the greatest sacrifice, scrapping thirty-two ships.

The conference was destructive, as later events proved, in that no limit was put on cruisers and submarines. The French held out to the bitter end against any reduction of these types, especially submarines. As I have already indicated, the failure to restrict auxiliaries precipitated all subsequent building disagreements and complications.

At Washington the cruiser limit was fixed at 10,000 tons, the maximum armament being the 8-inch gun. This type, which came to be known as the treaty cruiser, developed into a storm center at all the naval parleys. In 1924, France, Japan and Britain began to lay them down. We authorized eight, but with good reason, however. We were lamentably deficient in modern fleet cruisers, having only eight of the Omaha type—that is, the 7500-ton with 6-inch armament. In 1925 Britain adopted the so-called Birkenhead program, calling for nine 10,000-ton cruisers and seven 8000-ton cruisers. This program, by the way, was opposed by Ramsay MacDonald, then leader of the opposition, on the ground that it was "the beginning of new war preparations." The naval race was on again, and with it a new hazard to world peace.

In 1925 the League of Nations set up a Preparatory Commission for a Disarmament Conference and the United States became a member. Three sessions were held between May, 1926, and April, 1927. From the start a sharp difference arose on the tonnage problem. The British, Americans and Japanese proposed to deal with ships by categories—that is, by classes—and to restrict the number, tonnage and gun caliber of each class. The French demanded a flat total, or what they termed global, tonnage, with the right reserved to distribute and allocate as they saw fit. Another tangle grew out of the question as to whether land armament was to be considered distinct from naval armament. Here the French again impeded traffic. A third issue was the freedom of the seas.

Because of the deadlock at Geneva, the whole disarmament issue was up in the air. In February, 1927, President Coolidge invited Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan to participate in a conference under the auspices of the Preparatory Commission, in the hope that cruiser parity could be established. France and Italy declined the invitation. It became, therefore, a three-power show.

This conference was the most unsatisfactory of the whole series. It not only engendered the bitterest feeling that has existed between Great Britain and the United States since the War of 1812 but led to further competitive building. It failed for two fundamental reasons, which, happily, are not likely to obscure the issue at the next parley, to be held in January as a result of the Hoover-MacDonald conference. One was inadequate preparation. The other was that most of the admirals sat in with the idea that "the next war" was inevitable.

There is no need of recapitulating the long-drawn controversy at Geneva that ended in a breakdown in August, 1927. The conference collapsed on cruiser parity and the eight-inch gun problem; that is, the comparative effectiveness of cruisers with eight-inch armament and those with six-inch. Since these two issues, together with the larger question of total auxiliary tonnage, will have the center of the stage in London next January, I shall endeavor to explain them briefly.

It is extremely difficult for the layman to comprehend all the contributory factors that enter into the vexing question of parity. In fact, there is as much disagreement over it as there is with doctors in the diagnosis of a baffling medical case. Out of many conversations with high-placed naval authorities on both sides of the Atlantic—the range is from First Lords of the Admiralty and Sea Lords down to commanders—the explanation, in the simplest possible terms, boils down to something like this:

Parity means equality. Parity in naval strength, therefore, means equality in naval strength. Parity or equality in any category, as, for example, in the cruiser category, does not necessarily mean identity—that is, exact mathematical parity in the sense of ship for ship and gun for gun; because the type of ship and caliber of gun that gives to one nation a certain naval strength does not necessarily give to another nation differently situated the same naval strength. Parity or equality of naval strength in a category should mean equal tonnage in that category—nothing less and nothing more—so that, within a total tonnage limitation each nation may have full liberty of action to build the kind of ships that she considers will best meet her own needs as to naval strength.

Requirements for Each Nation

It is felt in all quarters that each nation is the best judge of its own requirements, and that what may suit one nation may not be suitable for another. For instance, should Great Britain make a certain selection of ships for herself, and the United States make a different selection for herself, substantial parity in naval strength might or might not result. If the two nations should exchange these two fleets, their relative strength might assume quite a different aspect from what it was before the exchange.

It is difficult to arrive at an agreement which will give absolute parity. The idea of absolute parity has practically been abandoned. For the sake of agreement it seems that the best that can be hoped for is to strive to bring about a fair approximation of parity which we may regard as substantial parity. No nation can be expected willingly to accept any measure of naval strength less than what she considers to be essential for her security. The United States has maintained that the fairest and simplest

(Continued on Page 52)

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When you install "Overhead Doors" you automatically bid goodbye to all winter annoyances that make ordinary doors so troublesome. No swelling, sagging or binding. "Overhead Doors" will not twist, sag, or bulge out of shape. This modern door glides UPWARD, completely OUT OF THE WAY, when open, and fits tightly at top, sides and bottom when closed.

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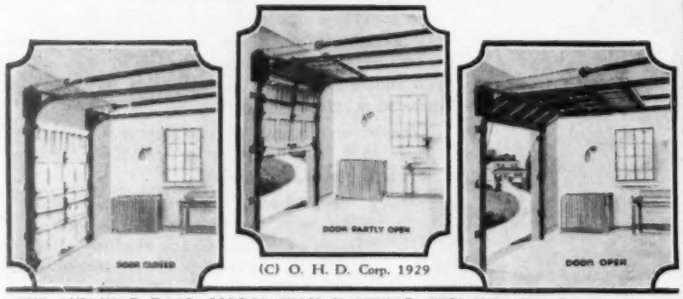

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(Continued from Page 50)

way to secure an agreement would be on the basis of total tonnage alone, leaving each nation complete freedom to choose the size and armaments of its ships in any category, and that substantial parity in naval strength can be achieved when there is actual parity in the total tonnage of the category.

In the cruiser category, which includes the big eight-inch-gun ship and the smaller six-inch-gun ship, the difference of opinion as to the relative strength of the big ship versus the little ship has made it difficult to bring about an agreement. At long range, with high visibility, the big gun is superior, for it can outrange the smaller gun. On the other hand, the smaller gun fires more rapidly and can perforate the armor of either class of cruiser at the lesser ranges. In night action or at low visibility, the smaller ship has just as good a chance as the big one.

Men That are World Minded

The British have opposed the eight-inch-gun program for all our cruisers, maintaining that a 10,000-ton eight-inch vessel has 2½ times the power of a 7500-ton six-inch ship. Hence their contention for a limited number of American 10,000-tonners and a larger number of 7500 or 6000 ton cruisers. We parry this by arguing that our cruisers, due to lack of naval bases, must have a larger cruising radius. Without refueling, a 10,000-ton cruiser can travel from 10,000 to 14,000 miles. Therefore—and here is the crux of the whole complicated question—the United States wants sizes of cruisers rather than numbers, while the British want numbers rather than size.

Our demand for 10,000-ton cruisers is fortified by the argument that Britain can arm 880,000 tons of fast merchant ships, including the fleet Mauretania and the Majestic, while our possibilities in this direction are much less.

The period between 1927 and 1929 was the darkest of postwar armament hours. Feeling between Britain and America—each blamed the other for the failure of the three-power Geneva Conference—became tense. There was even talk of war.

During the summer of 1928 the world was startled by the announcement of a secret naval pact between England and France which smelled strongly of the old-time, closed-door diplomacy. The United States, Japan and Italy protested so strongly that the agreement became null and void. In December, 1927, Congress made a naval appropriation of $725,000,000 for seventy-one vessels, including twenty-five cruisers, nine destroyer leaders, thirty-two submarines and five aircraft carriers. The bill provoked so much criticism that it was ultimately amended so as to embrace only fifteen treaty cruisers. These, with the eight provided for in 1924, and the previous ten of the Omaha class, will give us thirty-three modern vessels of this type, totaling 305,000 tons.

The election of Herbert Hoover changed the whole situation. To a greater degree than any other American Chief Executive, he knew world conditions and international impulses. As with MacDonald, peace through the friendliness of nations is an obsession with him. It prompted him to make the South American trip before he took the oath of office. It further led him to begin the spade work for a genuine understanding on armament.

What few people know is that the President sent a private envoy to England to sound out British leadership and sentiment on a settlement of the problem that had caused a rift in historic friendly relations. He construed the fifteen-cruiser bill as a definite defiance of British attitude and part of a procedure fraught with dangerous possibilities. He believed that a war between Great Britain and the United States, with all its attendant dominion and other repercussions, would set the world back 200 years. The clouds that had gathered since the ill-fated Geneva Conference of 1927 had to be lifted and with them a prompt clearing up of the Anglo-American misunderstandings.

As a result of his private embassy to England, the President received the assurance that Stanley Baldwin, then Premier, would come to America for an informal armament conference if his party were returned to power in the May general election. As it happened, the fortunes of politics retired Baldwin and made Ramsay MacDonald the spokesman and sponsor of good will instead.

Here, as elsewhere throughout the preliminaries to the Hoover-MacDonald meeting, Hoover the engineer was on the job. Geneva had failed because of inadequate preparation. Hoover determined that this history should not repeat itself when the naval powers sat down again. Good will through personal contact, he argued, was the first requirement.

Meanwhile the Hoover influence registered at the conference of the Preparatory Commission, held in April, 1929. It was shown in the atmosphere of cordiality and confidence that marked all the deliberations. It was further evidenced in the British response, in particular, to the President's enunciation, made through Ambassador Hugh Gibson, that the elusive word "limitation" be scrapped in favor of honest-to-God reduction in all classes of auxiliaries. Gibson's speech set a new standard of frankness in disarmament discussion. Behind everything he said was this idea:

"Our purpose should be to release large numbers of men from military service to productive effort and to reduce the heavy burden of taxation. So long as nations are burdened with increasing taxation for the maintenance of armament, it is idle to pretend that the world is marching toward a goal of disarmament.

"The lessons of the old strategies must be unlearned. If we are honest, if our solemn promise in the Kellogg Pact means anything, there is no justification for the continuation of a war-taxed peace. Great armaments are but the relic of another age, but they will remain a necessary relic until the present deadlock is broken, and that can be accomplished only by the decision of the powers possessing the greatest armaments to initiate measures of reduction."

A New Mood for Peace

The conference closed on the optimistic note because the bogy of "the next war" vanished in the air. It was the first ray of light since the impasse of 1927. Hitherto, though reduction in military machinery had been proposed, no change had been brought about in military policy. In other words, the mood for war—that is, the force mentality—persisted. Almost coincident with the wind-up of the Geneva sessions was the President's Memorial Day address in which he linked his disarmament proposal with the multilateral pact denouncing war. He challenged the world to a new disarmament deal.

Two other events helped to clear the road to the present stage of good feeling. One was the accession of Ramsay MacDonald to the premiership. The other was the arrival of Ambassador Dawes in London. In his Pilgrims' address, as spokesman for the President, Dawes laid down the yardstick theory. This provides a fair basis of armament comparison and reduction which is both possible and practicable. He also advanced the idea that international naval reduction is a task the successful accomplishment of which requires, as he expressed it, "the coöperative employment of two distinctly unrelated talents—that of naval technical expert and that of statesman." This is precisely the plan that Hoover has adopted to reach the existing tentative agreement. Its efficacy was proved in framing the Dawes and Young plans.

In Downing Street these proposals found instant favor. The ensuing talks between premier and ambassador formed the skeleton of the understanding entered into by

(Continued on Page 54)

HUNDREDS OF PHYSICIANS GO 3,000 MILES FOR HIS ADVICE

DR. PAUL GERBER

Vienna's Great Internal Specialist Discusses Patients Who Are "Just Run Down"

REGIERUNGSRAT DOZENT DR. PAUL GERBER, Primarius, of Vienna, is chief physician of the Department of Internal Medicine in one of the largest hospitals in that great medical center. Each year hundreds of graduate doctors from all over the world study under him there. He is a member of the Society of Medicine of Austria and a governing head of Vienna's Supreme Medical Court Board.

"IN a run down condition of health," Dr. Gerber declares, "fresh yeast is a source of renewing energy and endurance.

"It gently stimulates intestinal action and has a good laxative effect. It reduces fermentation in the intestines and improves appetite. It is efficacious in treating skin disorders.

"The production of vitamin D, the 'sunshine' vitamin, by irradiating yeast, should be a boon to millions who are indoors most of the day. Vitamin D builds hard bones and teeth."

The astonishing ability of the fresh food, Fleischmann's Yeast, to tone up the run down system lies in its unusual *purifying* power.

As the millions of living yeast plants in every cake flood your intestines they soften the clogging food wastes, stimulate the sluggish colon muscles, check the poisons.

Rich New Energy is Yours!

Fresh, joyful energy is your body's response to its new clean internal health. Harassing minor ailments disappear—bad breath, indigestion, unsightly skin eruptions. Easy susceptibility to sore throat and colds gives way to resistant, full-blooded whole-health!

And now, the *new* "irradiated" Fleischmann's Yeast brings you an added health protection, the "sunshine" vitamin D—the energizing, bone- and tooth-hardening health principle of hours in the summer sun!

Start today on this easy, *natural* way to build up the "run down" system. You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Send for booklet. Health Research Dept. D-101, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., N. Y.

"WHEN YOU MARRY an army officer, your home is likely to be almost anywhere," writes Mrs. Tyda Stanley of San Francisco. "While in Honolulu the climate seemed to wilt me. My weight dropped to eighty-nine pounds and I was as weak as an invalid . . . Returning to San Francisco, I made up my mind to try Fleischmann's Yeast. Today I feel so well I expect to return to the Orient soon."

TUNE IN! RUDY VALLÉE and his Connecticut Yankees now sing and play for you regularly in Fleischmann's Yeast Radio Hour. Every Thursday evening—47 associated N. B. C. stations.

"I FACED THIS PROBLEM—taking a less exacting job with lower pay or building up my health," writes W. T. Henneman of Buffalo. "I decided to try yeast. In thirty days indigestion vanished. I was absolutely changed."

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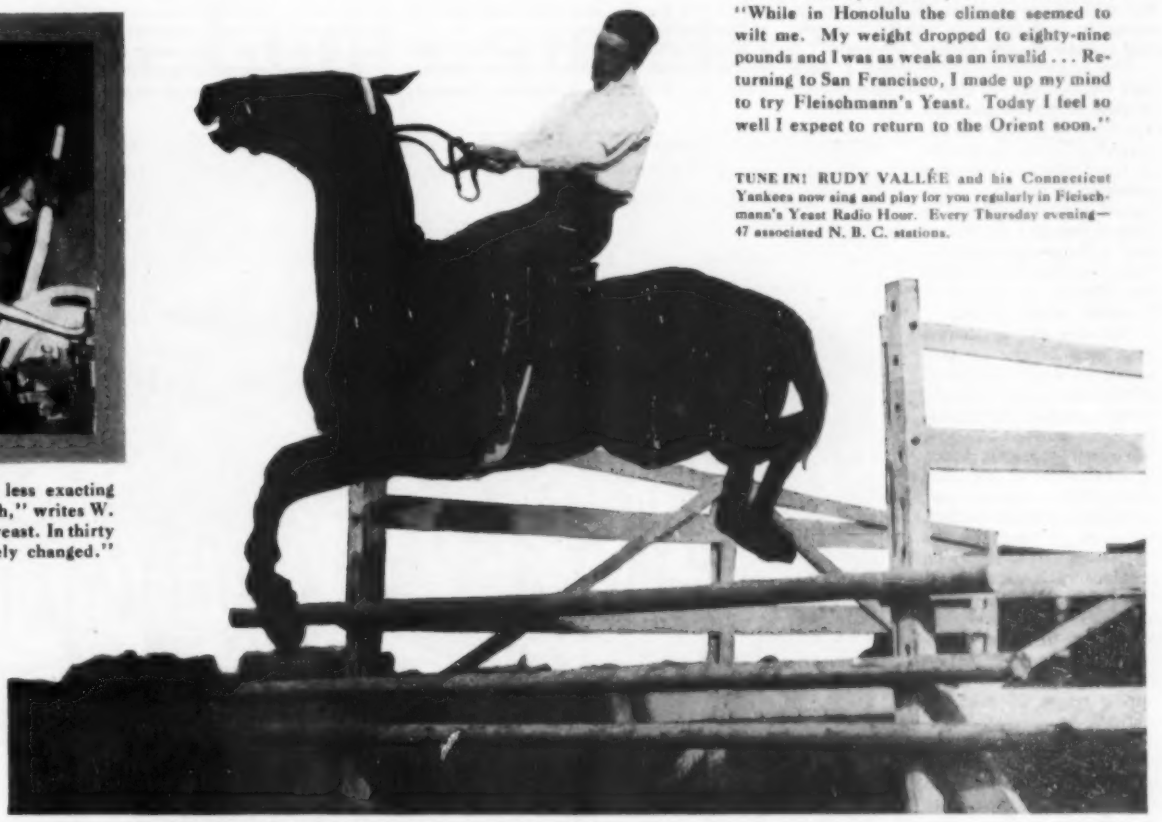
ALL FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST—in the foil wrapper—now contains vitamins B and D. It is as effective as ever for baking. Eat 3 cakes regularly every day, before or between meals, plain or in water, cold or as hot as is pleasant to drink.



"WHEN I JOINED THE HORSE ARTILLERY," writes Roland L. Havard from Winnipeg, Man., "I found army food quite different from any I had been used to—and as every one knows, not agreeably different either. I was constipated, lost weight and couldn't eat. At the company canteen I noticed a number of the boys asking for yeast. They were so positive in recommending it that I decided to try it and in three months' time I felt better than I had since leaving the ranch. My system became regular and my appetite improved."

(Continued from Page 52)

Hoover and MacDonald when they met. Even before MacDonald set foot on our shores, both he and the President gave concrete evidence that they meant what they said when they favored drastic reduction. Britain began to scrap cruisers under the age limit, retiring 25,200 tons. Fourteen other cruisers, totaling 57,430 tons, will follow them into oblivion. Work on new ships was stopped. Hoover, in turn, ordered the suspension of work on three 10,000-ton cruisers, the keels for which had been ordered laid by autumn of 1929.

Trans-Atlantic Good-Will Waves

What happened during MacDonald's visit is part of the history of these times. The waves of accord set in motion will have their effect on future generations. The British Premier came, not as a leader of a political party but as the peace envoy of a united people. His mission found an instant response with us. The result is that at no time since we arrayed ourselves on the Allied side in the World War have the two great Anglo-Saxon powers seen so completely eye to eye. The Atlantic has been narrowed as never before.

During the conversations at the President's camp in Virginia a historic policy was formulated. It was expressed in the joint statement which the two statesmen issued upon their return to Washington. The pregnant paragraphs were these:

"Both our governments resolve to accept the peace pact not only as a declaration of good intentions but as a positive obligation to direct national policy in accordance with its pledge. In a new and reënforced sense, the two governments not only declare that war between them is unthinkable but that distrusts and suspicions arising from doubts and fears which have been justified before the peace pact must now cease to influence national policy.

"The part of each of our governments in the promotion of world peace will be different, as one will never consent to become entangled in European diplomacy and the other is resolved to pursue a policy of active coöperation with its European neighbors; but each of our governments will direct its thoughts and influence toward securing and maintaining the peace of the world."

The joint statement to which I have just referred proved that the man-to-man method is the one and only approach to genuine understanding. It typifies an ideal of Cecil Rhodes which he persistently practiced. Unarmed and accompanied by only one servant, he went to deal with the savage Matabeles. MacDonald expressed the idea in his speech to Congress, when he said:

"As long as you conduct your negotiations by correspondence over thousands of miles of sea, you will never understand each other at all. In these democratic days, when heart speaks to heart, as deep speaks to deep, and silence talks to silence, personality, personal contact, exchange of views by the lip, sitting at two sides of a fireplace—as it was my great privilege to do this week with your President—these things are to be as important as anything else in laying the foundation of an enduring peace all over the world."

Stripping away all the emotional atmosphere and getting down to the brass tacks of the situation, let us now see, in conclusion, just what the MacDonald visit accomplished. First of all is the invitation to a five-power naval parley, which is to convene at London on January twentieth next. This will be the first gathering of all the strong naval nations since the Washington Conference. To no similar meeting has the highway been so paved with good intentions. The differences that confuted previous sessions have largely been discounted in advance.

Chief among them is the parity problem. The formal invitation issued by the British Government states that the United States and Great Britain have adopted the principle of parity between themselves in all categories of warships—this has been the American contention—parity to be reached at the end of December, 1936. In estimating the strength of the British fleet, all the naval forces of the British dominions are to be included.

Although it has never been officially proclaimed, Anglo-American cruiser parity has reached the point where it now faces a difference of only 15,000 tons. We seek the right to have 315,000 tons, while Britain puts her needs at roughly 330,000 tons, which reduces her cruiser claim from seventy to fifty. As an eminent citizen deeply involved in the disarmament discussions put it to me: "We will not permit the matter of a mere 15,000 tons to frustrate an agreement which involves a total of 1,200,000 tons on each side."

The Psychology of Parity

Thus the parity business, so far as this country and Great Britain are concerned, may be regarded as achieved. The same is largely true of Japan. Italy and France may try to spill the beans on their own ratios, but the momentum initiated by the Hoover-MacDonald agreement is strong enough to override any opposition to a general settlement.

MacDonald revealed the British attitude and, with it, parity psychology when he said—again I quote from his speech to Congress:

"Parity? Take it, without reserve, heaped up, and flowing over. That was the only condition under which competitive armaments could be stopped and we could create a public psychology which could pursue the fruitful and successful avenues of peaceful coöperation."

Linked with parity is the important subject of British naval bases in our vicinity. They are Bermuda, Kingston, Jamaica, Trinidad, and Halifax. There seems little doubt that the MacDonald good-will wave will carry on its crest demilitarization of the first four as a friendly gesture to us.

With Halifax you have a different proposition, because it is controlled by Canada. MacKenzie King, the premier, however, is a man of the Hoover and MacDonald type. The Nova Scotian port is likely to become part of the undefended frontier between the Dominion and the United States. In exchange for this concession, the British may demand the scrapping of our fortifications in the Panama Canal Zone, using as argument the fact that the Suez Canal, another vital strategic artery, is without military defenses. The very fact that demilitarization of bases—they constitute part of the backbone of the British naval strength—is projected, shows how far the disarmament idea has traveled.

The London parley may also reconsider the battleship-replacement program laid down at the Washington Conference with a view of diminishing the amount of renewal construction. The substitution of the 10,000-ton cruiser for the capital ship is among the possibilities of the near future.

The one type most likely to cause a controversy is the submarine. There is a strong sentiment in Britain and the United States for its abolition. France, on the other hand, regards the submarine as the "poor nation's defense arm," and, in conjunction with Italy, will doubtless contest elimination. The bigger parity problem, however, is with cruisers, and this, as you have seen, is practically adjusted.

Specters That Must Be Laid

For the first time, aircraft will loom large in the considerations of a naval parley. Both Hoover and MacDonald feel that limitation should extend to this branch of the service. The deadly, destructive potentialities of the airplane as revealed in the World War, and the feasibility of poison-gas dissemination from high altitudes—a postwar development—conjure up a picture of almost indescribable terror if conflict lets loose again. This specter must be laid. The dirigible of the Graf Zeppelin type is to come in for particular appraisal in its relation to war, having reasserted its possibilities, especially for long-range travel.

The second outstanding result of the MacDonald visit is the doom of Anglo-American armament competition, which has taken such heavy toll both materially and morally. So long as rivalry exists, the thought of war is bound to be in the ascendancy. The two nations are now committed to a common cause of peace based on equality. Parity is finally fixed at the lowest level commensurate with national security.

The Will to Achieve Peace

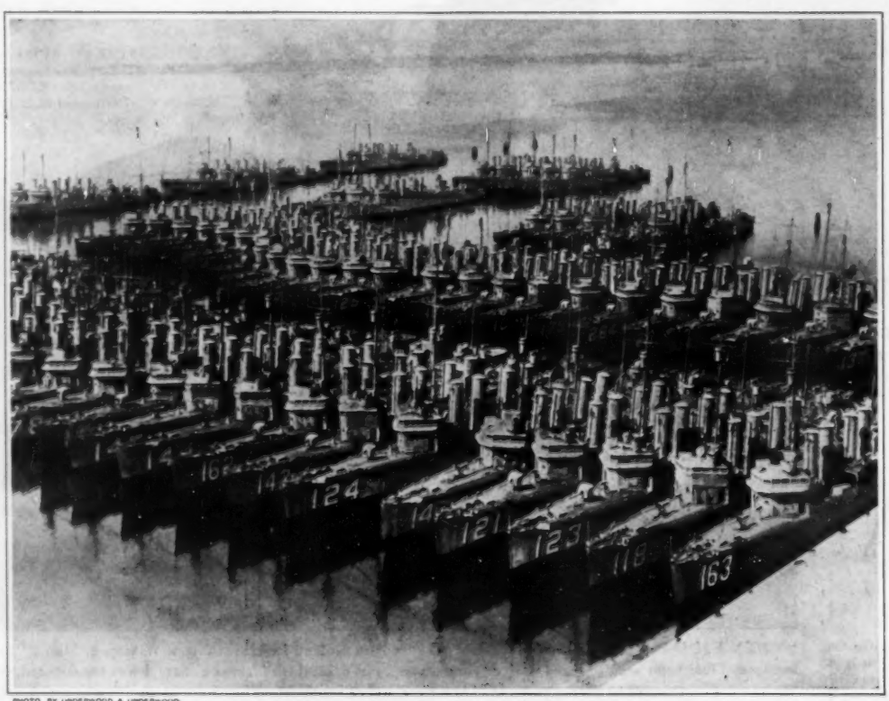
A fourth result will be in a quarter seldom associated with disarmament. I refer to naval officers themselves. The popular idea is that the navy is unalterably opposed to reduction in sea power, on the perfectly plausible ground that it is a menace to their profession and their meal tickets. This, in the main, is not true. Most naval officers regard equitable disarmament as a real process of stabilization. So long as footless discussions lead to fluctuations in strength, there is bound to be uncertainty. With a standardized naval program, all ranks know exactly where they stand and what to expect.

Another possible outgrowth of the Hoover-MacDonald meeting—it shows the heights to which their aspirations soared—is a plan, hitherto unannounced, to divide the world into zones in which the American and British fleets would respectively remain. It would mean the running of imaginary lines through the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans from north to south. One step in this direction has already been taken with the withdrawal, in October, of the American squadron that was assigned to European waters. Since the war we have maintained one cruiser and two destroyers off the coast of Europe.

It is, of course, futile to pretend that the exalted spirit which animated the Hoover-MacDonald meetings and the immediate aftermath will last at full tempo. Both nations are getting back to the good, black earth in sober realization that the kindling, uttered kinship, must be translated into practical, written terms. MacDonald will probably have an easier time getting his end of the program through than Hoover. We still have a Senate with willful tendencies in our midst. The bigger fact, however, is that a start has been made under auspices far beyond the dream of the most optimistic of disarmament advocates.

The benediction upon all that this article seeks to interpret can now be pronounced by the man most responsible for the stage at which the disarmament idea has arrived. On the day after MacDonald left Washington, I sat with President Hoover in his office, discussing the Premier's visit and the consequences. The plump, boyish-looking man across the desk was never in finer fettle. There was a new ring of hope and confidence in his voice. A long-cherished desire was nearing consummation. I asked the President to define the animating purpose behind his disarmament drive. In his reply he sounded the keynote of the achievement which alone will make his Administration memorable. This is what he said:

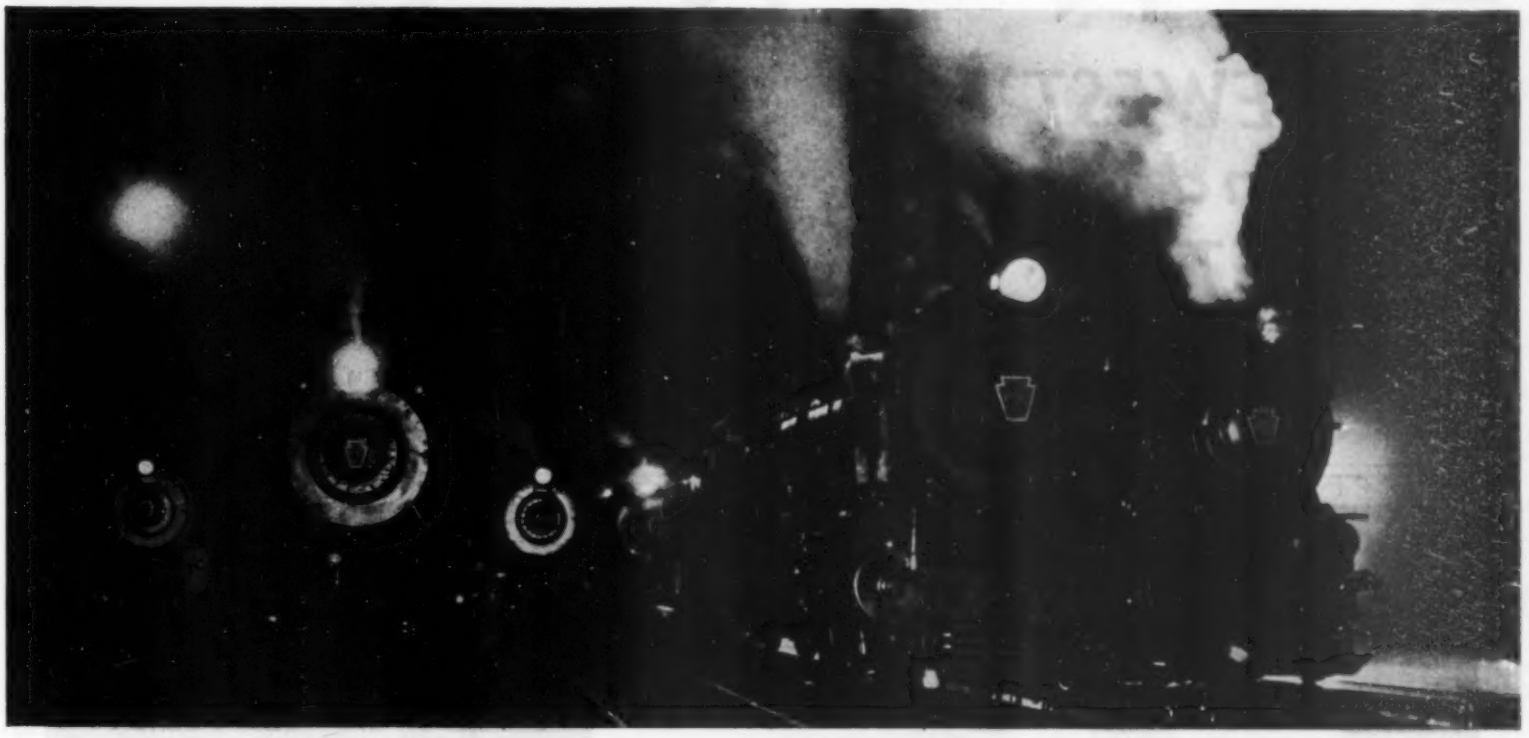
"The problem of peace among nations is precisely like the problem of good will between individuals. All disputes can be amicably adjusted if you first create the atmosphere of friendliness. Above the Peace Pact, above the League of Nations, above all treaties, is the desire of the United States to impress upon the world its single-minded will to achieve peace."



PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

A Fleet of American Destroyers at the San Diego Base

Reflecting the growth of America's Southwest



The mounting stream of fast Pennsylvania limiteds between St. Louis and the East

Consider these figures:

1925—The fastest trains between St. Louis and New York were the Pennsylvania's *St. Louisan* and *New Yorker:* 25 hours de luxe.

1927—The Pennsylvania placed *The American* on the hitherto unattained schedule of 24 hours—in each direction.

1929—Now six 24-hour limiteds, on fastest schedules made between St. Louis and New York, lead 14 fast Pennsylvania trains—daily—between the two centers.

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IN the adjacent territory, served by these fast Pennsylvania trains, is such a domain as Charlemagne might have dreamed of! . . . comprising one-seventh of the population of the United States . . . covering a territory almost as large as Germany, France, Italy and England combined! . . . All tribute to the pioneers!—who carved out of this rich Southwest: Arkansas, Kansas, Louisiana, Missouri, Oklahoma, Texas.

The development of these six states is a conspicuous example of the tremendous growth which has marked the whole West. From 1909 to 1927 the value of manufactured products in these states trebled! The production of crude petroleum jumped from 59,218,000 barrels in 1910 to 546,987,000 in 1927. And in this decade the value of agricultural products has reached the amazing total of over three billion dollars.

The people themselves who live in these states have prospered. Total Bank Deposits in 1924 were $2,773,292,000—in 1927, only three years later, $3,347,777,000.

Naturally, increasing wealth has resulted in an increased demand for fast, de luxe service. There can be no more accurate barometer of the growth of the Southwest than is to be found in the development of the Pennsylvania's limited service between St. Louis and New York . . . The Pennsylvania now operates the largest fleet of trains from St. Louis to the East.

On fastest schedules made between St. Louis and New York

9 o'clock . . . THE AMERICAN
Lv. St. Louis—9.00 A.M. . . . Ar. New York—9.50 A.M.

12 o'clock . . . SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS
Lv. St. Louis—12 Noon . . . Ar. New York—12.50 P.M.

6 o'clock . . . GOTHAM LIMITED
Lv. St. Louis—6.00 P.M. . . . Ar. New York—6.50 P.M.

New York and St. Louis

2.15 o'clock . . . SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS
Lv. New York—2.15 P.M. . . . Ar. St. Louis—1.20 P.M.

6.05 o'clock . . . THE AMERICAN
Lv. New York—6.05 P.M. . . . Ar. St. Louis—5.10 P.M.

9.20 o'clock . . . THE PILGRIM
Lv. New York—9.20 P.M. . . . Ar. St. Louis—8.30 P.M.

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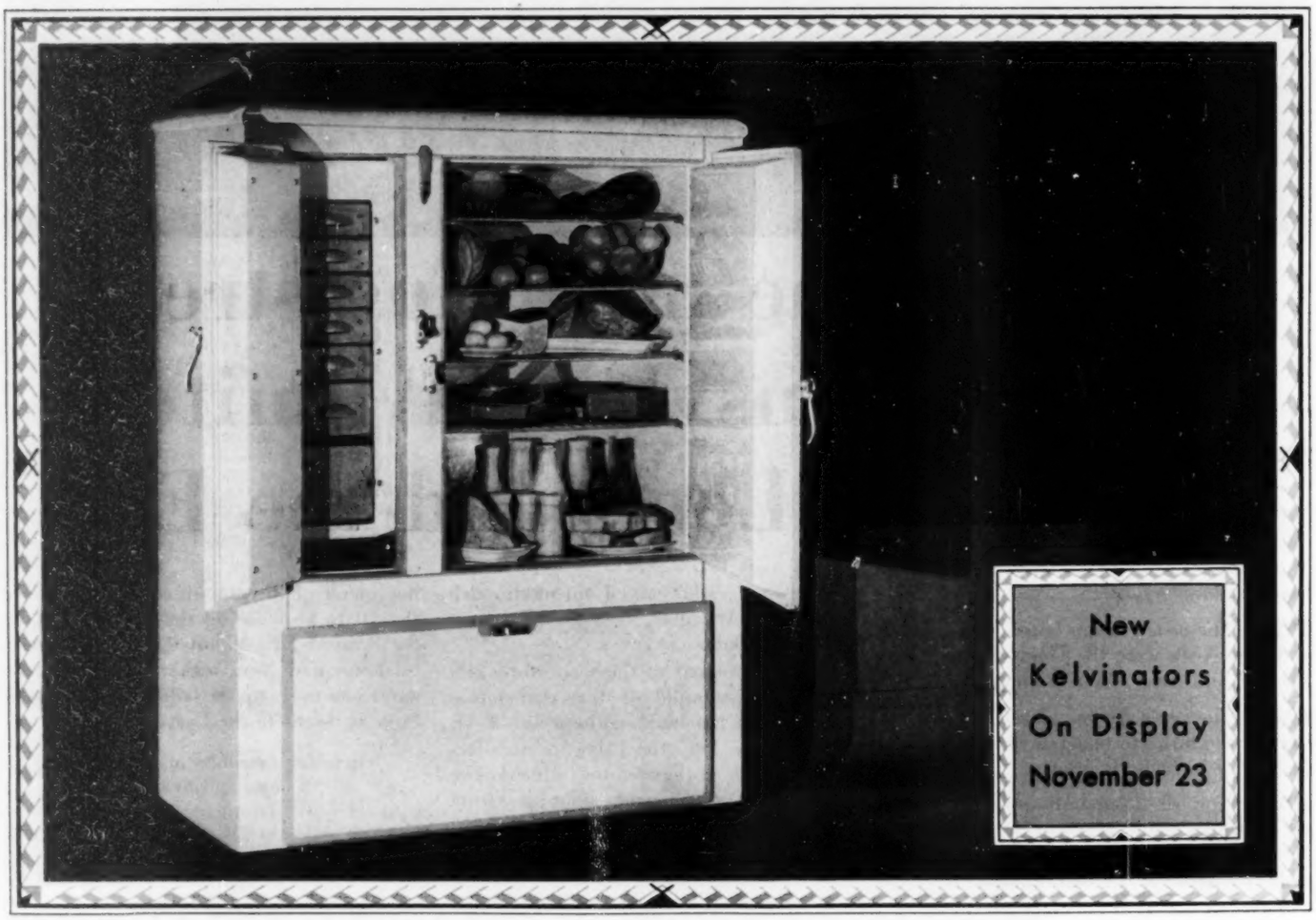

New and Exclusive Kelvinator Features

Go and See Them Saturday

Ice-O-Thermic Tubes—the latest and greatest contribution to electric refrigeration, enabling far faster freezing—from water to ice in an astonishingly short period. The super-automatic low-temperature control . . . Refrigerator, ice-maker and cold storage plant in one, each functioning independently of the others . . . Super-automatic in every phase of operation—freezing, refrigeration, cold storage . . . Ice capacity up to 35 pounds . . . Kelvinator Cold Keeper cuts down operating periods fully one-third, yet maintains perfect refrigeration . . . New beauty in cabinet design, finish and hardware. Porcelain interiors. New rust-proof metal construction.

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REFRIGERATORS EVER BUILT—*With KELVINATOR'S new* Ice-O-Thermic Tubes, *the most important convenience and utility yet offered to the user of electric refrigeration"*

H. W. Burritt
Vice-President, Kelvinator Corporation

THIS coming Saturday, November 23, everywhere throughout America, the new Kelvinator organization presents the newest and greatest Kelvinator line, incorporating exclusive features and conveniences, and performing services *totally new to all electric refrigeration.*

Kelvinators are priced as low as $185 F.O.B. DETROIT

Under the inspiration of the new leadership placed in charge of Kelvinator last January, Kelvinator sales began to shoot upward almost at once. Notable refinements were made in the product; and within six months sales had far exceeded any normal or seasonal expectancy and reached the greatest volume in Kelvinator history.

Now come the new Kelvinators—*first complete product of the new administration—splendid realization of the ambition to surpass all previous electric refrigerator performance.*

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By means of Ice-O-Thermic Tubes, they bring to the home the very ultimate in *automatic fast freezing* and automatic low-temperature control.

For the first time, they provide a refrigerator, an ice-maker and a cold storage compartment in one cabinet.

They afford a new standard for the fast freezing of ice cubes. All this in addition to the perfect refrigeration of food, winter and summer alike, on the basis of true home economy and absolute reliability.

In electric refrigerator value, the new Kelvinators lead the world. We believe they will not soon be equalled, surely not excelled. They are presented in three complete lines of cabinet models, each in sizes and capacities to meet the needs of every home.

You will see the new Kelvinators at once, if you are interested in the latest and most important advancements yet made in electric refrigeration. You will be amazed to see what strides are here registered in this most modern of home necessities and to learn how little it costs to own and operate a Kelvinator.

Your Kelvinator dealer will have these latest models on display Saturday. Go and see them without fail.

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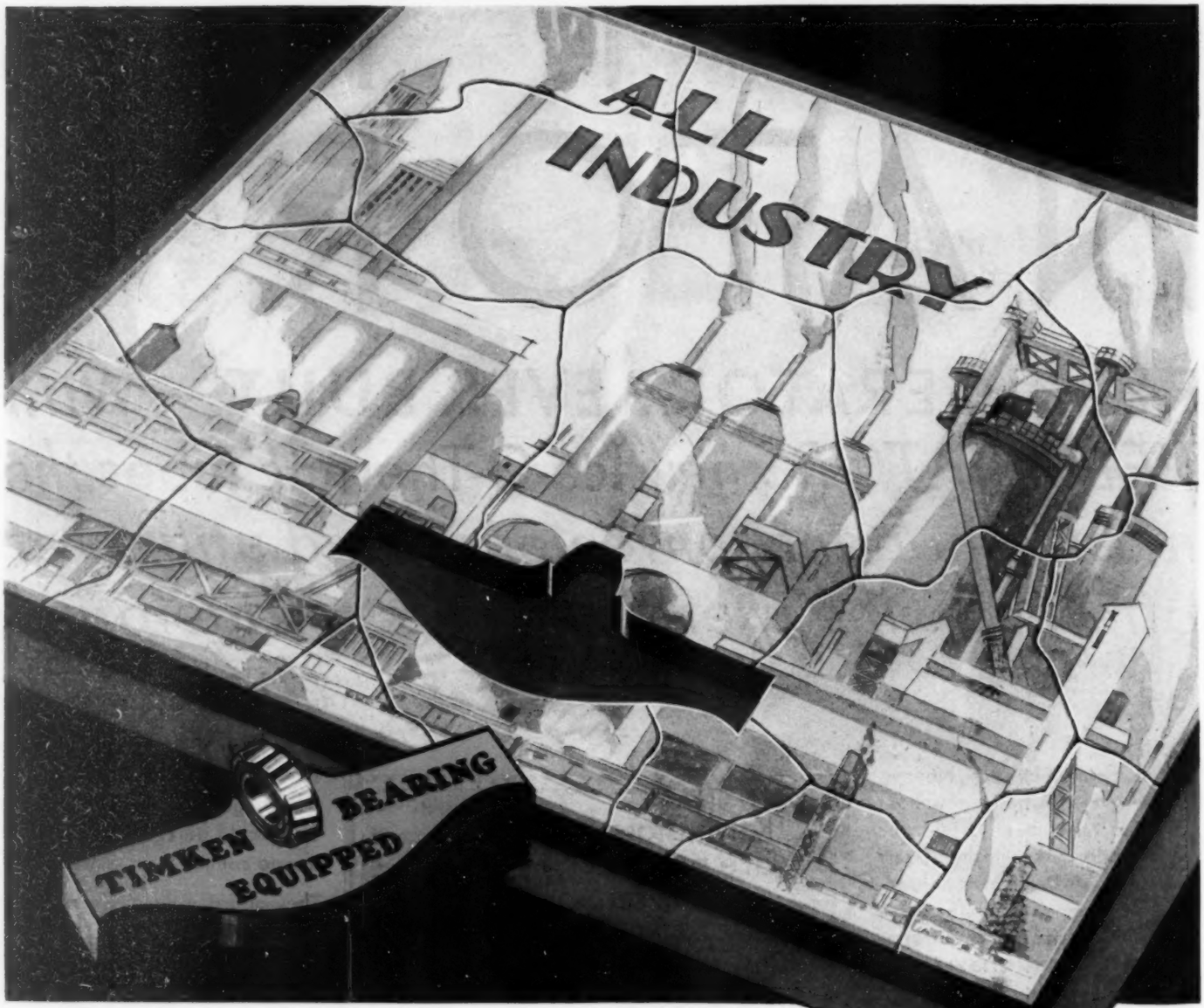

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What puzzles Industry most is Waste. The moment "Timken Bearing Equipped" is placed into the picture... the bearing problem is solved.

Timken fits into modern production plans as only Timken can. For Timken is *the one bearing that does all things well.* Let the load be all radial, or all thrust, or both in combination . . . let the burden be heavy... the pace killing... Timken compact, self-contained carrying ability will suit itself to the situation and *carry on.*

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Industry has placed Timken Bearings on jobs thought impossible. Timken has made them profitable. So today old methods give way before Timken, replacing obsolete machines with machines that are "Timken Bearing Equipped" . . . meeting and mastering the mighty march of modern Industry.

The exclusive Timken combination of Timken tapered construction, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS* and Timken-made steel is summed up in "Timken Bearing Equipped"—universal symbol for designing and buying machinery that serves, saves and endures *wherever wheels and shafts turn.*

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY, CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* BEARINGS

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LAST LEAVES

(Continued from Page 11)

The information they are collecting is too depressing and limiting to that great adventurer in us all, the spirit. Presently we shall let go, relax and rise as usual like the bead on good wine, according to faith, imagination and courage. Romance again, poetry, religion, skyward highways of the spirit to travel again. I shall not see it, but I know in whom we must believe, and can wait somewhere in my dust for this coming again of the holy mind. I do not think we shall ever be very good ourselves, but we shall learn to think again in such terms. We must not think in the terms of evil—not even for science's sake. It is here, but we are forbidden to think it. I have known very respectable men and women to be damned for doing it. The world never gets so bad that it can stand a thinker of evil. This is the reason why so many modern students will not achieve their ends as teachers. They are most concerned in collecting and publishing the worst information about what it is the nature of men to exalt.

Meanwhile, when I consider how many monologues of the very best rationalists, as well as some others, to which I have listened for the past ten years without turning a hair or taking pious offense at their doctrines, it does seem to me that I may express a few of the opinions not one of them ever gave me the opportunity to air while they were expounding. My age and obvious simplicity commanded their patience. They rarely grew wroth, but it was clear that they could not have borne to exist happily for any length of time within conversational distance of me if I had been permitted to share and share alike in the discussion. I do not know how to explain it, but there are some virtues attached to our higher natures which we should not permit to overwhelm us or show too plainly in our faces when a rationalist is present. Anyway, I have known the very sight of me, even when he had never seen me before, to stir up the intolerance of such a man. Something placid and legitimate in my expression apparently suggests bigotry, a narrowness of the mind adverse to this new doctrine of dirt, dust and liberty. On the other hand, I am always delighted with their society. I am cordial and attentive to their views, waiting patiently for a chance to try them out with the stupidity of my own observations. What enrages them most is that I am like the child who can ask a question so silly no really intelligent person can answer it.

Mental Hygiene Taught by Moses

Lately I had the nervous honor of meeting a great scientist. He had just returned from a sort of convention of scientists and had heard their various reports. One had looked through the Mount Wilson telescope in California and not only discovered the center of the universe, forty-seven thousand light years distant from the earth but he also discovered that the universe is finite and has invisible walls across which he saw the lights and shadows of stars and constellations pass. Another had discovered that all matter is filled with electrons that can be touched off and exploded into energy until the very earth died of it—and so on and so forth. After comparing these revelations, they got together and moved and seconded it that there is no God! The logic of this conclusion is not clear. What curious jealousy inspired them to pick on the Almighty instead of one another or the theologians who have done so much to obscure Him I am too humble to imagine. Anyway, this scientist talked like the captain of his soul about it. He said what had now been revealed called for a "new definition of God—if, indeed, the notion of God is needed," he added, as a concession to ignorant people not yet out of the superstitious period of requiring something to fear and worship. I retired into the very topaz of silence, not knowing whether this broad-minded reference extended to me or not. He said that the Ten Commandments "must be subjected to a closer scientific scrutiny" and that theology should be "supplemented by mental hygiene." I do not care much what becomes of theology, since it is colored by too many denominational interpretations of the Scriptures. Every church must have its own theologians, which is sufficient proof that all of them are more or less fallacious, according to the doctrinal slant of their respective creeds. But if there is any better mental hygiene than that taught by Moses and Christ, they would not have dominated a wayward, sinful world as they have for two thousand years.

Our World a Flurried Place

As for the Ten Commandments, they compose the shortest code of laws in existence by which a nation, a home and all the institutions of society and civilization may be safely governed. The great Scientist of human nature is back of them. The first one reads: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." And it hits the nail squarely on the head. We may run after false gods, but we must have one. His instinct of helplessness in this vastness compels a man to be religious. He must worship something, whether it is an image, a dollar or his egotistical faculties. Not by thinking can any of them change that eternal order which is the legal process of nature and spirit.

This scientist said he "believed in morals, but not in virtue," and he thought "Christian piety should be replaced by a frank joy in living." And he was teetotally out of patience with the Book of Genesis, because "the cosmology of it is all wrong according to science, time limit ridiculous." I will not go into this, since Genesis is my favorite book in the Bible, and the most convincing. There is no time limit in it except as interpolated by mere students of it. It just says: "In the beginning"—and goes ahead at the stride of a million years a sentence, without any calendar or clockwork in it. Shrewdest piece of revelation there is, because it leaves dates to the forward-reaching imagination of man toward the unimaginable splendors of creation.

When he had wiped out Genesis, I ventured to remind him that he had not made the ultimate discovery.

"What is that?" he asked.

"Well, you appear to be interested in the old book of matter, weather-stained, thumb-marked by the ages, but lighted by ten thousand suns, and plainly written. All you have to do is to dig down and turn the pages of this earth, look up and peel the stars with a telescope to read them. Nothing to that performance but energy and spectacles. But if everything is matter, what is matter and who created it—shaped it into stars and constellations and set it to living and spinning into measured spaces? Why does it live? What is life? A chicken's heart can be placed in a bottle and made to grow, according to a scientific process, indefinitely, but it does not live or breed or write poetry or build cities or worship God."

He was annoyed. He admitted there was much to be discovered, but not God. Men were simply one of the manifestations of the animal kingdom, brighter than asses, but not essentially different from other animals. The main difference I could see in his case was that an honest-to-goodness ass is not nearly so conceited.

By such meager disciples of dust and flesh is the youth in this country being taught. So, without wars or any other visible disaster, our world is becoming a distracted and flurried place. We have fallen into the bottomless pit of a mere discussion of ideas and ideals. We have attained the morbid vanity of a publicity complex and the mob mind which never produces worthy

King Baby *the* First gives a right royal welcome to the new FIRELIGHT HEATER

SINCE Mother got the new Firelight heater, King Baby the First is no longer the Prince of Wails. Mother may scrub as hard as she pleases on his grubby little hands and knees before she puts him to bed. The heater keeps him warm, and its ruddy light keeps him happy.

Tomorrow morning it will be here to see him through his real bath. In between baths it will go down stairs to make the living room cheery and comfortable. They will probably carry it all over the house before the day is done; because it gives such abundant heat, and costs so little to use.

This new oil-burning heater has a transparent firebowl of durable Pyrex. It is finished in apple green enamel, golden-sand enamel, or in satin black. There are beautiful all-enamel models, without Pyrex firebowls, in snow-white, sea blue or brown. Others in satin black. All have new features that make them easy to fill, to keep clean, to re-wick. Prices, $6.25 to $17.75. At any dealer's.

PERFECTION STOVE CO. · *Cleveland, Ohio*
Sold in Canada by General Steel Wares, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.

X *marks the spot where the new Firelight heater ought to be*

A chilly, shivery breakfast is little better than none at all. Get a Firelight heater and start the day warm.

The man with early morning blues is probably blue with cold. Put a Firelight heater here and watch him cheer up.

Wet feet won't hurt the children if you have a Firelight ready when they come in from school.

PERFECTION
Oil Burning Room Heaters

David Newell and Evelyn Brent, Paramount Stars, Archie Stout, cameraman and Louis Gosnier, director, in a scene from "Darkened Rooms."

DAVIS TAILOR MADE CLOTHES

They Register

To register with a critical public, Hollywood stars must have "IT"—art, charm, personality—call it what you will. Without *it*, the extra never emerges from the mob . . . with *it* he rises to stardom.

In his struggle for recognition, clothes play an important part. For, though they may not make the man, they do *advertise* him. Through them he can express his individuality, his personality.

That is why Davis Clothes . . . expertly tailored to individual measure . . . *register*, not only with Hollywood men but with men in all walks of life.

Certified Custom Tailoring

Davis Clothes are sold direct . . . thru a nation-wide organization of qualified Davis men . . . at prices that represent generous savings.

There are Davis Representatives in nearly 3000 cities and towns. Yours will be glad to call and show you how your clothes can be tailor-made to your measure at less than the price of good ready-mades. Write for his name and for a free copy of our 4-color Correct-Wear booklet.

The P. H. DAVIS TAILORING CO.
Tailorcrest Cincinnati, O.
New York—Boston—Springfield—Pittsburgh—Detroit—Akron
Nashville—St. Louis—Kansas City—San Francisco—Los Angeles

leaders. And too many people, old and young, are secretly practicing the "franker joys of living." They believe in license and have forgotten that "obedience is the perfect law of liberty." Respectable people require very little liberty in order to be decent and satisfied.

The fact is these fellows have let loose an archcrook among us—the modern mind, stripped of every restraint, not disciplined by conscience, loyalty, devotion or faith in honorable virtues. Not capable of quietness or peace with all this furore about international peace. Peace, like charity, begins at home. They are discarding home-life insurance and taking to the divorce courts. They want money to spend, and will have it, by inheritance, gambling or banditry, but they are losing the long patience of earning and spending thriftily. In misfortune they have no fortitude. Their faith and stamina are weakened. Therefore, we have more suicides, more insane and more highly trained criminals than ever before.

There are quiet little places, hidden neighborhoods, in the back eddies of our civilization that still lie upon the earth like bright moments of the past. The people have the customs and speech of pioneers. They entertain few worldly expectations and have declared a sort of lasting peace with poverty.

My home is located somewhere between these loftier latitudes of tranquillity. I am living, you may say, in one of the earlier chapters of history after the Civil War, by way of passing my last years leisurely in my own epoch.

The Compass That's in Every Man

But the periscope of my mind sights ahead of these present times at the usual prophetic distance elder men and women see, futilely, as a rule, because they get a catastrophic inspiration for predicting the fate of younger people. I entertain no such bitterness toward the future. What is wrong with the present generation is more apparent to me than to those of it still wrapped in the illusions of their own minds; but beyond this brief moment of time my vision clears and I am able to contemplate the future without misgivings.

I believe in the exalted fate of man, and no other. He cannot fail. Ages have proved his power to rise from the depths of every dishonor, abler and wiser—on his way again. Nothing can deliver him from this terrible onward struggle. He is made in a certain great image and cannot escape. It is frightful, and we call it aspiration, when really it is no more than the poetic name destiny wears. He cannot go astray or be lost, because there is a compass in him that never varies as the mortal mind does. It is that thing which some of us call spirit and others deny with suspicious vehemence. Whatever it is, no one knows except by faith—a queer word, used to cover a thousand lies and illusions—but nothing can destroy it or change the course it charts, however devious and intelligent our efforts are to avoid the way for some other way. My own notion, divested of the confused profundities of theology, is that it is something extra that other animals do not have, bequeathed us on purpose to deliver us from the crook the mortal mind so frequently is.

For the Sins of Their Parents

There may be an occasional panic in spiritual values; as at the present time, when so many men and women are about to fail in faith. But there is a reserve somewhere forever untouched. They will recover. They are driven forward and upward in themselves by a power that will not permit men to quit or fail or even rest. Therefore, it is a waste of honor to die in the gutter. Those who come after you will climb out and be strong.

All the good men in this world have come up by that route, and there are more good ones than bad ones. It is foolish to steal—even a million. Your grandsons will turn up poor but honest men.

It is silly for women to sacrifice their good name in the current sporting world of sex. Their daughters will be chastened and made to suffer until they retrieve the virtues which made women the secret prayers of love and loyalty said for peace and patience behind the scenes.

It is no use to turn aside to try out false doctrines in search of an easier way. There is no easy way and no escape. We have got to make the next grade and may as well stand the gaff now as later.

I could not afford to write an elegy of my own years. It would read too much like a fight waged for and against many things by a frail woman made outrageously resolute by adversity.

I have become the ex-heroine of memories and shadows now, all my engagements won or lost; they are of little consequence.

I seem to have reached at last the bright, windy end of one of those long summers in living, accompanied by my reflections and experience. And I have a disposition to scatter them abroad, as other boughs shed their leaves in the autumn air, with no more claim for their worth than have these prodigal boughs whose fallen and forgotten leaves make the earth only a little more fertile for a greener spring.

DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

She: "I Don't Believe in Coeducation, Do You?"
"Well, it Certainly Would Demoralize Amherst and Smith"

MEETING THE WIFE AT A NEW PLACE — By Ann Craig

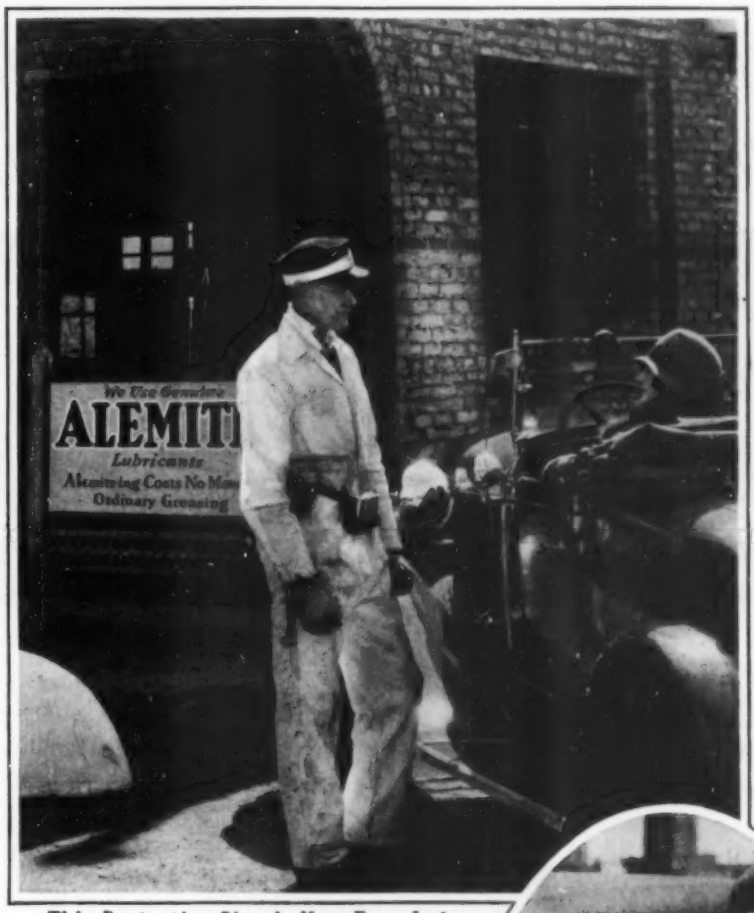
Since They've Learned That 80% of the Motor Car Repair Bills That Play Havoc With the Family Budget Are Due to Improper Lubrication, Women Now Take This Important Phase of Car Care on Themselves ~

WHO takes care of the family car? It used to be father. Now mother does the work. For mother has learned that 80% of all repair bills on automobiles are traced to lack of proper lubrication, as are most squeaks, squawks and similar annoyances.

Men as a whole are admitting that their exclusive right to look after the family car is fast fading away. Women have placed the car on the household budget and are running it with the strictest economy.

Systematic Alemite-ing Reduces Repair Bills

Women's interest in the upkeep of the car began several years ago with their discovery of the Alemite Systems of High Pressure Lubrication, which have become the standard installation on over 95% of all cars manufactured throughout the country.



This Protective Sign is Now Found at Genuine Alemite Stations Everywhere

Costly Repair Bills are Now a Thing of the Past

The striking economy of regular lubrication at genuine Alemite-ing Stations naturally attracted women's attention from the beginning. Women saw in the savings offered by this regular Alemite-ing, a new source of income. They began by checking up with the men in the family to find out whether they were taking advantage of these savings. When men were too busy at the office women took the car for complete Alemite service themselves.

And because there are genuine Alemite-ing stations conveniently located in nearly every city and town in the country, it was no inconvenience for women. They soon learned to identify stations where genuine Alemite lubricants were used—lubricants developed by the makers of the Alemite Systems themselves—by the big yellow, blue and red Alemite signs they display.

New Gowns Instead of Repair Bills

Gradually women took the whole problem of car upkeep into their own hands. They have their car lubricated with genuine Alemite lubricants as systematically as they attend to their laundry. Instead of paying for repairs on improperly lubricated, worn-out automobile parts, they buy extra hats, gowns, rugs, many other things dear to their hearts—with the savings effected by regular Alemite-ing.

75% of Family Cars Cared for By Women

Operators of service stations and car dealers all tell us that a growing majority of the cars brought in for Alemite-ing are brought in by the women of the family. A leading authority on automotive problems estimates that 75% of all family cars are looked after by women. That means that women now are doing for car lubrication what they have always been doing for wardrobes, menus and homes—getting the best they can for the least money.

Increase Resale Value 10%

Women have also learned that cars consistently Alemited can be sold for about 10% more than other cars. Those who take cars regularly to stations where Alemite-developed lubrication and service are given have each visit recorded in a booklet. This is known as Recorded Alemite Service. It provides the car with a pedigree.

Women appreciate what it means to be able to show a prospective buyer just what care they have given the car they offer for resale.

The simplicity of the Alemite service further attracts women. One simply drives one's car into an Alemite Station at regular intervals for lubricating.

This Little Book Carries Your Car's "Pedigree"

No Worry—Less Expense

The perfection of Alemite High Pressure Lubrication banishes from women's minds all worries about possible breakdowns from unrelieved friction. They know that all they have to do is to take their cars to be serviced systematically every 500 miles with specially made Alemite lubricants. From then on the vital chassis bearings will be lubricated without further attention from the driver.

Such systematic lubrication brings wonderful improvement in automobile performance and life, and freedom from squeaks and noises. An automobile in its third year, if it has been properly lubricated, is as highly efficient as it was in its first. Women, because for the most part they know very little about the mechanics of the car, must be exacting in the matter of performance. They adhere to any system that guarantees to them a smooth-running car and consequently peace of mind.

Now come living personalities OVER THE AIR! ▼ ▼ ▼

Through delicate shades of musical feeling never before reproduced in radio

An Amazing Improvement that increases your enjoyment of every type of music

Unbelievable at first—just as Radio was—there comes today a new way of reproducing music. Through a new Stewart-Warner discovery we feel now as never before in radio the influence of the artist's personality.

We feel the cultural effect of music that authorities agree is the greatest known force in our emotional lives.

Yet only when music is absolutely true and faithful to the original can it give these effects. Old methods of radio reproduction could never do it.

So Stewart-Warner set out to build a radio on utterly new principles. We spent 5 years in research. We made and tested 141 designs.

Old ways of controlling outside noise are replaced by a discovery that even eliminates sounds more delicate than the human ear can distinguish. A far more sensitive mechanism is the result. And entirely free from outside noise.

Thus every station you tune to comes in under perfect conditions. You hear music many times more refined than of old. You hear more than sound. You hear the delicate overtones. You hear the soul of the music. You actually live the emotional experience that the artist is translating to you in music.

For a thrill unlike any you have known—hear this new and improved Stewart-Warner Radio—The Set with the Punch. Hear the Punch that brings distant stations booming in with all the strength of a local. Hear the Punch that gives volume, selectivity and realism of tone as never before. See the nearest Stewart-Warner dealer for this new delight.

STEWART-WARNER CORPORATION
Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.

"THE SET WITH THE PUNCH"

Views show sliding doors open and closed

17th Century English Period Console

Approved cabinet No. 47. Of antique finished American walnut; with carved ornamentation. Sliding doors; enclosed back. With the new Stewart-Warner AC Radio Receiver and built-in Stewart-Warner Electro-Dynamic Reproducer. Built-in serial—plug-in for television—plug-in for phonograph. 60 cycle and 25 cycle AC and DC models.

$154.50* less tubes

Complete line of consoles, table models and consolettes, $89.75 to $165.50 (less tubes).

*All prices slightly higher west of Rockies.

Stewart-Warner Approved Console Cabinets manufactured by Louis Hanson Company, Chicago; Burnham Phonograph Corp., Los Angeles; and McLagan Furniture Co., Stratford, Ont., Canada.

▼

STEWART-WARNER RADIO

Screen Grid Circuit or Balanced Bridge Circuit

DOLLAR WORSHIP

(Continued from Page 19)

John Quinby thought: "The deuce!" Out loud he said: "It's not our responsibility. She's old enough to make up her own mind. Of course, I hope ——" But, really, he didn't know what he hoped. Naturally, he had accepted the idea that his children might marry and settle down over here. John Quinby had no objections. But his desire for their happiness was paramount; and he entered the *salone* with a sense of responsibility that unexpectedly tightened his nerves.

Marchese Scagliarini bowed from the waist until his aquiline nose was aimed at his patent-leather shoes. His eyes were large and brown—too large, John Quinby thought, in proportion to his red lips. A broad-shouldered, faultlessly tailored young man.

"Signor Quinby, I have come to ask the hand of your daughter in marriage."

John Quinby repressed a smile. "What does Molly say?"

"She loves me."

"Well, *marchese*, in America we let our daughters marry whom they please—within reason."

Again the *marchese* bowed. His expression was coldly formal. "We will open up the old *castello* and live there—the Marchese and Marchesa Scagliarini."

"You're not living there now?"

The *marchese* shrugged. "My mother and I are not rich, *signore*."

John Quinby took the hint. "Molly will have an allowance, of course—a *dot*, I believe you call it. What would be your idea, *marchese*, of a fair arrangement?"

"Fifteen thousand dollars a year."

John Quinby offered the *marchese* a cigarette and lit one himself. "Unfortunately," he said, "my entire income is only about twice that amount. A few thousand is all that you can rely on until the death of Mrs. Quinby and myself. I sincerely wish it were more. On four or five thousand, however, plus your own income, you ought to be able to live comfortably in Florence, even without a job."

"Impossible," replied the *marchese*. "Fifteen thousand is the minimum." His expression never wavered from its formal immobility. And suddenly John Quinby hated their cold-blooded bargaining—hated it worse than he'd ever hated business. Molly, he felt, in a way that he couldn't put his finger on, was being insulted.

"I'm sorry, *marchese*. But if you really love my daughter ——"

Again the *marchese* bowed, rather stiffly. "Love, Signor Quinby, is starved on poverty." And abruptly the *marchese* was gone.

John Quinby paced the *salone*. A sentence ran through his head: "I got married on a hundred a month; I got married on a hundred a month." And another: "He's selling his wares just like any other merchant."

Someone ran past along the hall. It was Molly. John Quinby saw with a clear thrust of pain that she was crying. "Molly!" he called. "Molly, dear!" But Molly ran swiftly up the stairs, and, as he crashed his fist upon the *salone* table, John Quinby cried: "Dollar chasers! The dirty dollar chasers! I'm fed up with them!"

III

MOLLY QUINBY, awakening, shut her eyes again quickly and murmured: "Oh, it can't be true! He loves me; he said he did!"

Molly bit her lip and fought back the tears. There'd be no more crying! When you wanted a man you didn't curl up and whimper; you gritted your teeth and went out and got him! Her father had told her, kindly, sympathetically, that it was all a question of money, that Beppino merely wanted a rich wife. "It's not true," Molly told herself. And yet last evening the *marchese* had said that he was finished. "He was just angry," Molly thought. "He'll be over it today. I'll see him and talk to him. We can live and be happy on so little—so very little!"

Ringing for her breakfast, she examined her face in the glass. Even the hard glare of an Italian morning revealed no blemish; only a faint shadow beneath her eyes from crying. She was pulling on her sheerest silk stockings when the maid entered.

"Rosa," she said in Italian, "come back at nine o'clock. I want you to take a note into Florence when you go marketing."

"*Si, signorina.*"

But the note wasn't composed satisfactorily until almost ten. It said:

Beppino darling: Meet me at Doney's for cocktails and luncheon at noon. I must see you! Devotedly,

MOLLY Q.

"Will there be an answer, *signorina?*"

"No. Take it to the Albergo Swiss in the Via Nero, and see that it's delivered at once."

Roger knocked on her door. "Moll? Are you going to drive me in to the studio?"

"Coming, Roger."

She slipped down the back stairs to avoid her mother and father, and drove the car around front. Roger climbed in briskly; tall, brown-faced, slightly stooped, he held a large portfolio in his lap and smoked a pipe.

As they swung out of the gate Molly was thinking: "I should have delivered it myself. Then I'd have been sure he got it. But I mustn't run after him like that. I wish I'd told Rosa to bring an answer. But I couldn't have waited around home, just wondering!"

Roger spoke with the pipe in his teeth: "I hear the *marchese* has given you the air on account of our deplorable poverty."

Molly stared fixedly ahead. "You hear too much."

"Don't get on your ear," said Roger. "I just wanted to congratulate you, that's all. Honest to goodness, Moll, some of the men over here are pretty awful. They're not your sort at all. Play around with 'em all you like, but don't take 'em seriously. They just want your money to spend on some floosey or other."

"I thought you considered the Italians so superior to Americans!" said Molly sarcastically.

Roger scowled. "I don't like the way American girls fall for their line of bunk. Romantic? My hat! They're a lot of chorus men!"

"You sound like Oshalong!"

"I don't like their perfume, either," said Roger. "And I don't like the way they rush around after American dollars. A bunch of parasitical tailors' dummies!"

Molly flushed. "At least they're civilized. You please keep your mouth shut about my friends."

"Cheerio," said Roger. "You're not the first nitwit to tumble for their cheap lovemaking." And when Molly drew up at the door of Angelo Bombi's studio: "Pick me up at two outside the American Express, will you, Moll? You can run me over to San Marco before you go home."

"Maybe I will and maybe I won't."

She drove angrily back into the center of town. Until eleven o'clock she killed time by cashing five hundred dollars of her letter of credit and depositing it in lire. Then she drove to Fiesole and down again to quiet the beating of her heart. Would he come? Would he?

Between 11:45 and noon she drove past Doney's six times and shot anxious glances at their favorite table in the window. Not yet—but he'd surely come soon! Parking, she went inside at five after twelve. Doney's was just opening for the cocktail hour. Molly sat at their table in the window, her eyes fixed on the street. Ten after twelve. Swiftly the room filled with a chatter of voices and the chunk-ka-chunk of cocktail shakers. Molly turned her back on the room; she felt that if anyone spoke to her she might burst into tears or hysterical laughter. And for fifteen intolerable minutes she sat there, aching and longing.

A hand touched her arm. It was one of the waiters. "A lady for you, Signorina Quinby."

"A lady?"

"The Marchesa Scagliarini."

"Oh!" Molly stood up. She had never met Beppo's mother. She thought: "He's not coming!" And then: "Perhaps he's sick!" With clenched hands, her chin held high, she pushed among the tables into the lobby.

The *marchesa's* gentle mouth was visible under a hanging black veil. The lower part of her face was chalk white, and gaunt. Her tall figure, her wrists with the gloves turned back on them, looked emaciated. Molly touched the brittle fingers, thinking: "I believe she's hungry."

"Signorina Quinby, pardon! I don't mean to intrude, but I wished to tell you that Beppo's not coming."

"But you're English!" Molly exclaimed, and flushed. "Is Beppo ill, *marchesa?*"

"No, he was unavoidably detained."

"You mean," said Molly quietly, "that he had no intention of coming. Naturally, you know about our broken engagement and the cause of it."

"Please don't judge him too harshly, Miss Quinby."

Only her pride kept Molly from rushing out the door. "Won't you do me the honor of lunching with me instead, *marchesa?*" Her brain was whirling: "I won't show it! I'll let her see I don't care! I won't show it!"

The *marchesa* bowed faintly. "With pleasure."

Upstairs in the dining room, Molly ordered hors d'œuvres, an omelet, salad, and dessert. The *marchesa* ate with a well-bred voracity.

"You see, Miss Quinby, we are very poor. If Beppo doesn't marry a wealthy girl soon ——"

Molly replied, "It's too bad he wasted a month running after a paltry four thousand a year."

The *marchesa*, preoccupied with her omelet, failed to note the irony. "It isn't nice to think about," she said, "but when a young Italian is poor, there's only one way for him to get money. You see, I speak frankly with you."

"Thanks," Molly replied. Secretly she thought: "At home people don't discuss their finances with outsiders; it's bad taste." She said: "In America people work if they need money."

"Here it's out of the question. Oh, don't think I approve of their methods," the *marchesa* went on. "I'm English. My father was Lord Stoneway. I came here as the Marchesa Scagliarini, well-to-do, proud of my husband. It—it wasn't an easy life. Other women, debts, lawsuits, until now, after his death, I'm a poor woman." She sighed. "In many respects Beppo takes after his father. Perhaps, Miss Quinby, you are lucky. Not that I don't worship my son ——"

All at once Molly was very sorry for the *marchesa*. "You ought to go back to England and get Beppo a job in London. It wouldn't hurt him."

"Money." The *marchesa* twisted her fingers sadly. "Travel costs money. Only this morning Beppo took our last thousand-lire note; he's going to Viareggio. And our hotel bill ——"

Molly said quietly, "I'll be glad to lend you some money."

"Oh, no, no!" The *marchesa* fumbled in one of her turned-back gloves. "But I thought—really, a great bargain—you might be interested." Her hand darted forward and an aquamarine ring clinked onto Molly's plate. "It was my mother's. It's a good stone. I'll sell it for a thousand lire. Really ——"

At last Molly understood why the *marchesa* had come to Doney's. And her cheeks were hot with shame for the elderly woman's humiliation.

She said, "Why not take it to a jeweler?"

"Oh, I couldn't! I'm too well known here. It would leak out, and I'd be ashamed. But if you won't buy it ——"

"I'll buy it," Molly said. "I'll give you two thousand lire for it; the stone's worth that much." And writing out a check with her fountain pen, she had a violent desire to get rid of the *marchesa*. At once! As quickly as possible! The sight of those trembling lips, those twitchy aristocratic hands, filled her with a sort of horror. "You can cash that at Barker's Bank," she said. "And I do hope Beppo enjoys himself at Viareggio."

Downstairs in the lobby the *marchesa* paused. Her cheeks flushed with unexpected color. "Beppo says that Americans are rich, vulgar barbarians. I don't think so. Perhaps it's just as well for some of us that they are rich. And at least they can maintain their dignity and pride. Thank you so much, Miss Quinby." With a bow, a smile, a glance that Molly remembered long after, the *marchesa* vanished into the street.

An unaccountable shiver went up Molly's spine. Crossing the street to the car, she murmured: "A woman's got no right to know that much about another woman! Oh, the poor old thing!"

She was oppressed by a sadness that she couldn't analyze as she drove slowly along the Via Tornabuoni and parked opposite the American Express. So it was over! Finished! And yet, curiously, she felt no grief or pain; only an absolute lack of vitality, an emotional let-down that drooped her shoulders over the wheel.

Roger came out, saw her, and waved a letter in his hand. "For you," he said cheerfully. "From Detroit. I hope it'll make you forget the *marchese*."

"Don't worry about the *marchese*, old thing. He's gone to Viareggio, and I hope he stays there."

Roger took the pipe out of his mouth and chuckled. "Know who he went with? Eh? Well, he went with the Browns from Pittsburgh. I saw 'em on the way to the station. You know that Brown girl and her family—the ones that look like a collection of meat axes? Well, the *marchese* was holding the Brown girl's poodle in his lap ——"

"Jump in, Roger. I'll take you to San Marco."

"No, thanks. Changed my mind. You can consider yourself dismissed. But they say old man Brown is worth forty million."

"Good-by," said Molly. Jamming the car in gear, she roared off across the bridge toward the Porta Romana. All at once she craved speed, action—anything to relieve the sudden pressure on her nerves. Crazily she took corners, passed trams, dodged children and men on bicycles. Out in the open country she pressed down the accelerator as far as it would go. And then, abruptly, she wrenched to a full stop. Denny's letter was squeezed between the seat cushions. Molly read:

Dear Sourball: It's about time you got over this Italian complex and came home and married me. The old gent's raised me to three thou a year, on which we can live O.K., as I don't mind doing my own housework one bit. Anyway, I expect to have most of the money in the U. S. before I'm thirty; unless, of course, you think it'd be vulgar. . . .

And for the second time within twenty-four hours Molly burst into tears.

IV

ROGER QUINBY, after leaving the American Express, walked lazily in the direction of Santa Croce. He was thinking about the remarks that his teacher, Angelo Bombi, had made to him a few hours ago.

(Continued on Page 66)

Late Fall and Winter Styles

in sturdy REALSILK Socks

BROWN is a most important color in men's clothes for coming months. You have it in rich variety here. Patterns in socks are small and modest—like the ones across the way. In wool, silk-and-wool, and silk socks... Realsilk offers you the colors and patterns that are decidedly *right* with well-dressed men. Just a few are shown here. They look good, fit well—and they're famous for the way they *wear.* (A box of them for Christmas will please *any* man.) Our Representatives are showing the complete Fall and Winter line now—they're never sold in stores. If you aren't being called on regularly, just telephone the Realsilk office in your town. No obligation whatever.

* * * *

The Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, Ind. In Canada, Real Silk Hosiery Mills of Canada, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont. World's largest manufacturers of Silk Hosiery. 250 branch offices in the United States. Consult 'phone directory for your local office.

This difference in weaves means longer wear

There are more needles to the inch in Realsilk knitting machines than in most others. There are actually 21.9, almost 22, to the inch in Realsilk machines (except, of course, in those used for heavy-weight wools). There are 20 and less in others—a 9 per cent difference. (See diagram at left.) Hence Realsilk needles are finer. They knit more closely, more compactly—and the yarn used must be finer, better quality, more costly. The difference shows up in appearance—and WEAR!

(Continued from Page 63)

Signor Bombi had said, in effect, that there was no future for Roger in the world of pure art. Roger lacked something—a creative vigor, a genius, a what not. Roger would do well in architecture or any kind of designing. He had talent in a sort of practical way. It was the best one could expect, Signor Bombi had insinuated, from a commercial heritage like Roger's.

"Quite a sock on the nose," Roger thought as he walked along. And he dropped into a café chair to thresh the thing out.

First of all, in Signor Bombi he had utter confidence. No doubt there were men like him at home, but their influence was obliterated by American standardization. Signor Bombi lived—no matter how poorly—for his art. He despised men who sold their genius for money. So did Roger. They agreed perfectly. And if Angelo Bombi said that Roger would never be a famous painter, the odds were fifty to one that he was right. But what was to be done about it?

Roger thought: "If I'm an architect, or a stage designer, or any of the things he recommends, I'll really have to live in America; and I won't go home."

Nevertheless, he had begun to feel the need of a direction and a goal. It was all very well to sketch plump Italian models in charcoal and the Ponte Vecchio in water color. Likewise it was excellent training to study the old masters. But after a while one felt a little idle and pointless—the way those middle-aged Englishwomen must feel who drift around the Continent with paint box and rubbers, killing scads of time at very small cost. Yes, Roger admitted to himself, he was enough of an American to have a strong desire to get his teeth into something. But as he couldn't be a Masaccio, what then? Roger didn't know. And in a queer panic, to take his mind from his own problems, he reread the letter that he had received two days ago from Janet Waters.

Once he had been rather fond of Janet. She was a good *sort* in her red-headed, tempestuous way. Until he went in seriously for art, he had even thought of marrying her. But one didn't make money out of art, and one didn't marry without money; furthermore, Roger felt that he'd grow bored with a wife who was content to live in Oshalong. Janet was deplorably satisfied with her interior-decorating shop. Her letter was chiefly about business. And it tickled Roger's sense of irony when Janet, in the heart of the American furniture industry, commissioned him to buy her an early Italian refectory table and chairs to go with it.

"You can't get around it," he thought. "When you want something first-rate you've got to look for it over here. That's because European craftsmen love their work more than their pay envelopes. I'll go around to Moreno's and see what I can find. After that I'll drop in at the studio and ask Bombi whether I really am a dud."

The prospect of something to do, an objective for the afternoon, exhilarated him to a surprising degree. Strangely, it was a relief not to have to spend the rest of the day admiring the Giottos in Santa Croce; as a matter of fact, he knew the Giottos by heart; he'd learned all that he could from them, and what was the use of studying them all over again? Entering Moreno's, he thought: "On the whole, it might be a good idea to wangle the family into moving to Rome. Florence offers so much and no more; there's not enough to do here outside of working hours."

Moreno himself, a gardenia in the lapel of his frock coat, emerged from the gloom of his shop. Roger never came in here without a sharp feeling for the past; it mellowed him.

"*Buon giorno*, Signorino Quinby."

"Hello," said Roger.

"And what can I do for you, *signorino?*"

"I'm looking for a refectory table and some chairs." Roger glanced around reverentially at the triptychs, paintings, leather screens, old velvets, and most particularly at the furniture. "Dad should have been born over here," he thought. "This is the stuff he should have spent his life with."

"I can show you a table," replied Moreno. "*Quattrocento.* A beautiful piece! Unfortunately, it's sold, but if it pleases you I can find you one almost exactly like it within two weeks." And he drew a strip of red velvet from the most beautiful table that Roger had ever seen.

"That's perfect," Roger said. "How much?"

Moreno shrugged. "One cannot measure beauty in terms of money, *signorino*, but the price is forty thousand lire."

"You can order the table," Roger said. "And how about some chairs?"

"I can sell you these to go with it. A dozen beauties for twenty thousand lire."

Roger knew very little about furniture, but he appreciated beauty enough to fall in love with Moreno's chairs. Tall, with seats and backs of roughened leather, brass-studded and strong, they were made for cardinals and emperors. "Send them out to our villa, will you, Signor Moreno? I want my father to see them before they go to America."

"Within an hour, *signorino.*"

"And let me know when the table arrives. I'll have a check for you tomorrow."

On his way to Angelo Bombi's studio, Roger thought: "Even if I can't be an artist, I'd like to design things as lovely as those chairs. It would be worth doing." And he entered the dingy hall of 47 Via Domenica without the stomachless fear that had worried him all day. "Let's hear the worst," Roger muttered. "I can take a beating as well as the next man."

But Bombi was in no mood to administer a beating. His plump figure scuttled up and down the empty studio. His beard jumped when he waved a letter inarticulately under Roger's nose.

"Roger! Signorino Roger! Good fortune! Look, look!"

"That's fine," said Roger. "But I came back to ask you definitely ——"

"Ask me nothing! I am a happy man! Ask me everything—everything!"

"What goes on?" Roger laughed. "Have you won a prize?"

"I am rich!" Bombi cried. His eyes, in their large pouches, gleamed like shoe buttons. "My brother in New York has found me a commission, a—a gold mine! Next week I go. On the best liner. My wife and children will have everything at last. Clothes, good food, good schools! . . . Oh, I could kiss that Antonio!"

Roger said quietly, "You're going to America on a commercial job?"

"*Si, si!* To paint the bathrooms of Signora Vanderpyle Nash in her Palm Beach villa. Eight bathrooms. Eight thousand dollars. I am rich. And America is full of bathrooms."

"Let me get this straight," said Roger. "You're chucking your art, your career, everything that you've believed in, for a few American dollars?"

Bombi shrugged. "Masaccio painted frescoes. And Fra Angelico. And Giotto. And Andrea del Sarto. And they painted them for money."

"But in churches," Roger replied. "Not bathrooms."

Again Bombi shrugged. "Churches? Bathrooms? Art is art, *signorino.*"

"And money is money," said Roger heatedly. He went out into the Via Domenica, rather bitter and depressed. But starting for home in a *carrozza*, he flung back his head and laughed. "Bombi! The old hypocrite! He'll grab a dollar as quick as the next man; and if he can't grab one, he'll try like the devil to despise the fellow who's got one. Dollar worship—it's universal! The main point being that at home sour grapes aren't popular."

His mother was waiting for him on the terrace.

"Hello, mum."

"Hello, Roger. Some chairs came from Moreno's a little while ago. They're in the dining room."

"I bought 'em for Janet," Roger said. "Come and have a look."

"First you'd better jump into the *salone* and talk to your father. He and Molly want to go home."

"Home!" Roger cried. And in the *salone:* "What in the devil have you two nit-wits got on your minds, if any!"

John Quinby sat with the tips of his fingers under his chin. "We're a bit fed up, son."

"I want to be home for the crew races," said Molly.

"Both of you are crazy! Why, good Lord ——"

"I find myself wondering what goes on at the factory," said John Quinby with a rueful smile. "I suppose it's just weakness, but I'm afraid my major interests are in Oshalong. Molly and I have decided we'd like to run over here ever so often for a trip, but that we'd like to live at home. You see, we can spend just so much of our lives in museums, and when we come out of the museums contemporary Europe offers us very little. We belong in Oshalong, for better or worse."

"For worse, I'll say!" Roger cried. "Ye gods, I don't see how you can look a million kitchen chairs in the eye again! Why don't you go into business over here, if you've got to have something to do?"

"One goes into business for profit."

"Well, you can make money. Look at Moreno. He deals only in fine things—things he can admire and be proud of. Like these chairs I bought from him. Come and see them. Will you find anything as good in America? Not much! Well, Moreno earns a good living."

"I've seen your chairs," said John Quinby. But he followed Molly and Roger into the dining room, where Mrs. Quinby was smilingly examining the chairs.

"They illustrate perfectly what I mean," said Roger vehemently. "Compare them with the stuff you're turning out. In America you create ugliness, and over here they create something for the ages. Naturally, you've got to make some adjustments if you want to live over here. But it's worth it. I'd like nothing better than to design furniture as grand as that. It'd be worth doing. By golly, I'd be as good as Sheraton or Chippendale or Duncan Phyfe or any of 'em!"

John Quinby said gently: "Roger, take your penknife, remove the brass stud nearest the left front leg of the chair, raise the leather, and see what you find."

"Hanged if I'll spoil it ——"

"You won't. I've done it already."

"I suppose you think they're fakes?" Roger knelt down with his penknife. "There's a Q stamped in the wood," he said.

John Quinby sighed. "And I fancy you think it stands for *Quattrocento*? But it doesn't. It stands for Quinby."

"What the devil do you mean?"

"Oshalong, son. Those chairs came from my factory in Oshalong. They're original work, designed by a man named Smith, and based on early Italian stuff. They weren't made to fool anybody, but they'd fool the layman. I sold them to an Italian dealer in New York at cost. I knew they imported a lot of the wood for their fake antiques from America, but I didn't know we were actually making some stuff for them."

Roger burst out, "That Moreno—he's a dirty crook!"

"Oh, no, son; most of them do it at one time or another. You see, modern Italy is becoming just as standardized as America. They're not contributing anything noteworthy to present-day civilization. When they want something fine, they go back a few hundred years; and when they run out of the genuine article, they make copies. Most people know that, son, when they buy over here. It's merely the Italian furniture business, that's all."

Roger strode to the window and looked out over the fields and vineyards and olive trees. When he turned around again, his mother and Molly were gone. He was smiling queerly. "Why the devil didn't you go on making chairs like that?"

"No market, son."

"You could create a market."

"I suppose so. Other men have done it. But I'm getting old, and it'd take time."

"What of it? There's all the time in the world. Look here, I never knew you were trying to do this sort of thing. If I design some stuff, will you help me to sell it?"

"Absolutely, son. Between us we could make a go of it too. And you wouldn't be tied down in Oshalong. You could travel around and dig up new ideas."

But Roger wasn't listening. "Look here," he said. "You've given me quite a jolt. I'd never thought of the furniture business as anything but a lot of machines turning out millions of kitchen chairs. Well, I'd never be satisfied with making and selling kitchen chairs. But this sort of thing is different. I'd like to have a shot at making some pieces as fine as anything that Moreno's got. You've done it once; why shouldn't we go on doing it? Perhaps we wouldn't make much the first year or so, but I'm sure good stuff will pay for itself eventually. There must be millions of people at home who want beautiful furniture."

"I know there are," said John Quinby. "All we've got to do is find them. With two of us on the job, it oughtn't to take so long."

"But no more kitchen chairs," said Roger. "If I'm going into this thing, I insist on only making stuff that we can be proud of. How's that for a policy?"

"Sounds good to me, son."

"Quinby and Quinby," said Roger, "Designers and Manufacturers of Fine Furniture. That's a bit long, but it gives you the idea."

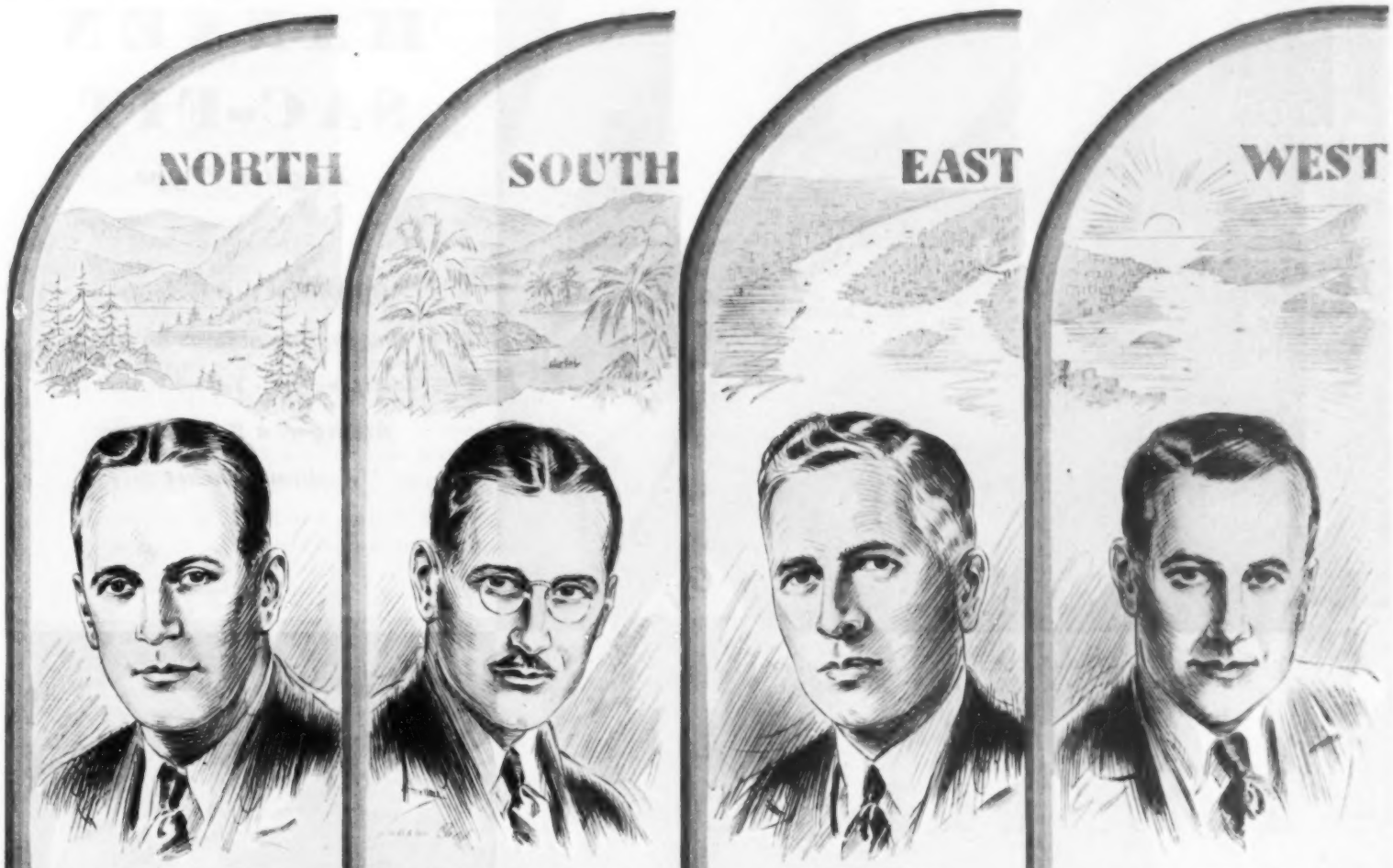
"Perfectly," John Quinby replied. "And not a bad idea either."

"I think we'll have a lot of fun," said Roger. "When do you think we can get started?"

First Tree: "Now I Must Tell You All About My Operation"

EVERY THIRD WHITE OWL IS YOUR VELVET···EVERYWHERE

STATEMENTS OF FOUR AMERICAN BUSINESS MEN .... PORTRAITS FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY JUDSON CARD



MR. EMIL R. ELDER,
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"I've always smoked cigarettes and still do. It's only recently that I've found a new smoking enjoyment. After my lunch and dinner and in the evening, I smoke a WHITE OWL. The sweet, mild flavor varies the monotony of cigarettes and gives a new zest to life."

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"Many years ago, someone gave me a WHITE OWL to try. It just hit the spot and I've never switched. WHITE OWL is mild, full-flavored, and sweet-tasting. Besides, it costs one-third less than 10 cent cigars and tastes just as good as any of them I've ever smoked."

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"For some time I have felt that I should write you and congratulate you on the wonderful value you give in the WHITE OWL, 3 for 20 cents cigar. I have smoked this cigar for almost two years and have yet to find its equal *in any 10 cent cigar* for mild flavor, size, and uniformity."

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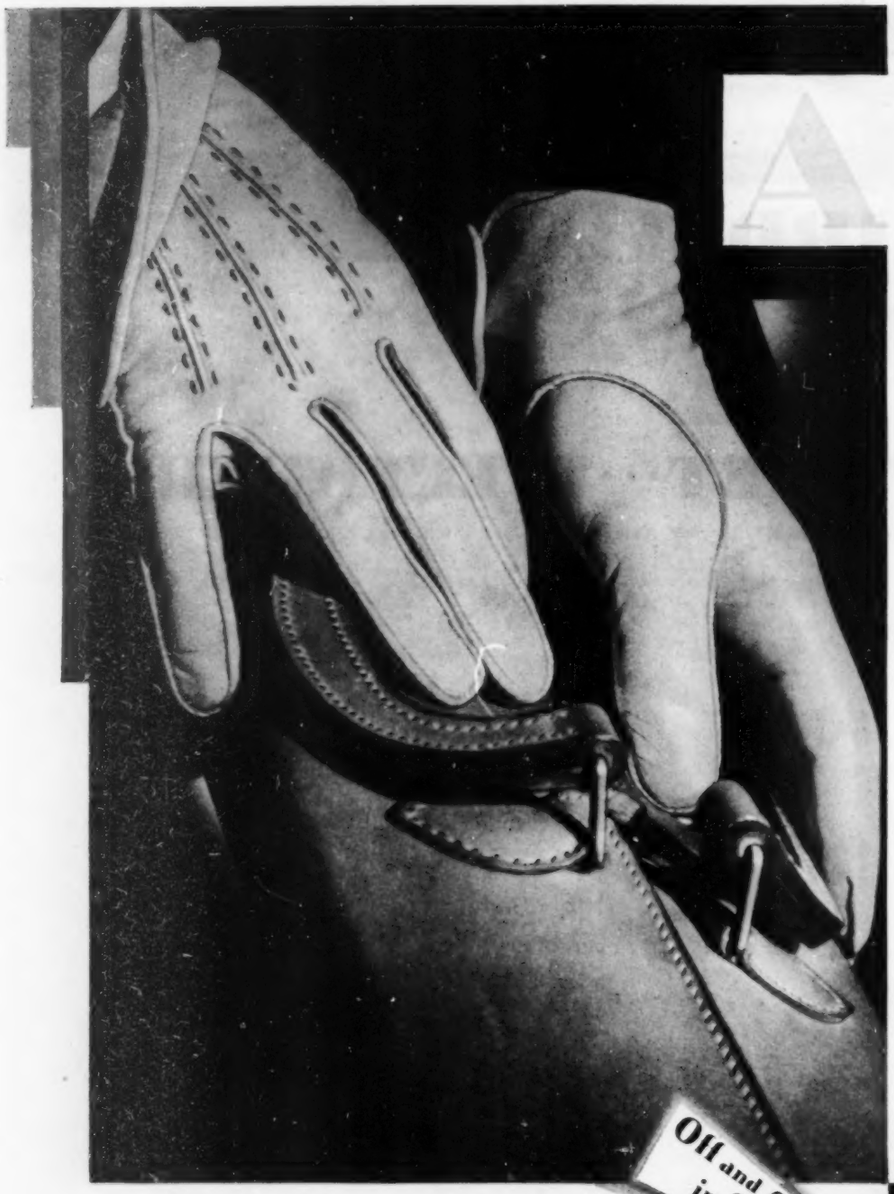


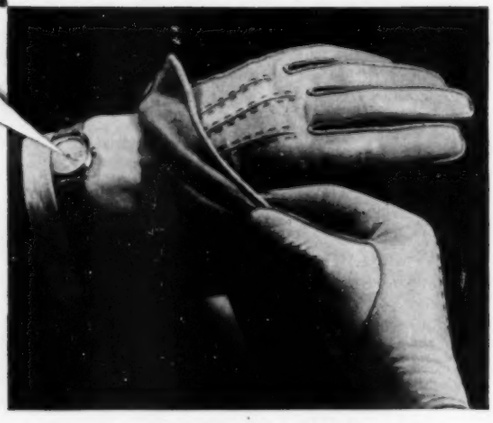
NEW and

The HANSEN SAC-FIT

English Type

Off and on in 2 seconds— as comfortable as an old slipper - - - Yet as smart fitting as a Bond Street dinner jacket

The Imported Velvet Goatskin Sac-Fit with hand-stitched back . . . Price $5



This new type glove—off and on in 2 seconds—ends forever the tyranny of the old cramped finger-freezing dress glove.

Genuine Imported Velvet Goatskin with hand-stitched back (as illustrated) also in imported deerskin $5

The Hansen Sac-Fit in imported cape skin (all colors) with embroidered back . . . $4

REMARKABLE CHANGE in MEN'S GLOVES

That Forever Ends The Wearing of Tight-Fitting, Uncomfortable Gloves To Make Your Hands Look Smartly Gloved!

TO LOOK at, you would say it is a tight-fitting glove . . . smart as Piccadilly on an Easter Morning.

To wear it, you would say it's as comfortable as a Jersey mitten . . . you put it on as easily, take it off as easily.

We introduced the first model scarcely 12 months ago, and it swept from one end of America to the other.

It is called the Hansen Sac-Fit, English Type, and there is no other glove made in this country like it. Thus to obtain its smart comfort, you must purchase it by name.

You wear it for dress. You wear it for street. You wear it for motoring . . . just as the smartest men in London now wear this ONE type glove for all ordinary occasions.

And it is smart and correct for each occasion. *It looks close fitting, but isn't.* And—even after months of wear, it holds its shape. Creasing at the fingers, bulging at the knuckles are largely overcome.

An Utterly New Type of Glove

It is patterned and cut on utterly different lines from ordinary gloves. Its tips are stubbier; its fingers are wider and *far roomier.* It doesn't cramp in street wear—doesn't bind in motoring. You're hardly conscious that you're wearing gloves.

It ends knuckle binding and finger cramping. Ends the tugging on and pulling off that men dislike so much in old-type gloves.

Whatever you do, see them; feel them; then slip on a pair. You'll do as millions of men have done; never again be happy with old-time gloves. O. C. Hansen Mfg. Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

A Tip Straight from the Sleeve . . . *The Silk-Faced Sac-Fit . $5 and $5.50*

Bond Street tailors first discovered that silk linings in coat sleeves would give extra freedom. The same principle applies in the Hansen Silk-faced Sac-Fit glove. The only glove in the world that slips on or off more easily than the Hansen Sac-Fit (unlined).

It's a new idea in gloves. Lining for ease rather than warmth. The silk is a solid knit fabric—a man's silk—made especially to our order. It's smooth, firm, not "catchy." It wears like the glove itself.

Each year more men are turning to silk-sleeves-in-the-glove. Because it's a fact, the Hansen Silk-faced Sac-Fit gives such a gentle fit you can forget you have it on. Just try a pair before you select your next gloves . . . See for yourself.

Motorists Wise

SIMONIZ

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KEEPS COLORS FROM FADING

Makes cars look NEW AND BEAUTIFUL

MILLIONS of motorists know from experience that Simonizing is the wisest, easiest and most modern way of caring for all motor car finishes because it keeps them looking new and beautiful for years.

If your car is dulled or discolored, Simonizing will restore the original lustre and make it look bright and new again. New cars, too, should always be Simonized before being driven very far. Simoniz protects the finish season after season, in winter as in summer, makes it last longer and keeps the colors from fading.

Simoniz your car . . . the sooner the better. Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener and you will always drive a beautiful looking car.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, Chicago, U.S.A.

Motorists Wise

SIMONIZ

TRADE MARK REG

Easily Applied With a Cloth

A GIRL OF THE NINETIES

(Continued from Page 33)

affection was returned. There was overwhelming evidence. For example, he once gave me half an apple, and upon another occasion he allowed me to handle his marbles—meigs, alleys and realers! Quite privately, of course, out behind our barn. But somehow our secret got noised abroad in the mysterious way these things do. The youngsters of the neighborhood took to shouting an intolerable refrain:

"Jimmie's stuck on Nina,
Shame, shame, shame!"

The gentleman's attentions to me ceased forthwith. I nearly died of the agony the song induced, and very unobtrusively Jim Saunders passed out of my life, red cap and all. I think, as a matter of record, that his family moved to Canada.

I was very sad when Jim left—sad and increasingly ill. I had begun to discover that I was easily sickened by all sorts of natural phenomena. Mud in a street disgusted me so that I could not endure to step on it. Dirt of any kind offended me intolerably. I was finding out that there were a good many unattractive things in the world, and perhaps because I was on the verge of a serious illness, they seemed to become manifest all at once, and I suffered mental agonies at finding that all of life was not exquisite. In fact I brooded so much on the evil things I found about me that this mood led to a very curious and valuable experience.

I was sitting huddled up by the radiator in our rather dreary little dining room one day, utterly wretched in mind and body, and wondering how God could possibly allow hideous things in the world like snakes, raw meat, dirty snow, and dresses made of the wrong shade of brown, one of which I was forced to wear. I felt that to live in the same world with such things was intolerable. Then my funny little mind, which adored working out any sort of mental problem as keenly as it detested struggling with a physical one, decided that if God had made the world and God was good, then there must be beauty in everything in His world, and that the fault lay not in His creation but in my own powers of perception. Therefore I must somehow learn to see the beauty which, logically, existed in all things. And being of a very practical turn of mind, I at once looked about for some hideous object "to practice on," as I put it. I finally pitched upon the garbage can. Nothing repelled me more than the sight of accumulated garbage, and so I got to my feet, strong in my resolution, but quite ill at the thought of what I was about to do.

Then I went out onto the back porch where our refuse awaited the city collector, and took the lid off the garbage receptacle. It was full, but I would not even allow myself the indulgence of holding my nose. I forced myself to look. And at the risk of being laughed at and disbelieved, I must solemnly state that I stood there until I saw beauty; until I discovered, in place of rotten tomatoes, wilted lettuce and odds and ends from the kitchen, a mass of glorious color. I stood there until I saw an inadvertent design, and knew that it was good. Then I put the lid on and went back into the house, my fear of ugliness vanquished, and it is the absolute truth that from that day to this, I have always been able to see beauty first in anything which has presented itself to my gaze. I was not quite nine years old when I did this thing, and from then on life was infinitely less difficult. I had discovered a source of strength within myself upon which, needless to say, I have had to call many times since.

My father still took me about with him on little expeditions, which were usually in the nature of fishing trips to near-by Hunter's Island, where we were joined by a man named Julian Hawthorne. He had a fierce manner, and spoke very little except to rail against Bryan's plan for free silver, of which most grown-up folks spoke sooner or later.

One day, during the winter following, I was playing in the snow, when suddenly I found that my knees would not move. I crawled into the house with great difficulty and it was discovered that I was suffering from a virulent form of rheumatism, with a complication of tuberculosis. I had a long illness, lasting more than six months, and I think this made me mature very quickly in mind, if not in body.

I had a devoted nurse during this time to whom I undoubtedly owe my life. She was a Manx woman, and the first lady I ever met who wore short hair. It was clipped as close as a modern shingle bob, and I thought that since Manx cats were known to have no tails, in all probability, Manx ladies were all short haired. This blessed woman, in defiance to the doctor's orders, flung all the windows wide open the day she took charge, insisting on the fresh-air cure, which was then considered a dangerous innovation. But like many new ideas, it worked, and as soon as my recovery was complete we moved to New York City, and I graduated from my sick bed to a singularly responsible position in my family.

There is one great penalty attached to knowing how to do practical domestic things. Somebody is sure to see to it that your talent gets plenty of exercise. Grandma had taught me more about cooking and housekeeping on my intermittent visits to her than my decorative mamma had learned in her entire life. So before I was quite eleven years old, mamma began to turn over the housekeeping to me. I expect that before this the direction of the household had been largely left to the slatternly maids who came and went, and that mamma's principal contribution was inactive criticism. Domestic details frankly bored her, and she adroitly utilized my taste for them, praising and encouraging each new effort. She ought to have made a splendid business executive, for she could exact service without ever seeming to do so. And as soon as she discovered that I could be trusted, her share of household responsibility was turned over to me. Her instructions were brief, and confined to a single initial effort when she showed me how to set a dinner table in the accepted fashion, and how to decorate it charmingly; to which she also added instructions in the matter of what wines to serve with the different courses of a meal—a very important item of knowledge in those days. So that at the age of eleven I was writing the wine merchant our orders for claret, champagne, sherry and white wines, and was perfectly familiar with the years and names of the best vintages which our limited exchequer could afford.

Before I was twelve the entire marketing was turned over to me, and I was given fourteen dollars a week with which to meet expenses, which included, besides all food, kindling wood for the kitchen range, kerosene for the lamps, milk and ice. We were four in family, and had one general housework, Katie, a gaunt Irishwoman who slept in a cubby-hole at the back of the kitchen and took her baths in the set tubs where she more frequently washed our clothes. I went daily to do our shopping on Third Avenue, and as a rule I managed to save about seventy-five cents a week for myself out of the sum allotted me, provided we had not had too many dinner guests. In which case I went without my personal spending money. But I never had a household deficit. I seldom went out on these shopping expeditions alone, but was usually accompanied by a governess who had been engaged to teach my baby sister and myself at home. I did all the choosing of the foodstuffs unaided and nothing delighted me more than to have mamma praise the arrangement of a meal.

We were living at No. 75 East Fifty-fourth Street during this time. Our apartment was on the second floor of a row of brownstone flats, and at the corner of Park Avenue the street gaped open into a great sunken railroad yard, across which, all day and all night, the smoky trains roared in and out of the Grand Central Station below. We could see right down onto the trains from our windows, and the smoke would puff blackly into our very faces if we hung out over the sills. The window curtains were always soiled, and dusting was a hopeless task. But the neighborhood was cheap because of this drawback of the trains, and was at the same time only two blocks from Fifth Avenue, the ultra-fashionable, which made it suited to mamma's sense of what was due our rather hypothetical social position.

The flat itself had seven rooms scattered down the length of a dark, narrow corridor. My bedroom was inky dark, its only window looking out on a grimy white-washed wall not more than six feet away, and there was no play room, so my sister Eleanor and I had to play and study in the dining room, which was hardly less gloomy than the sleeping chambers.

Mamma, however, had, in addition to the bedroom she shared with daddy, a boudoir to herself. This boudoir was a delightful little room, all bright chintzes and ruffles, with an elaborate dressing table draped after the English fashion. And here mamma, with her flowery peignoirs, reminded one of those more familiar French prints which so well incorporated the frivolous spirit of the eighteenth century. The room was completely impractical, and the bane of my life was keeping the vast dressing table neat, for mamma used quantities of powder and rouge, although even in the bosom of her family her beautiful complexion was supposed to be Nature's handiwork. In those days the use of cosmetics was thought dangerous, and as a matter of fact it was. For coloring, mamma made use of the same little pot of pink paste with which she colored her nails, and her powder was nothing more or less than fine rice!

Mamma sat in her boudoir a great deal, reading and eating quantities of sweets, and since she looked as pretty as a picture, I felt it a real privilege to clean her dressing-table silver, to iron out the fluffy wrappers as often as required, patiently to sew on dress shields and hooks and eyes, and to brush up the endless cigarette ashes she scattered upon the floor. The perfume she used intoxicated me, and I thought her the most chic and beautiful woman in the world. All my natural inclination to hero worship centered on my mother, and undoubtedly her example taught me a thousand details of personal daintiness and charm which were a closed book to the average woman of the day. Mamma accepted my homage somewhat unthinkingly, I am afraid. She had received a great deal of admiration in her life, and took it as her natural right, which indeed it was. She was not made for poverty, and steadfastly refused to face its existence, even when it was directly upon us. She had flashing brown eyes of great size, which formed a striking contrast to her hair, which was already snow white at thirty. Her hands and feet were tiny and beautifully formed, and she polished the nails of both, an oddity which even my father vaguely considered as slightly immoral. Nobody was manicured in those days except actresses and other equally doubtful characters.

Street sweepers in those days had ample justification for their jobs. Nevertheless, grown-up ladies allowed their dresses to trail behind them on the sidewalks, and gathered up their multitudinous skirts only when crossing a street intersection. I recall one dark-blue broadcloth dress of mamma's which had a deep horse-hair

(Continued on Page 72)

Luxurious Transportation

All the treasures of ancient Egypt contributed to the splendor and luxury of Cleopatra's lavish barge

PACKARD luxury, once enjoyed, is seldom relinquished. Records indicate that 96% of all Packard owners remain in the family—replace their old Packards with new ones.

Packard has always been a luxury car. It has sought and found its patronage among those who know and appreciate fine things.

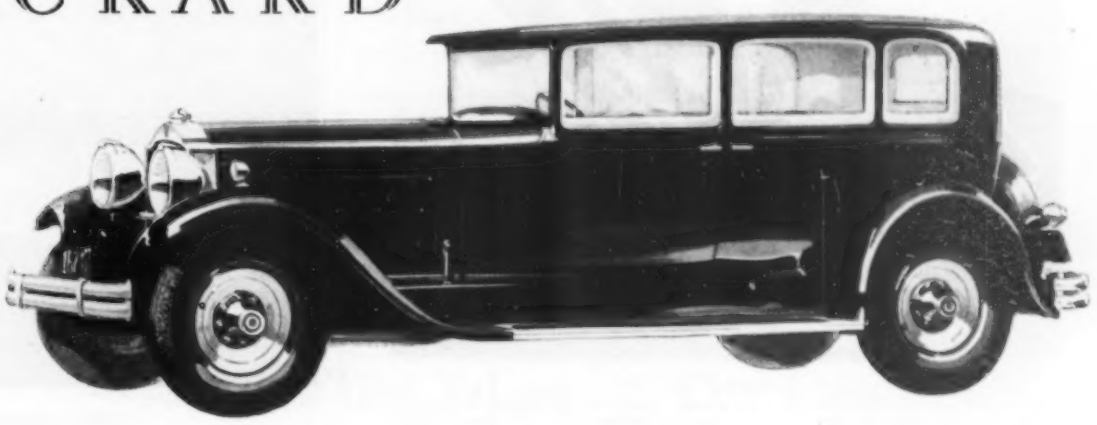
When such owners, after long, proud years of satisfaction, have come to part with their cars, they have naturally turned again to Packard. And Packard has always been ready with new and finer vehicles—improved mechanically and more luxurious than ever, but retaining the characteristic beauty of style and design so distinctly Packard's own.

New customers, too, have turned to Packard when seeking supreme motor car luxury. Records show that two-thirds of today's Packard Standard Eights are bought by those who give up other makes of cars.

What greater tribute to quality and reputation and engineering leadership can there be than that which old customers and new thus bestow on Packard? Act upon the Packard slogan and—

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

PACKARD

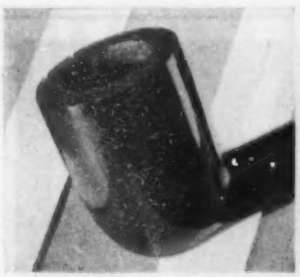


Broken-in and sweet from the start

Every Demuth Milano has been mechanically smoked with real tobacco by the special Demuth process. That harsh, tongue-burning taste of a new pipe has been done away with.

All shapes and sizes

You may buy Demuth Milano Pipes in your favorite shape in either the highly polished smooth finish or the distinctive ripple finish. Packed in the attractive red and black box.



It takes more than fresh tobacco for a really fragrant smoke

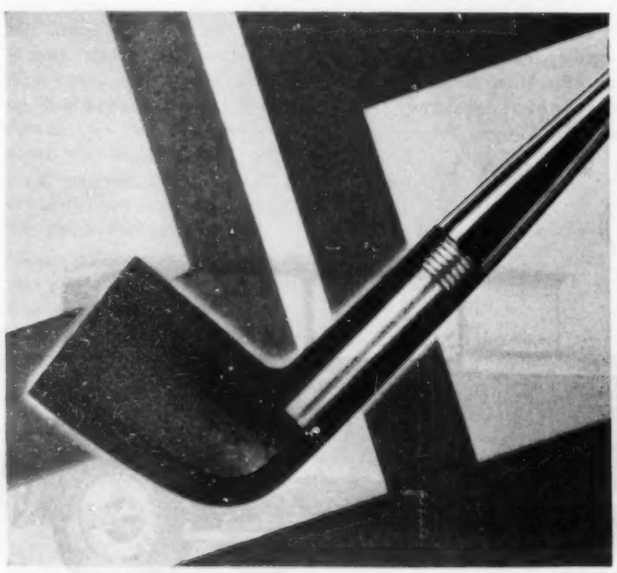
OPEN a tin of your favorite tobacco . . . notice its aromatic richness. Now, take a whiff of your pipe bowl . . . remove the stem and have a look at the shank. If it's as fresh and clean as the tobacco, it must be a Demuth Milano you are smoking. If it isn't, your briar is not a fit companion for really good tobacco. For the greatest smoking pleasure comes only from a pipe that is sweet and clean.

With a Demuth Milano with the Hesson Guard* you can count on a sweet smoke through a dry pipe every time you light up. Moisture cannot condense and stale in the shank. Fresh, fragrant smoke is drawn untainted to the mouth. This scientifically correct construction makes each bowlful smoke smoothly and evenly all the way down to the last flake of tobacco. Wm. Demuth & Company. Established 1862. New York, London, Chicago, San Francisco.

Demuth Milano

with the Hesson Guard $3.50

*Patented 12-22-25



The one pipe that stays *sweet*

The Hesson Guard screws air-tight against the shoulder of the bowl. Condensation is prevented and the shank stays dry and clean. Nothing to foul the fragrance of the fresh tobacco smoke.

(Continued from Page 70)

braid around the inside of the hem, to take the brunt of dragging over the sidewalks of New York. But this braid did not prevent the skirt from accumulating the most amazing amount of filth, which had to be brushed off after each outdoor expedition. It was one of my duties to brush mamma's dresses, and I would choke and sputter in the cloud of dust which arose during the process. It certainly was a dirty job, but nevertheless I looked eagerly forward to the day when my own skirts would be long enough to drag in the same manner.

In this new city life there were practically no children to play with, and if it had not been for my many household duties, I would have been very lonely, especially when I was sent out to play on the sidewalk in front of the house. There was one little boy, named Eddie Richards, who lived opposite, and occasionally after school he would greet me with a cheery "hello." But this Eddie had many occupations of his own which kept him busy. For one thing, he was a member of the Knickerbocker Greys, a fashionable military organization for boys which was supposed to impart a military carriage and sense of discipline to its members. Eddie Richards was very smart in his uniform, and I used to look forward to seeing him appear in it on Thursdays, which was the day of weekly meeting.

Somehow or other it transpired that I was once invited to see him drill at the Sixty-ninth Armory, but the affair was a disappointment, and I grew cold and bored at the endless maneuvers and was disappointed because they didn't serve ice cream. Eddie had roller skates on which he used to glide about our block in a lordly fashion, sneering at my inability to do the same. I had received a pair of roller skates that Christmas, although they were the last thing I desired, and in a stupendous effort to be like the other children, I strapped them on and essayed learning to skate. But I couldn't make good. My poor weak knees refused to support me, I had no sense of equilibrium, and I clung to the area railings in front of my home, dumb with misery as the competing street urchins flew by, sometimes with only a single skate to glide about on.

In all that long block of severely ugly brownstone dwellings there lived no other children of my age excepting the grocer's daughter, with whom I was not allowed to play. I heard indirectly that this girl later became a famous theatrical show girl.

But there was one child in our apartment building of whom I was allowed to see as much as I pleased. This was a baby girl of about the age of my own sister. And indeed this tot was too pretty and too amusing to seem quite real. She was more like an exquisite, animated French doll of the old, beloved bisque *genre* than like a living child, and I used to spend hours tying ribbons on her hair, running her soft curls over my finger, adjusting her charming little dresses, and allowing her to walk all over me. I never tired of her, and her pretty young mother used to have to chase me home. How I wished that this exquisite little creature might have been my sister! Her name was Constance Binney, and it gives me a sort of shock to think that I actually used to hold the successful motion-picture star in my lap and lavish upon her all the devotion which little girls usually reserve for their favorite doll.

As a matter of fact, I never cared much for ordinary dolls of the size which a child can cuddle and play house with. But I had dolls of another sort by the dozen, with which I played endlessly. These dolls constituted a family, the elder members of which stood about six inches high, were realistically dressed, and had numerous offspring of proportionate size. My parents had allowed me to convert a cupboard in the dining room into a complete dolls' house for my Lilliputians, and my ambition was to make it perfect in every detail. I seldom asked for presents which would not fit into it, and if anyone gave me a bit of furnishing which was the least bit out of proportion, I discarded it. I would not allow the harmonious whole to be disturbed, no matter how enchanting the offering might be in itself. If it was too large or too small to be convincing I gave it to my sister, who was not troubled by an exact sense of proportion, and who was never allowed to touch my chief treasure.

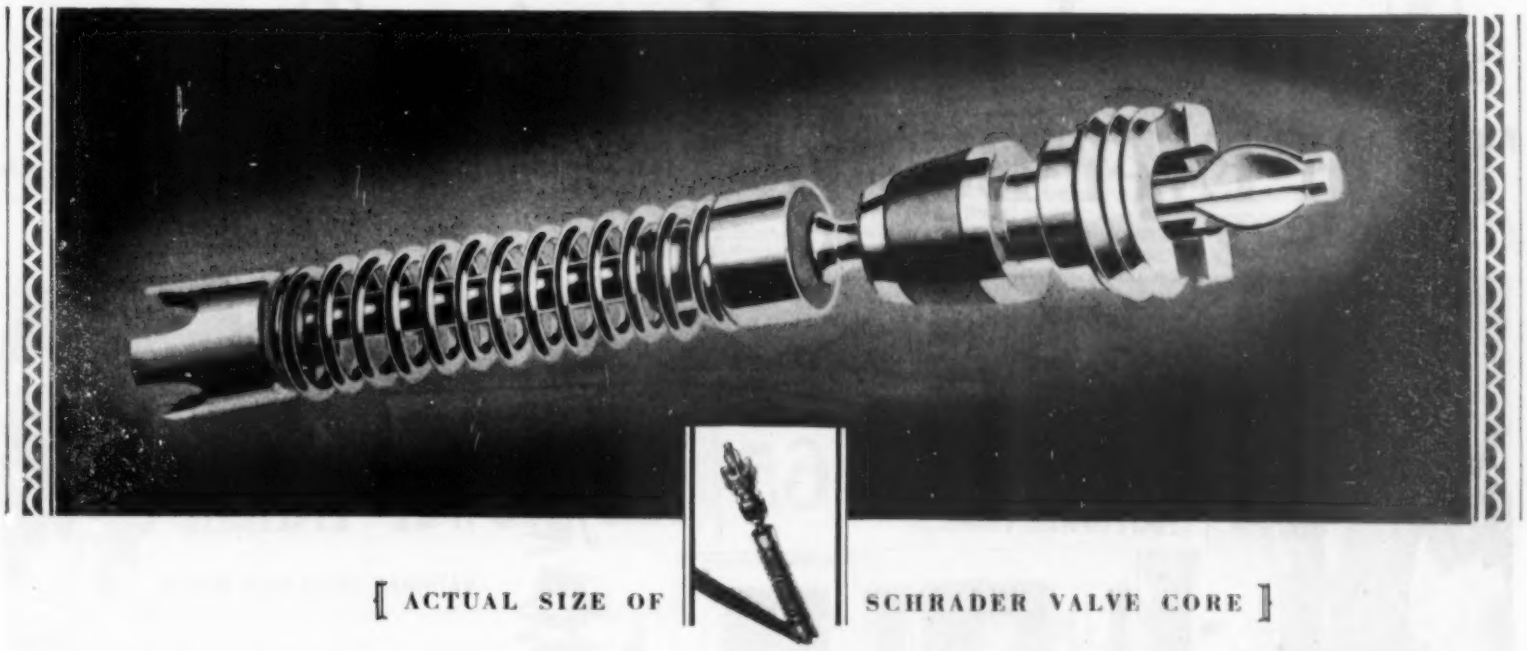
To me those little dolls were real people. I could cause them to enact tremendous dramas, emotional crises and delicious comedies. They represented a way of grabbing hold of life, and experiencing many things which were still outside the sphere of my personal existence. I made their life my own, and lived the thrills of courtship, marriage, birth and death through them. General Miles was then Chief of Staff of the American Army, as I recall. At any rate, I thought he was, and so, although the father of my household was dressed in full evening dress, including a high silk hat, which, unfortunately, could not come off when he went to bed, I named him after the general. And what General Miles and his family went through on the impulse of my

(Continued on Page 75)

PHOTO. BY PHOTO-ILLUSTRATORS

The Susquehanna River, Maryland

ACTUALLY AS SMALL AS A COTTER PIN . . . YET YOUR CAR IS HELPLESS WITHOUT IT!



ACTUAL SIZE OF SCHRADER VALVE CORE

Take One Second..Before You Buy

HAVING tire trouble on the road? Maybe it's because you have old or inferior valve cores in your tires. Replace these cores at once, but take a second to look for the name "Schrader" before you buy new ones. You'll find it pays.

With these superior valve cores, or valve "insides," you run less risk of road troubles and will receive longer tire mileage. Schrader Valve Cores hold the air.

Motorists are warned against inferior imitations now on the market.

Be sure you get genuine Schrader Valve Cores in the Schrader Red Box. This simple precaution saves you trouble on the road. These valve cores prolong the life of tires by keeping them properly inflated . . .

"Schrader" plainly printed on the top. With Schraders you are safe. They are used in more than 85% of all tubes made in the United States and Canada. They are easily installed. They cost no more than inferior valve cores.

For Your Protection

So, simply to protect yourself, look for the name "Schrader" on the red box. Others come in red boxes, but the Schrader box has the name

Look Today

Glance today at your spare box of valve cores in your car. See if they are Schraders. If not, the chances are you have inferior valve cores that may give you trouble when you least want it.

So take one second to look for the name "Schrader" when you buy valve cores. It is sure protection for you. A. Schrader's Son, Inc., BROOKLYN, Chicago, Toronto, London.

Genuine Schrader Valve Cores cost only a few cents apiece, less than thirty cents for a box of five.

Schrader

Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

Tire Valves . . . Tire Gauges

Now . . . Longer Lasting Trucks Than Ever Before Thought Possible

3-Ton Heavy Duty Speed Wagon in the Service of Mayflower Transit Company, Indianapolis, Indiana

Making It Unwise to Pay Less and Unnecessary to Pay More Than the Price of REO Speed Wagons

AT the right we quote facts on the long life of Reo Speed Wagons, in years of service. These facts, we believe, indicate a long-life record without equal in the field of commercial transportation.

In terms of miles, this record is still more outstanding, still more important to every user of trucks. In the same given period Reo Speed Wagons, built as they are for passenger car speed, undoubtedly have covered and are covering today at least *twice* the number of miles per day as average motor trucks. And you know that the quicker the run—the greater the profit.

Reo Gold Crown Engine

New Reo Speed Wagons of 1½ to 3-ton capacity are powered by the Reo Gold Crown Engine to meet the requirements of today's rapidly changing traffic conditions—an engine that accelerates and holds the pace in traffic set by the newest passenger cars. *Chrome nickel alloy cylinder block*—the longest wearing cylinder material known today—7 times the wear-resisting qualities of conventionally grey iron. *New type low expansion, longest lasting aluminum alloy pistons* that should outwear 3 ordinary pistons. 6 cylinders. 7 bearing crankshaft. Full pressure lubrication.

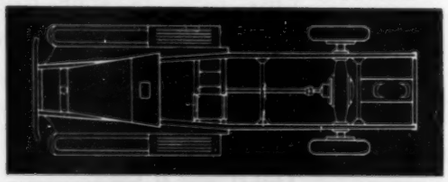
Many other engineering features have been added that result not only in amazing power, flexibility and economy, but have *markedly defeated friction and vibration*, the two greatest foes of economy and long life. 4-wheel, 2-shoe, internal expanding hydraulic brakes. Myers built-in magazine chassis lubrication. Air cushioned seats. And full equipment.

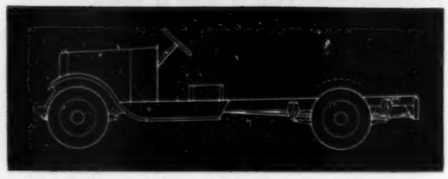
Nine wheelbase sizes—from 134 to 179 inches—in tonnage capacities of 1½, 2 and 3 tons. All competitively priced—from $1,295 to $2,200—to reduce your investment in long life hauling equipment.

Reo Speed Wagons for General Utility Service

The same remarkable flexibility, speed, economy of operation, long life and value that distinguish the new Speed Wagons for the heavy duty field are also built into the General Utility Speed Wagons. Models ranging to 138-inch wheelbase. Chassis priced to $1,075 F. O. B. Lansing.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Lansing, Michigan*





A Long Life Record Probably Unequaled in the History of Commercial Transportation

—*On July 1, 1928, there were 96,481 Reo Speed Wagons registered in the United States.*

—*This was 4,756 more than had been sold in the United States during the entire 6½ years from January 1, 1922, to July 1, 1928.*

—*93.2% of all the Reo Speed Wagons sold in the United States during the previous 7½ years was still in registered use July 1, 1928.*

—*80.3% of all the Reo Speed Wagons sold in the United States during the previous 8½ years was still in registered use on July 1, 1928.*

—*50.8% of all Reo trucks sold since 1913 was still registered on July 1, 1928.*

SPEED REO WAGON

LONG LIFE

GOOD FOR . . . 100,000 MILES

L90

(Continued from Page 72)

vivid imagination would doubtless have astounded his namesake. His wife was perpetually dressed in bridal costume, with the natural result that the two were remarried at least a dozen times, the ceremony being performed by the vinegar cruet, which was the only object of appropriate size and shape which I could find. The vinegar cruet was of cut glass with a conical stopper rather resembling a miter, and when dressed in a white silk handkerchief embroidered with colored flowers, did very well as the officiating priest.

The life in the dolls' house was so real to me that it was soon necessary to extend its activities beyond the scope of a strictly domestic existence. Its people must have somewhere to go, something to do. True, they had friends who occasionally emerged from the old shoe box in which they lived, to call or to be entertained at dinner. But a life outside the little house had come to be a natural extension.

About this time I was taken to the opera to see a performance of the Magic Flute. This was not my first opera, for long ago in Philadelphia I had been taken to hear and see Minnie Hauck as Carmen. The more recent experience awakened the dormant memory of that earlier performance, and with it a violent curiosity and interest concerning the theater. A theater was what the Miles family needed! Straightway I proceeded to build one, and this time I had no help from toy shops.

I built a complete, collapsible theater to the size of our dining-room table. It had to be collapsible owing to the fact that, unfortunately, the table was needed for other purposes several times a day. And the theater had to fold up small because there was mighty little room in our flat to put away toys. But when it was done, it was of a proper size and shape to accommodate the Miles family and a host of paper dolls as supplementary audience. It had a proper stage of wood and cardboard with two sets of scenery, wings, back drop and a practical curtain. There were boxes on the sides of the proscenium arch, and the floor contained fifty seats, each separately constructed and fastened to a sloping floor. Outside the entrance—for the theater was inclosed in circular walls—was a little box office, and I made each doll buy a ticket before entering. If I had not done so, I would have had no belief in the reality of the performance.

I made the whole thing without assistance of any kind. The construction was principally of strong cardboard, and pins were used as nails, for glue was unsatisfactory and took too long to set. I painted the scenery, built the sets, and then wrote the plays, all of which were strong dramas with a highly pointed moral. They were so long that I had to write them down and read my script aloud as I moved the actors about by their wires. I could not seem to learn the parts by rote. But at the end of an act or of a particularly strong scene I would always stop and applaud violently. There were many curtain calls, and the leading lady was a cut-out of Julia Marlowe which I had found in an illustrated magazine. I often wish I had that theatre now, for my little son to play with. What eventually happened to it, I do not know. Probably it was thrown away as rubbish by mamma when we moved from this flat. But from the time I was ten and a half until I was nearly sixteen years of age, this theater and the dolls' house, for the pleasure and education of whose inhabitants it was originally built, occupied a great deal of my time. I could scarcely endure to give them up, and the first beau who ever called on me as such brought me an offering for the dolls' house—a little telephone so small that it was almost lost between my thumb and forefinger.

The scripts of the plays have also been lost, but another form of concurrent activity has been preserved. I discovered a use for copy books far more interesting than the one to which the governess, Miss Emily, occasionally persuaded me. I could use copy books to write novels in, and then cut out pictures which I considered illustrative, and paste them in among the text. Sometimes the pictures went in first, and this was awkward because then the story had, literally, to be written around them. I don't think that these stories, which are rambling and disjointed, interested me much. It was the fact of making a complete book which appealed to me. The result looks not unlike the make-up of a magazine about five weeks ahead of publication; the sort of thing one finds on the make-up editor's desk and is called a dummy. When I had finished such a volume, I would print Published by Harper Bros. across the bottom of the title page and solemnly present it to daddy, who always received the gift respectfully and without ridicule. Indeed he was quite proud of my efforts, and showed them to some of the literary folks who used to gather at our house on Sunday afternoons. Among those who saw my product was William Dean Howells, and the dean of American literature was sufficiently interested to talk to me about them, but he didn't talk down to me as most grown people did, and this encouraged and excited me so much that I told him about the plays I had written, and of my little theater.

One day I set it up for him, and dear Mr. Howells sat patiently through a performance until mamma, fearful that he was being bored, came to his rescue. I can see him as if it was only yesterday, seated uncomfortably on one of the stiff dining-room chairs, his kind eyes shining pleasantly, his mustache concealing the expression of his mouth. I lowered the gas to a pin point, lit the birthday-cake candles which were my footlights, and the show began. After I had read a bit in a rather shaky voice, almost overcome with pleasure and responsibility, for my own parents had steadfastly resisted my supplications to act as audience, the curtain caught on fire and we had to desist while we put it out. But Mr. Howells asked to see the script. I watched his face with fast-beating heart while he read. But he didn't laugh at me! The thing I was then most afraid of in life was being laughed at; for I took myself and all the world very seriously. My mother appeared in time to forestall any comment direct to me, but I think Mr. Howells must have said something very nice to her, because from that time on he took an especial interest in me. He sent me several books to read and advised others, and made me a gift of the complete works of Shakspere, which, by the way, I never read until many years later. He also gave me a copy of the Oxford Book of English Verse, and this opened the door of poetry to me. Up to that time I had loathed the very idea of verse, because Miss Emily had forced me to learn The Village Blacksmith by heart. Now I discovered that poetry was not necessarily dull.

And I have much more to thank Mr. Howells for. He was the first person to treat me as a thinking individual and to listen to me intelligently. I saw him frequently during the next few years, and he never treated me as a child, but as an equal whose thoughts and opinions were worthy of attention and whose questions were deserving of a careful reply. His unfailing patience with the little books I began handing him for his consideration as fast as they were finished was the very breath of life to me. I hung on his lightest word and secretly took his side in all the grown-up discussions which it was my lot to overhear. He was an extremely broad-minded thinker for his time, and believed in allowing children to examine for themselves whatever crumb of knowledge came their way. The books he recommended me were extraordinarily advanced, and my parents, both of whom adored him, would undoubtedly have forbidden them had they come from any other source.

"No," he used to say. "Don't keep knowledge of any sort from the child, provided it is sound knowledge, and not muck. The truth can never do her harm."

He said this on a dozen occasions, and it became a fundamental belief in my life. The truth can do no harm. I have tried to bring up my son on this great principle and to educate him along the lines which Mr. Howells laid down for me.

On the other hand, my governess taught me very little. She attempted, and partially succeeded, in destroying my knack for printing by hand, and endeavored to substitute a Spencerian script. The result is a scrawling half-breed writing which nobody can read. But of other studies she gave me little or no knowledge. My sister, though so much younger, was a far better scholar than I, for I always bitterly hated to be taught anything. I had far rather find things out for myself, in my own blind stumbling way, and, indeed, I resented instruction so strongly that my mind would close up and rage would actually often prevent my hearing what was taught. However, if some gleam of interest in a subject caught my fancy, I was avid until I had mastered it. There was no difficulty with history. I read far beyond my history lessons every time. It wasn't a question of laziness on my part, for when I was attracted to a subject I simply devoured it. For instance, long after my marriage, having had practically no elementary knowledge of arithmetic, I discovered quite accidentally that geometry could give me the same sort of mental stimulation which William James' writings did. I promptly took a course in it, and enjoyed the procedure immensely. But half the enjoyment lay in the fact that I had chosen to do it.

The intellectual life of the city was in a formative period. New York was busy setting up an intelligentzia, and the circle of the literati was steadily widening and taking on a definite outline, which in turn made its impression on the life of the nation. New York was taking its place firmly as one of the intellectual centers of the world, and in this our household had its distinct position.

But for the most part, our company were writers or editors, and I knew them all familiarly because, with only one maid, it was necessary that I assist at serving the refreshments. I was such a quiet little white-faced mouse that my presence was scarcely noticed, and certainly it never hindered the freedom of the conversation. When the sandwiches and cakes had been passed about, I usually took my share to the shelter of Mr. Howells' side, where, seated on a footstool, I munched contentedly, leaning against his comfortable plump knee and listening wide-eyed to every word that was said.

With all the talk on books, publishing, illustration, prices, plots, ideas, art, and what not, no wonder I decided to write! And so it came about that at the age of eleven years and five months I wrote my first coherent short story, and, incredible fact, I sold it. In length it ran to about three sticks, or a quarter of a column, and was sent to the New York Sunday Herald, whose children's page ran a series of weekly prizes. My effort concerned an old lady whose loudly voiced belief in the Lord's tendency to provide whatever she needed always resulted in the nearest neighbor doing the providing, and of the old lady's criticism when the provision wasn't quite up to standard. It was a humorous little story, the first and last effort to be funny which I made for a long time. And perhaps the funniest thing about it was that it brought in five dollars, which seemed to me a colossal sum, enough to buy a dozen of the things my heart most desired. What actually became of the money I don't know. Mamma took it to look after it, and I never saw it again.

My first professional effort was also my last for a good many years to come. For though presently the need to earn my own living arose, it was a long time before it even occurred to me that writing was my natural source of livelihood.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Miss Putnam. The third will appear next week.

Let's be precise gentlemen

FOR some months past we have been commending Sir Walter Raleigh to your attention, and in fact we think it worthy of commendation. It really *is* milder, gentlemen; what's more, it's cool and smooth and absolutely *uniform*, pipe load after pipe load—tin after tin. It's a rare mixture of fine tobaccos thoroughly aged, and seasoned to an exceptional mellowness and fragrance. Try a tin.

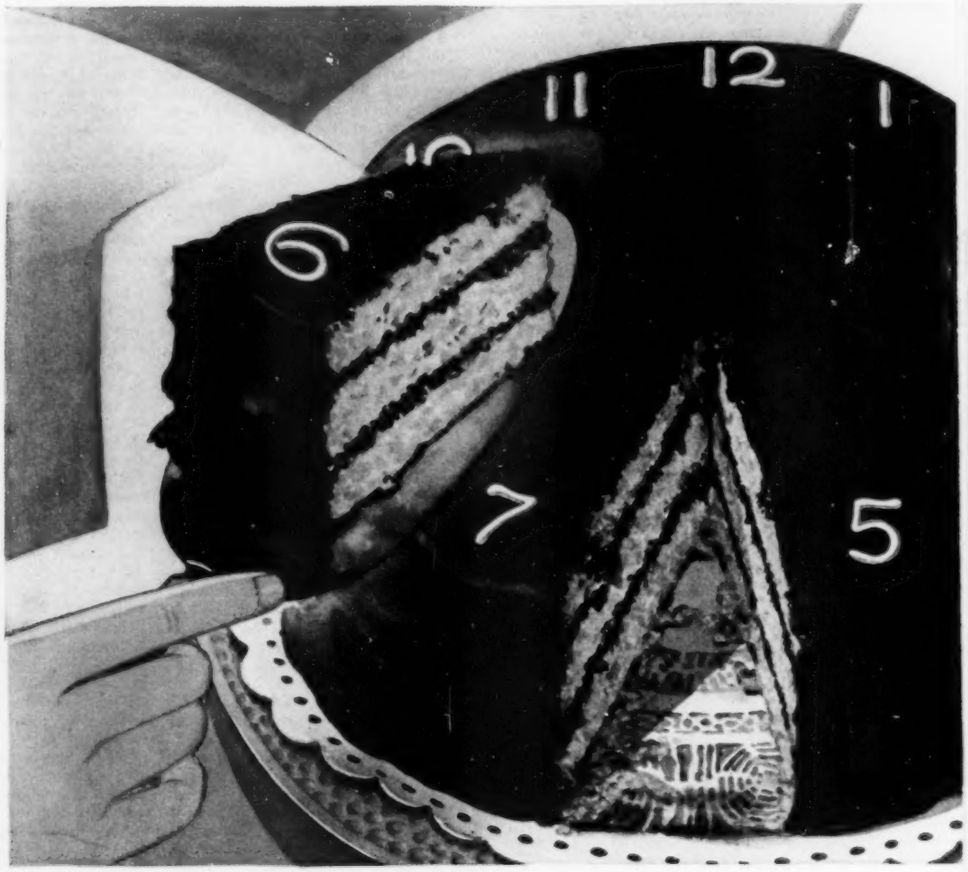
If you don't know Sir Walter Raleigh, send us the name of your regular tobacconist and we will see that you have a chance to get acquainted with this rich, milder tobacco.

Dept. 21, Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Ky.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Smoking Tobacco

It's *milder*



A slice of Cake that turned out to be a slice of Spare

WHILE I was growing up in a little Indiana town, it seemed as if Mother always had plenty of cook-stove time but never much time to play with us children.

I have a home and a child of my own now. But, like thousands of other women, I am in a measure self-supporting and spend as much time outside of my home as my mother used to spend inside of her kitchen.

Yet I want my son to remember his childhood happily. I want to gratify (within reason) his normal liking for cakes and cookies. But how in the world can I be with him if I occupy my free time hovering over an oven?

The problem solved

It was a problem until—well, I'll tell you.

There's a spick-and-span little store on our corner. I'd often been tempted by the cakes and cookies it displays. But home training dies hard. One afternoon there was a luscious looking chocolate cake in the window with the sign "Made just as you would make it at home."

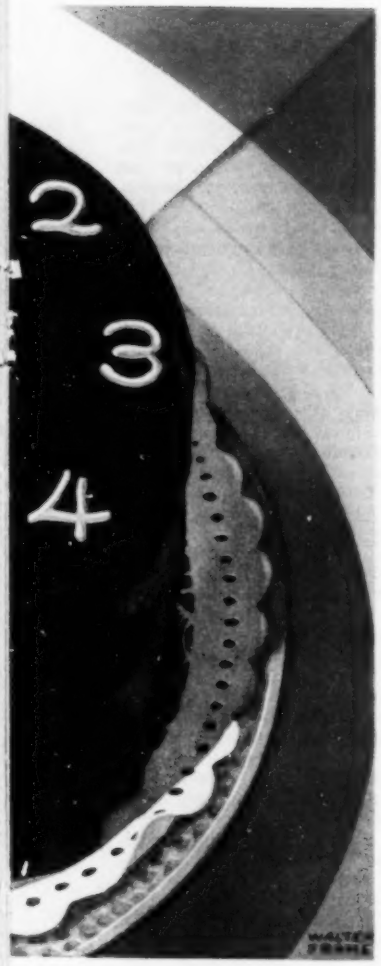
Well, I went in. I asked the clerk, "Is it *really* made as I would make it?" He showed me the baker's recipe. The shortening was Crisco. I perked up. Why, Crisco was what I used myself! I asked him and he gave me a slice of the cake. It was marvelous—light and tender! And the icing was thick and rich and creamy.

Ever since then I've been buying cakes and cookies at that corner store.

Something really important happened when that store clerk cut me a slice of cake, for what he really cut me was a slice *of time*. Time to spend with my child doing the things I used to want to do with my mother when I was a child. If you are one of millions of American women who "never have a moment" for themselves or their children, may I suggest that you buy from your baker or your grocer some golden, leisure hours?

You'll get some agreeable surprises. The bakery business has been going ahead rapidly these last few years. Good bakers have really captured a home-made taste for their goods because they are using home-made recipes. (For example, thousands of bakers are using Crisco—and when a baker is so careful in the choice of his shortening it's likely that he's using the very same ingredients that you use at home—the same kind of sugar and baking powder, purest of flavorings, fine pastry flour, plump raisins and choice nut meats.)

DOROTHY A. BARTLETT



Time

Now!

Ask for these two bakery specials

Devil's Food Cake

Good bakers and grocery stores are featuring this favorite cake, made for you according to a real homemade recipe: ½ cup Crisco, 1¼ cups sugar, 3 eggs, 2 cups flour, ½ cup cocoa, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon soda, ¾ teaspoon salt, ¾ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup milk, ¼ teaspoon vanilla. A rich cream icing between layers and on top of cake.

Cookies take on a party manner

There's both health and enjoyment for your children in the oatmeal cookies, the hermits and the molasses jumbles that good bakers make. But cookies are not for childhood alone. Indeed, no! For there are sophisticated members of the cookie family, too—rich shortbreads, for example, and thin wafers decorated with chocolate, or nut meats, that lend a suave touch to your bridge teas.

Bakers help solve your menu problem with a wide variety of good things:

Pound Cake—fine flavored, rich. Plain or laden with nuts or raisins. Serve with ice cream.

Danish Pastry—flaky and *not-too-sweet*, for a simple dessert or with the breakfast coffee.

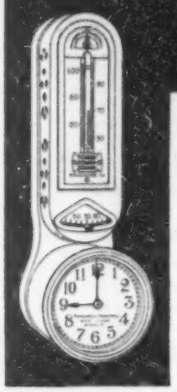
Cup Cakes—the nicest kind of dessert, especially delicious with stewed fruits.

Doughnuts—plain for the breakfast table; iced and fancy for the bridge table.

Chocolate Marshmallow Roll—a fitting ending for a "company" meal.

"I'm glad my daughter doesn't have to spend her winter days tending the fire"

"She'll find that the youngsters will be saved a lot of sickness"



This is the Age of Automatic Home Heating . . . founded on Automatic Heat Control

The modern mother never worries a minute all winter long about keeping her home warm and safe during the day—she turns the entire responsibility over to the Minneapolis-Honeywell Heat Regulator . . . This completely dependable electric servant operates the heating plant dampers automatically and keeps the temperature always uniform . . . Mother is saved a good many tiresome trips up and down the basement stairs . . . She appreciates the family's bettered health since the regulator was installed . . . Those regular winter "sieges" of colds caused by fluctuating temperatures have disappeared . . . And father, freed from the drudgery of constant fire-tending, is his old cheerful self again.

Your family can secure all the priceless advantages of automatic heat control . . . the foundation of automatic heating . . . in two ways: Install a heating plant burning coal, oil or gas automatically (the leading makes, you will find, depend on Minneapolis-Honeywell controls). Or equip your present heater with a Minneapolis-Honeywell Heat Regulator, modest in cost but destined to give you a lifetime of faithful, automatic service . . . May be purchased on easy payments . . . Write for free booklet, "The High Cost of Overheating".

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL
HEAT REGULATOR

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL REGULATOR CO., (Also manufacturers of industrial temperature, pressure and safety combustion controllers, industrial motor valves, automatic control for unit heaters, and Jewell Temperature Regulators.) Executive Offices: 2803 Fourth Avenue So., Minneapolis. Factories: Minneapolis, Minn. and Wabash, Ind. Branch offices and distributors in principal cities. Authorized factory-trained representatives in almost every city.

THE LIMESTONE TREE

(Continued from Page 5)

Louanna, newly fourteen; McKee, a son at the age of twelve; Bruton, a year younger; Kate who was nine, and Flora, seven. There were eight of them, and, though they were no worse off than their neighbors, and no better, the cabin was without a tin cup or iron fork. But they, it must be admitted, were articles of luxury. James Abel, naturally, bore a scalping knife, there was a second knife in the cabin, and that was no mean fact. The cabin held little else beside an abundance of life. The implements of its manufacture were an ax, the adz and an auger. There were no nails. A table was made from a split and roughly hewn slab of wood, the legs no better than wooden pegs; the stools were quite the same; the beds, again, slabs of wood laid down on poles supported by forked sticks driven into the ground and by the cabin walls. The floor of James Abel's cabin was the hard earth, though he constantly promised Sarah, his wife, that he would cover it with puncheons.

However, the mere making of that promise to a woman was considered, even by Sarah herself, to be very broadminded; the mention alone of such consideration was almost sufficient

James and Sarah Abel occupied a bed, Nancy had a bed, the others slept on bearskins and, when it was essential, covered themselves with buffalo hides. Food, though, was as splendid as it was plentiful—rich milk and fresh butter, wild peas and red and white mulberries, turkey and venison and beef, wheat ground on a hominy block, bolted through a gauze of silk and shortened with raccoon fat. Sarah Abel and Nancy spun and wove the materials of clothing; they made a linen from the lint of nettles, linsey from nettle lint and buffalo wool. The women had no need for hats—they tied bright cotton handkerchiefs about their heads—their underclothes were made of soft, dressed doeskin; in summer they had bare feet and through the winter wore moccasins.

James Abel owned a linsey hunting shirt and a shirt of sewed skins, a pair of leather breeches, leggings and moccasins. When any one of these articles failed him Sarah and Nancy made another. He had a broadcloth coat with brass buttons—laid away in a linen sack—a formal hat made from splinters of wood rolled in buffalo wool and sewed with buckskin wang, and a round fur hat for winter. He carried his tomahawk, naturally, at the right of his belt and the scalping knife on the left. His rifle was part of his dress.

James Abel's family, in Ireland, were plain people. His father went early to the central region of Pennsylvania. James was born there, 1737, and they removed to Rockbridge County in the Great Valley of Virginia; in 1765 the Abels moved again—to the Holston country, with a general emigration that began that year. Sarah McKee, James' wife, had a more impressive paternity—her own ancestors, strict Presbyterians of Galloway, had fought under the Lords of Lorne; their symbol was a cloudberry bush. Her father, after Boyne, in May, 1729, sailed for Virginia on the George and Ann; the ship reached the coast of Pennsylvania in September; he stayed there with a number of Ulstermen and married; his wife died in childbirth and he went south to the Benjamin Burden Grant at the forks of the James River. He married again; his second wife, and Sarah's mother, was a Garrand; and Sarah McKee met James Abel, a surveyor, at the Beverley Manor settlement on the South River.

She was, at Harrodstown, a gaunt woman, neither tall nor short, with gray eyes and a gentle voice. It was evident that, in her early years, she had been better than pretty. All that, now, had gone—her feet and hands were disfigured by heavy toil; her face, unlike her voice, harsh and wasted; her hair was thin and colorless.

Nancy Abel, in the flower of her years, had a sharper voice than her mother's, and a sharper wit; she owned the McKee eyes, gray and fine, with the exception that Nancy's were handsomer than common, large and candid and level gazing; but aside from that, her face was ugly. Her body was strong and thin and ungracious—her shoulders displayed a pattern of bony ridges, her breasts were flat and her legs awkward. James Abel was an unimpressive-looking man; he showed little indication of the endurance it was clear he possessed; and her body Nancy inherited from him. But in her case the mere frame was charged with the vital spirit of the Presbyterian soldiers of Galloway. She possessed, everyone who was familiar with her knew, a very black temper. Nancy could be, as well, amazingly tender and comprehending. They went by terms—the comprehension and the temper.

She owned a small wooden chest, given to her by William Pogue, who lived at Boonesborough and sold his buckets and milk pails, churns and tubs and noggins up and down the Kentucky and Salt rivers, and in it she kept a scarlet wool dress, a linsey petticoat and a linen bed gown, three pairs of virginal stockings and a coarse pair of shoes; a single white doeskin undershirt and buffalo-wool drawers for winter. In addition to this, she owned two calico dresses, their colors lost in repeated washings with strong lye soap, and a priceless length of pink ribbon.

That was all, but it was not, in Harrodstown, meager. She had no reason to be ashamed of such resources. Her sisters, Louanna and Kate and Flora, thought her possessions, her wardrobe in a whole chest of its own, were marvelous. They had far less. Almost, in fact, nothing at all. They were indifferently clad in calico, linsey and dirt. They were all—James and Sarah and Nancy, Louanna, McKee and Bruton, Kate and Flora—continuously dirty. That, in the first place, could not be helped, and in the second, except when it became too uncomfortable or publicly distressful, they never noticed it. A pail of water, brought in a whisky barrel on a sled from the spring at the fort, served them all in the morning; in the evening they were too tired, too sleepy, to do anything but take off some of their clothes.

Nancy Abel dominated her family; they were at once vain, boastful of her spirit, and afraid of it. She said far more to her father than her mother would have dared to try. But she was, in a quick, impatient way, skilled in all the duties of the house—in spinning and cooking and soap making. She made the best wonders in Harrodstown—cakes of flour and milk and spices, boiled in fresh lard. That Nancy enjoyed; her spirit became as sweetly agreeable as the cakes; but soap making, with its burden of ashes and treacherous lye and fat, and the labor of preparing flax for spinning on the little wheel—pulling it and laying it out to rot, breaking it with the swingling knife—brought about her illest tempers. On the other hand, in some secret feminine perversity of taste, Nancy liked to sheer the sheep and pick and card their wool. She would sit evening after evening, lost in a wordless and remote speculation, rolling wool, reeling it into skeins and, afterward, winding it into balls for knitting.

James Abel owned thirty-five acres of land; it was very badly cleared, and the sheeps' wool was continually matted with cockle burrs. A brook ran across the lower corner of the holding; there the sheep were washed, and there the younger children were commonly to be found. Nancy Abel sat with her legs straight out before her, her back against the smooth trunk of an old shellbark tree, watching them play in the water. She was either totally relaxed, withdrawn, or sharply and wholly active. There was no medium ground in Nancy's

(Continued on Page 80)

THE NEW LA SALLE

The Cadillac Motor Car Company counsels you to confirm, by careful personal inspection and comparison, its statement that even a substantially greater investment will not bring you the exclusive ultra-fine car features and detailed refinements embodied in the new La Salles, introduced this autumn, and priced as low as $2285 f. o. b. Detroit.

The brilliant new La Salles, recently presented, retain all the elements of style and performance which made the first La Salle so instantly successful. In these new La Salles, however, there are embodied important new refinements, improvements and engineering developments; and still greater beauty, luxury, and grace.

These new La Salles are capable of even more thrilling and wholly satisfying performance. The new improved Cadillac-La Salle Syncro-Mesh Silent-Shift Transmission is today's highest development in transmissions for the *simplification* of control under all driving conditions. It has been deliberately designed to afford maximum freedom from either mental or physical strain in gear-shifting.

Use any speed, under any conceivable driving condition, and prove to your own satisfaction that this transmission is wholly adequate in every single respect and a decided advance over other existing methods. You cannot obtain the Syncro-Mesh Silent-Shift Transmission in any other car (excepting Cadillac) at any price.

One of the greatest contributions to safety, in the new La Salles, is the new Harmonized Steering System. This new Harmonized Steering System makes La Salle amazingly easy to handle in traffic congestion, in parking manipulations, and in cross-country driving.

The new improved Cadillac-La Salle Safety-Mechanical Four-Wheel Brakes are a revelation in smooth, responsive, powerful and positive control. These brakes assure more miles per hour with perfect safety.

All windows, doors and windshields in the new La Salles are equipped with non-shattering Security-Plate Glass. In the event of collision, this glass will not fly into fragments. Cadillac-La Salle owners who have actually experienced this protection would never again be without it.

In the new La Salles, the Cadillac-La Salle V-type 8-cylinder engine is larger, more powerful, and smoother than ever in operation. Remarkably eager responsiveness at low speeds. A superabundance of power for any and every emergency.

The new La Salle Fisher and Fleetwood bodies are lower, longer and racier in appearance than ever before. Luxurious new special fittings and appointments. Rear seats are roomier. Roomier front compartments. Adjustable front seats are even more easily adjusted than in the past.

The quiet elegance and quality of these exquisite Fisher and Fleetwood bodies add the crowning touch which makes the new La Salle models as perfect in appearance and appointment as they are in performance.

Let a week's free supply tell the amazing story of this new-type shaving cream

FREE ONE WEEK'S SUPPLY

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY, Dept. 111.
Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me one week's supply of MOLLÉ without cost to me.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

MANY *new-type* shaving creams have recently come out. Most of them, we think, are superior to old-type creams. They save time and make shaving easier. Among the *new-type* creams is MOLLÉ (*Mō-Lay*)—an outstanding success—a product used daily by more than a million men. A product whose popularity increases hourly.

The astounding, quick success of MOLLÉ is due, we think, to that *coupon* above. Men who try MOLLÉ *like* it. We employ no extensive sales force. We are not extravagant advertisers. We don't believe in much talk.

For words are weak things compared to *performance*. That is why we urge the *free trial*. It proves or disproves our case instantly.

Send us the coupon for a week's free shaving supply of MOLLÉ. Then see if we are wrong or right in our opinion that MOLLÉ excels in these important ways:

FIRST—MOLLÉ *leaves the tenderest skin more comfortable than before shaving. Positively no after-lotions are ever needed.*

SECOND—MOLLÉ *ends razor-pull and razor-scrape forever, no matter how tough or wiry the beard.*

THIRD—MOLLÉ *shortens the shaving operation two to three minutes. (Requires no brush. Just three simple steps.)*

It's a Different Cream!

MOLLÉ is a *different* cream. It is a true *emollient* cream; contains no alkali or caustic. Makes no bubbles, no lather. Instead of irritating, it *soothes* the face tissues. MOLLÉ is a skin specialist's discovery—originally the private formula of a learned physician. Decidedly different in countless ways from *old-type* creams and all other *new-type* creams. Men tell us it excels ordinary creams as far as safety razors excel old-fashioned straight razors.

Two Ways To Try It

Fill out and send to us the coupon above and you will receive promptly a full week's supply free.

Or—if you want even quicker action, go to your nearest druggist and buy a full-size tube, with the understanding that if after one week's use you are not satisfied, you may return the remainder and we will refund your purchase money. We stand squarely behind MOLLÉ (*Mō-Lay*).

For Shaving Tough Beards and Tender Skins Without Brush or Lather

A Whale of a Tube

50c

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY, Dept. 111, CLEVELAND, OHIO

(Continued from Page 78)

character. Mostly she wondered about life and the world in connection with herself. It was, for one thing, time she got married—sixteen—and there were boys in Harrodstown who—they made it plain—were ready to like her if she would let them. But she pointedly wouldn't. Nancy was shyly and bitterly virginal. No masculine presence, no glance or touch, had moved her to any emotion other than an unreasonable contempt and instinctive antagonism. A very nice boy—John Skelp—who had kissed her, afterward told Nancy to her face that he would as lief kiss a scalping knife. In return, Nancy had been fierce. Who had ast him to try it, she demanded. She didn't want him a-kissing her. It was just a happenso he hadn't ketched a slap across his jaw.

That was her public attitude, but secretly she was in a great doubt. Seated against the shellbark tree, with Bruton and Kate and Flora splashing in the brook, Nancy was troubled. A big parcel of folks thought she was poison like an Indian. She didn't, actually, enjoy that realization. She wasn't really like a scalping knife. It seemed like she couldn't help being like what she was. But that was only at times. I want to get married, Nancy informed herself, but I can't work up to it. When a boy sets up to me it puts me agin him. If I have a mind to or not. I don't want fer to be kissed. I ought to, but, instead, I get sort of sick.

"Flora," she called, "put your slip on back right off! There ain't a scrap of shame to you! You'll scare the squirrels out of the tree tops!"

Nancy was half aware of the bells on the cows hidden by the woods; she could tell from their sounds which cow was feeding and which was moving about. A pack of girls she knew would be glad to have John Skelp kiss them. Well, he wouldn't kiss her again. She had cured him of that. Nancy wasn't depressed by the failure of any individual occasion, but at the same time she felt that something must be wrong with her.

She had, for example, heard of love; she had heard of it but never seen it. Not what you might call by that name. The relationship between her father and mother hadn't no love to it. She could not remember when they had kissed each other. Not since Flora had been born, to her knowledge. Likely it was longer back than that. They must have loved each other at first. Or else they couldn't have done what they did. No one could without—without something. Love or whatever it was.

"Flora," she cried, "I'll wale you if you don't cover up your naked skin!"

At dusk a thunderhead swept down from the mountains in the east; there was sharp lightning and a continuous rolling thunder, and then a hard, crystal fall of hail. After the hail it grew colder; the Abel family fortified itself against the change in temperature with whisky from the half cask standing in a corner of the cabin.

James Abel filled the noggin that rested beside the cask and drank slowly; Sarah followed him with a small measure; Nancy drank quickly—whisky in ordinary amounts had no perceptible effect on her—and the younger children followed in order. Flora choked, a bright scarlet flew to her face, and she immediately sank into a heavy slumber.

John Abel, James', younger brother, who had just arrived in Harrodstown, was critical of the local whisky. He had floated down the Monongahela River in a canoe from Red Stone Old Fort to the Ohio and Limestone; and he was, Nancy considered, unbearably set up because of his small adventures.

In addition to this, she wondered if his stay with them would be prolonged. He had occupied her bed for two nights now. She did not like that and she did not like him. He was, for one thing, so smart. He had been learned at Fincastle, east of the mountains; and at nineteen, Nancy Abel could see, he thought he was the smartest man in all the western settlements. Everyone in Harrodstown was agin Colonel Henderson and his plan to own most everything and call it Transylvania, but John Abel defended it. If that was the way he felt, why didn't he go to Boonesborough to oncet and live with the Boones and Colonel Henderson. She guessed nobody here wouldn't miss him much.

Nancy was thankful for one thing—he didn't pay no notice to her. If he had, uncle or no uncle, she'd have showed him. She could tell that he took fun at the way she said her words. He talked like the English minister, the Reverend Lythe, who was staying at Harrod's station with James Harrod. But he wasn't, Nancy contemptuously decided, handy; in a little some Delaware or Shawanese would ketch him wandering in the woods and lift his hair.

"I hear," John Abel proceeded, seated in the bright light of a hickory-bark fire, "that one of the hunters who came from the Holston country with Colonel Knox is in Harrodstown. The fact is, I saw him. He's about my age and by the name of Sash. Gabriel Sash."

Nancy speculated about Gabriel Sash; she knew vaguely that a party of hunters and trappers had explored Kentucky five or six years before; some had been gone so long that they were called the Long Hunters. She would like to see one of them; he would have something to tell; it would be very different, too, from what you'd hear off a person who had only been a lawyer in Fincastle and seen Philadelphia. Gabriel Sash! She liked his name too. It was short and yet it wasn't so short. The Gabriel part was specially nice. There was an angel named Gabriel. Gabriel, blow on your horn! A golden horn, it was. A golden sound above the woods and rivers and cane.

When she first encountered Gabriel Sash—her father brought him to the cabin to dinner—she stared fixedly at her ten not immaculate toes. One big toe nail, she saw, was broke right off in half. She'd say something to her father for not telling them ahead. She couldn't do nothing now, with him there, in a cabin that had only one room. She couldn't even put the pink ribbon on her hair. Gabriel Sash was taller than the Abel man; he was burnt by the sun to the color of an Indian; his hunting jacket was worked with dyed quills like an Indian chief's; the scalping knife at his belt was long and thin and bright; the handle of a tomahawk painted red with figures, queer birds and the like, in black. Gabriel Sash's hair was dark and long; it curled a little and reached to his shoulders; and between its fall his face was thin like his tomahawk. He had a strange look out of his eyes, Nancy discovered—they went through you like bullets out of his rifle, and didn't stop to take no notice on the way. Even drawed up to the table, he sat lightly, gathered and alert, on the edge of his stool, distrustful of what might happen.

There was bear meat for dinner, hominy and salt-raised biscuits, with butter and honey and milk, and wonders she had freshly boiled. Gabriel Sash ate four wonders. "Nancy cooked them," her mother said. Sash glanced at her briefly. James Abel asked about the trip to Kentucky in 1769. They had left in June—more than twenty of them—from Reedy Creek, a branch of New River, and traveled by Cumberland Gap and the Great Warrior's Road to Flat Lick.

"We come over the Cumberland River at an old Indian fish dam. There was tall cliffs of rocks there and mountainy hills and everything else you could put a name to. But mostly briers and wild grapevines. We forded the south fork and camped in Price's meadow, by a spring, where we built a depot and agreed to come back every five weeks. I hunted with John Rains and Obadiah Terrell. High grass you would never come to the end of.

"There were caves with human bones and salt licks with bones bigger than a man's body. A parcel of the hunters went home and ten of us built two boats and two

(Continued on Page 83)

"IT IS THE ONLY PART OF YOUR BODY THAT MUST BE FITTED PERFECTLY"
SITTING
"IT IS THE ONLY PART OF YOUR BODY THAT MUST BE FITTED PERFECTLY"
WALKING
"IT IS THE ONLY PART OF YOUR BODY THAT MUST BE FITTED PERFECTLY"
STANDING
"IT IS THE ONLY PART OF YOUR BODY THAT MUST BE FITTED PERFECTLY"
RUNNING

WHEREVER YOU GO
WHATEVER YOU DO
WHOEVER YOU ARE

"IT IS THE ONLY PART OF YOUR BODY THAT MUST BE FITTED PERFECTLY"

IT'S true! Maybe it never has occurred to you before—yet it's so. Sitting, walking, standing, running—at play or at work—your feet are the only part of your body that must be fitted perfectly.

For comfort? Naturally. But more important, *for your health's sake.* If there's any doubt in your mind about that, ask your doctor. Ask: "Can incorrectly fitted shoes bring on 'nerves'—tire me out—make me irritable—retard my normal health?" He will answer "Yes" to each question.

Your feet are your foundation
Correct fit will keep them young

Few men know what a strain on nerves and strength ill-shod feet can be. But doctors know. And we know. For we have studied feet for years—thousands of feet—studied them so we might design Footsavers—shoes that keep feet from losing their youth.

FOOTSAVER COMFORT STARTS WITH THE "LAST"

We started with the "last"—the form or mold on which a shoe is built. If the "last" is exactly like the foot—the shoe fits from the first time it is put on. No "breaking in"—no need to force the leather into shape by the weight of the foot.

Old "lasts" wouldn't do. They didn't match the normal foot. So we designed our own—exactly like normal, healthy feet.

THE RIGHT AND THE WRONG IN HEELS

We changed the shape of the heel. Why? Because old "lasts" had sharp, L-shaped heels. Human heels aren't built that way. They curve in—then out—then in again. And so do Footsaver "lasts."

ARCHES, AS NATURE MADE THEM

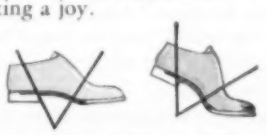
Healthy feet have longitudinal arches—always have had. Why shouldn't lasts have them? They should—and do in Footsavers—life-like arches, that go down along the outer edge, treading almost flat where the weight is carried—then up along the inner edge to give spring to your step.

Look at the bare footprint above—and at the print of a Footsaver "last." See how perfectly Footsaver lasts copy nature.

WE DIDN'T FORGET THE "LITTLE" ARCH

It's not as big as the main arch. Perhaps that's why other shoes disregard it. But it's there just the same. Just behind the ball of the foot it lies, needing the same sort of support that the soft earth of nature gave it before men wore shoes.

In Footsavers, thin layers of soft, pliant leather curve gently to fit and support the little arch and make walking a joy.



ONLY FOOTSAVERS HAVE "THE SAVING V"

And a joy it certainly is to walk in Footsavers. For we didn't stop there. We wanted new lift, new spring, as well as absolute fit. More study . . . more experimenting . . . till we perfected "The Saving V." A springy leaf of tempered steel, placed just right. And oh, what a difference it makes. Wings for the feet—walking on air—that's Footsavers' "Saving V".

NEW SMARTNESS, TOO!

Are you thinking that Footsavers are unsightly, "corrective" shoes? Indeed they're not. To see them you'd think they had been designed *exclusively* for smartness. In reality they *were* designed to combine proper support with distinctive style.

If you don't believe we've succeeded, step into a pair. You may not understand *how* we've done it—but you will know we've made a shoe for men such as you've never seen before.

Even the price is an agreeable surprise

What do they cost? If you had a pair in your hands you'd be surprised when we tell you—Footsavers only cost $12 to $14. Yes, that's all. Get a dealer to prove it to you. And let him prove what Footsavers can do for your feet—for your health—for your greater joy of living. If you don't find him easily, send us the coupon. It will bring his address—the story of "The Saving V" and the colorful booklet of Footsaver Styles for Fall. Perhaps you'd better clip it now just to make sure.

FOOTSAVERS ARE MADE BY THE MAKERS OF BOSTONIANS—SHOES FOR MEN

Whitman, Massachusetts

Makers of Men's Quality Shoes for Over 50 Years

Women's Footsavers are manufactured by Julian & Kokenge Co., Cincinnati, Ohio

FOOT SAVERS

THE ONLY SHOE WITH "THE SAVING V"

© 1929 C. S. & L. Co.

Where can I buy Footsavers? Send me, please, the story of "The Saving V" and the Fall Style Booklet.

COMMONWEALTH SHOE AND LEATHER COMPANY
Dept. S-4, Whitman, Massachusetts

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

When the Yukon sent its golden whisper

LIKE wildfire spread the whisper . . . "Gold in the Yukon . . . yellow gold in the Yukon . . . come, get it . . . it's waiting for you!"

Southward in the quiet countrysides there was agitation—murmurs of unrest, laughter, tears, goodbyes. Plows were left to rust in unfinished furrows, crops went unharvested, soil unseeded. In the cities sallow clerks threw down their pens, closed their ledgers. Factory whistles in the industrial centers blew to the faint-hearted, the unimaginative, the unadventurous. The daring ones had vanished . . . along the unknown trail to the great white land of the north . . . land of romance and yellow gold.

Of the many who struggled to the Yukon in the days of the Klondike gold rush only a few—the strongest, stoutest-hearted, best-equipped—returned successful.

For every product that ventures forth into the world of American industry this warning might be written . . . "Make good or die." For only those best-fitted, best-adapted to do their job can hope to survive in the ceaseless, bitter struggle for supremacy. And today an infinite variety of products go forth more fully equipped to serve you and to please you; because of the protection and beauty given by the world's standard finish—du Pont Duco.

Before Duco came—oxidation was the arch enemy of all existing finishes. A finish that would withstand its blight, that would hold its lustre under all climatic conditions . . . for many years du Pont chemists sought its formula.

Their final achievement was Duco—a finish upon which oxidation has no effect . . . a finish which dries by the simple principle of evaporation.

Industry was quick to see that here at last was a finish which filled their needs.

Motor cars acquired new beauty with the limitless array of color harmonies Duco brought. More than two thousand Authorized Refinishers are daily refinishing and restyling thousands of cars with modish Duco colors.

Still Duco advances, through the nation's industries, replacing old methods, creating new standards. Today there's hardly an article, in wood or metal, which can not be bought "finished with Duco."

On chairs, desks and tables, on electrical machinery, on typewriters and toys, on bird cages and locomotives—and still the list grows.

Duco is the assurance of a lasting finish which industry uses to protect its own investments, and to keep its faith with you.

To be sure that the finish is Duco, ask if it's made by du Pont and look for the oval du Pont seal.

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., Industrial Finishes Division, Parlin, N. J., Detroit, Mich., Chicago, Ill., San Francisco, California, Everett, Mass., or Flint Paint and Varnish Limited, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

DUCO AUTHORIZED AUTO RE-FINISHING STATION

Wherever you see this sign you can have your car refinished in Duco

Duco for general household uses may be purchased from good dealers everywhere . . . Duco for industrial application is obtainable from du Pont factories . . . Duco Household Cement now available for making and mending.

FINISHED WITH DUPONT DUCO

Wherever you see this seal you will know that the finish is Duco

DUCO—MADE ONLY BY DU PONT

(Continued from Page 80)

trapping canoes, and went on down the Cumberland. We went down the Mississippi clear to the French fort at Natchez. I come up through the Indian country alone, and met Colonel Knox and Richard Skaggs and another or two on Laurel River. We went west, across over Rockcastle River, and met along with a party of Cherokees. But they weren't a war party, and their head chief, Captain Dick, sent us up Skagg's Creek to the head, and beyond a bushy ridge, and, like he promised, we chanced on the prettiest river in the world. Deer and bear and buffalo on the meadows and in the skirt of the woods. Colonel Knox went east, but I stayed right along by myself, and in '71—the fall it was—Knox came back with pack horses, and we built a skin house on the Caney fork. We hunted the barrens right up to the Green River. We lost all our pelts too—twenty-three hundred deerskins. They went rotten. Isaac Bledsoe said it was ruination by God. Some went back to the settlements and some stayed. But the Indians got Christopher Stoph and William Allen; pushed them full of fat pine splinters and lighted them up; the faster Christopher and William run the brighter they burned. We left camp after that, but we were back ag'in two months more. I found a tarrier I had lost, wild as a wolf. It took me four days to feed and coax him back to my hand.

"Well, we moved on and built a little station—it wasn't nothing much—on Station Camp Creek. We hardly got started when twenty-five Cherokees stole everything we owned—all our pots and kittles and clothes and five hundred more deerskins. We couldn't keep nothing between one ruination and another. Joseph Drake diskivered Drake's pond. A great place for deer. And Isaac Bledsoe found a good salt lick. Drake is hunting that county now. That is, if the Cherokees have missed him. I told Joseph I'd be back."

A silence fell on Gabriel Sash; he sat, neglecting to eat; his gaze, his mind, evidently, were on far ponds and licks and rivers. Nancy Abel could see that he was remembering the years of his long hunting.

When he had gone she went out back and sat under the shellbark tree. The brook slipped by with a subdued murmur. It was, for oncet, free of children. Gabriel—Gabriel Sash. His eye looked right through you and then kept on like nothing was there. It was a long, dangerous trip from Natchez fort to the Kentucky settlements. Indian country all the way. Cherokees. You had to sleep with one eye open, if you slept at all. It was funny about that too—Gabriel Sash had been asked into near every cabin in Harrodstown, but he slept right out on the ground by the fort. Rolled in a blanket. He was skeered to stay in a cabin, Gabriel Sash said; it was like being caught by a bear trap. He had a big nose with a hook to it; his eyes looked smaller than they were because he squinted them—just like he always had one fixed for the sights of his rifle.

He came to dinner again, and stayed through the afternoon; he was, Nancy realized, like her in one thing—he was either entirely relaxed or all energy. But when he was relaxed the watchfulness she had noticed continued. It was mostly in his gaze. He glanced at her quickly, and as quickly, apparently, withdrew all trace of interest from her.

"It's nice here," he said, half lying at her feet, and dropping small twigs and stones into the brook. "It might be you," Gabriel Sash said. "I never took notice to girls. It wouldn't be right. I got no life a girl could manage with."

A sudden sharp pain of unhappiness cut at Nancy. She was possessed by a desperate blundering courage. "Some yes and some no," she replied. "You might change a little," she proceeded. "Perhaps you'd come to like the settlements."

He doubted it. "Take Harrodstown," Gabriel Sash explained; "there must be two hundred people in her right now. Two hundred! You'd be running into first one, then another. A day wouldn't go by but you'd have your knife in someone. It's different in the woods. No happen-so people can be there. Just a little party of trappers, men you know about, or else nobody at all. Nobody in the world but a blue jay. You think it's a blue jay complaining, but maybe not, or you think a doe is calling her fawn. Maybe not. If so you're alone, you listen and judge. You move away from your fire, if you've got a fire. A little piece in the trees. You listen two hours, or three or four, or seven. For general you can outsmart an Indian. Until your luck runs bad. That's what happened to Christopher Stoph and William Allen. That's how they come to get painted up with fire."

"Do you know when it happens?" Nancy asked.

"For general," he repeated; "you can't even cook nothing but you black it. You can't seem to light a fire that won't smoke like a signal." His hand closed tightly on her ankle, formal in a yellow stocking. "You don't reckon you'd be bad luck?" he inquired.

Indignant, she drew her ankle sharply away from him. "What kind of a question is that?" Nancy demanded sharply. "There's plenty that have found me bad luck."

He half turned away from her, and, resting on an elbow, Gabriel Sash gazed into the stream. Her resentment evaporated; she returned her ankle to where he could reach it. He continued to ignore her. Suddenly he rose and, without a word, left her.

Gabriel Sash came back the next morning. Nancy was carrying out tow linen to whiten in the sun, and he took the awkward burden from her. Kate and Flora followed them.

"Go away," Gabriel told the children. "I don't know if it's bad or good," he said to Nancy Abel, "but you're my luck. Maybe, like you said, I can change. Maybe I can stay in Harrodstown without bringing trouble on you." He was very quiet.

"I'll be your luck," she replied. "Good or bad. We will try to keep it good." When he left she went to her mother. "I am going to marry Gabriel Sash," Nancy said directly.

"Well," her mother commented, "you got something to do with him. But then you will bring him as much and more. Life ain't never broke you none, Nancy; you're like a piece of hickory. It will be hard. I'll give him this—you are a good girl." She returned to a domestic preoccupation.

Nancy Abel remembered that on the day of her wedding. It took place in the cabin raised by the men of Harrodstown for Gabriel and for her. There was but one room, smaller than her familiar home, and the roof had yet to be laid. It owned a covering of brush. The cabin was filled with men and women and children, drinking whisky and shouting and singing. Dinner was over. There had been beef, pork and fowls, venison, both roasted and boiled, and bear meat, potatoes and cabbage. James Harrod was there, and two of the McAfees, George and Robert; Colonel John Floyd from Floyd's station on Beargrass Creek; Colonel Henderson and Squire Boone—Daniel Boone was absent with a company of men, making salt—William Pogue and his wife, who had just moved from Boonesborough to Harrodstown; the Dentons, the McGarys, the Hogans, John Hayes—the entire neighborhood. They had eaten every scrap of the great supply of food and washed it down with whisky and water—with whisky, and, where the very young or very old were concerned, with a little naked water. A fiddle set up a shrill thread of rhythm; there were three and four handed reels, square sets and jigs.

It grew dark and candles were lighted, and Nancy recalled what Sarah Abel had said to her—"life ain't never broke you none . . . you're like hickory. It will be hard." She noticed suddenly that the men, one by one, were slipping as quietly as possible out of the door. Those whose movements were definitely uncertain were being urged and shoved, and even carried, outside. An overwhelming, hot shame filled her. She wanted to run away forever, to hide and expire in the woods, but that, now, was impossible—the girls of Harrodstown gathered about her.

"We're going to bed you!" they chanted in a half savage and hysterical gayety. "You're going to get bedded for Gabriel Sash!"

Nancy cried out, "Don't one of you lay a hand to me! Not one of you!"

Mary Hite and the Harlan girl, both heavy and strong, caught hold of her. Mary dragged off one of Nancy's shoes and Nancy kicked her violently in the stomach. That made Mary Hite sick at once. Other girls overcame Nancy. Her other shoe was gone, her stockings ripped off. She dug her finger nails into a fat red cheek and there was a screech. Someone hit Nancy on the head with the heavy noggin from the whisky barrel. There were other screeches and cries and enough of cursing.

At last, in a new linen bed gown, she was bedded. She was alone. There were shouts and curses outside; the cabin door was wrenched open, and Gabriel Sash, all but naked, was actually hurled into the room with her. He was very drunk, and so he sat on the floor. Nancy Sash, her knees drawn up within the clasp of her hands, watched him with a troubled intentness. There were more shouts, a mocking laughter, outside the cabin, and then part of a ballet.

The singing and laughter moved away into the night; the stillness of the land surged back and folded the cabin about. Nancy waited a long while, and then she spoke.

"Gabriel," she said.

He moved and stared in the direction of her voice. "Good or bad," he said, "here it is." He rose, very uncertainly. "Damn it," he cried, "I didn't want for it to be like this. I'm drunk." He sat beside her, his head on his chest, a hand in hers. His face was hidden in his long hair. "A bear trap," he half whispered.

Tears ran over Nancy's face. It was such a hard thing to say on her wedding night. Gabriel fell forward; his head rested on her arm. A great tenderness swept aside all her other emotions, a choking need to keep Gabriel close and warm and safe. To make him happy. She must, above everything else, stay him from the woods where death made trickery sounds like does calling their fawns. Gabriel wouldn't never—not now—need to be alone again.

Gabriel Sash's cabin, on the road to Harrod's station, was farther from the fort and Big Spring than any of the other dwellings in the settlement; it was so removed from the main body of cabins that it was considered precarious, but Gabriel would have it no nearer. As it was, he said, he could scarcely drop a free foot. Directly after his marriage he addressed himself, with assistance, to the improvement of his property. The roof was completed, a cats-and-clay chimney carried up to the ridgepole, and a small log barn built for the cattle. They had a few sheep, a gift from James Abel; Gabriel had managed to secure a middling poor cow and an aged horse for plowing. Nancy cooked with an attentive skill, boiled wonders and the deer and wild turkey Gabriel killed; and, Nancy could see, he began to get some fat on him. He was, she thought, very contented, absorbed in his settlement life; only his eyes continued to pierce beyond the bounds of his present ease.

Gabriel hunted early in the morning; he never failed to return with what he had gone out to shoot; and then—when the building was finished—he sat on his heels, motionless and silent, for hours, smoking a small redstone pipe with a reed for a stem.

Nancy performed practically every domestic duty—she bore the water from a spring; she moved heavy loads of ashes for the hateful operation of making soap; she even repaired the clapboard roof. Gabriel took this for granted.

James Abel was stirred into speaking to her about this. "You're not a squaw," he pointed out, "but an Abel and a McKee. Let Gabriel holp with the fetching and carrying."

He would gladly, Nancy explained. "It's just that he never thinks of it. I'd liefer do it than ast him."

She was absolutely happy. She no longer thought of love, wondered about it; Nancy lived without consciousness of words or states of being; her existence was too complete for that. She grew thin as Gabriel Sash became fatter; then Nancy told him they were going to have a child. He heard that information philosophically.

"It's nature," Gabriel said briefly, his pipe in hand. Then he resumed smoking.

"Gabriel," Nancy demanded later, "what is it takes your mind while you sit and sit?"

He didn't rightly know. "A lot of not much—the big buffalo trace to the Lower Blue Lick and the flats along the river filled with herds of buffalo. The elk around the salt springs. I study on how Joseph Drake is making out and I consider about Indians."

Nancy asked, "Don't you never think of me? Or us, Gabriel? There is going to be three soon."

A momentary gaze rested on her. "You're right here in front of me," he replied. "There's no secret in it. I don't have to find sign, like with Indians, to know about you."

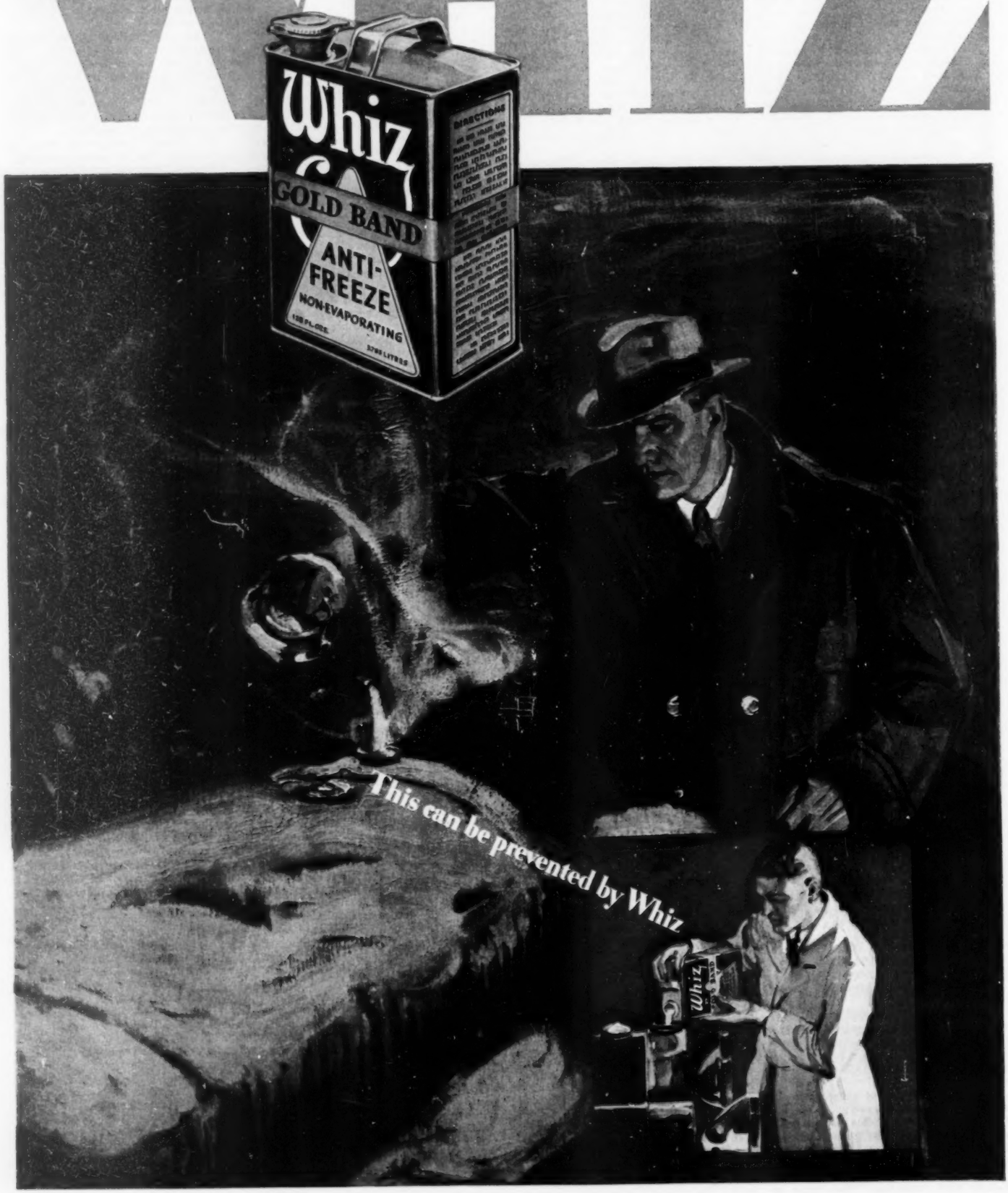
That answer satisfied her. She only wished his eyes would stay in the cabin—they looked through her, through the walls of logs, beyond the endless woods. Nancy began to hate the woods; she would not, in the dim morning, watch Gabriel vanish among the trees. She waited on the doorstep for hours to see him reappear. It wasn't that she was afraid of Indians—Nancy had a strong faith in his ability to defeat any number of them; no, it was different from Indians. She couldn't put a name to it. For one thing, especially now, when she was so big with her child, and clumsy, she could not be with him in the woods. There Gabriel escaped from her. She had a feeling that in the depth of the forest he never spared her a thought. That, however, was natural—if he walked mooning through the Kentucky woods he would never get back to the settlements and to her.

Now and again John Abel stopped to talk to her; her dislike for him now that he no longer kept her out of her bed, had largely vanished. She even envied him his learning, his command of words. He had gone to Boonesborough as a delegate from Harrodstown to Colonel Henderson's meeting. Everyone admitted John Abel's intelligence. Nancy's dislike for him, however, had been intensified and transferred to Gabriel. He was very bitter about her Uncle John. The truth was that Gabriel hated and suspected all educated people; he wouldn't, he asserted, have a book inside his cabin. Unless chance it was a Bible. Even where Bibles were concerned, he preferred the French habit of letting the priests read and tend to them. Nancy, although she cared little enough for reading, had a feeling that Gabriel was wrong. "If we have a son," she said, with no small measure of courage, "I want for him to be a lawyer or a trader."

"Why don't you put it 'Cherokee or Delaware'?" Gabriel Sash demanded. "He'd be as good one of those as the other. I'd likely kill a boy who favored John Abel. If he was my son. Look at Harrodstown now," he proceeded, with an uncommon vigor of speech. "There are so many in it, and all talking to oncet, you can't make out what any says. It's not like an Indian council. There's some order with that; it sounds like a lot of turkey gobblers around here. Then there is too many wimmen. You can't feel safe with such a parcel of helpless mouths if you have to take to the fort for three or four months. What you want is rifles, not wimmen. Anyways, they say too much. A woman, if she don't work, she's poison." Nancy Sash listened to her husband carefully; she understood that he

(Continued on Page 87)

WHIZ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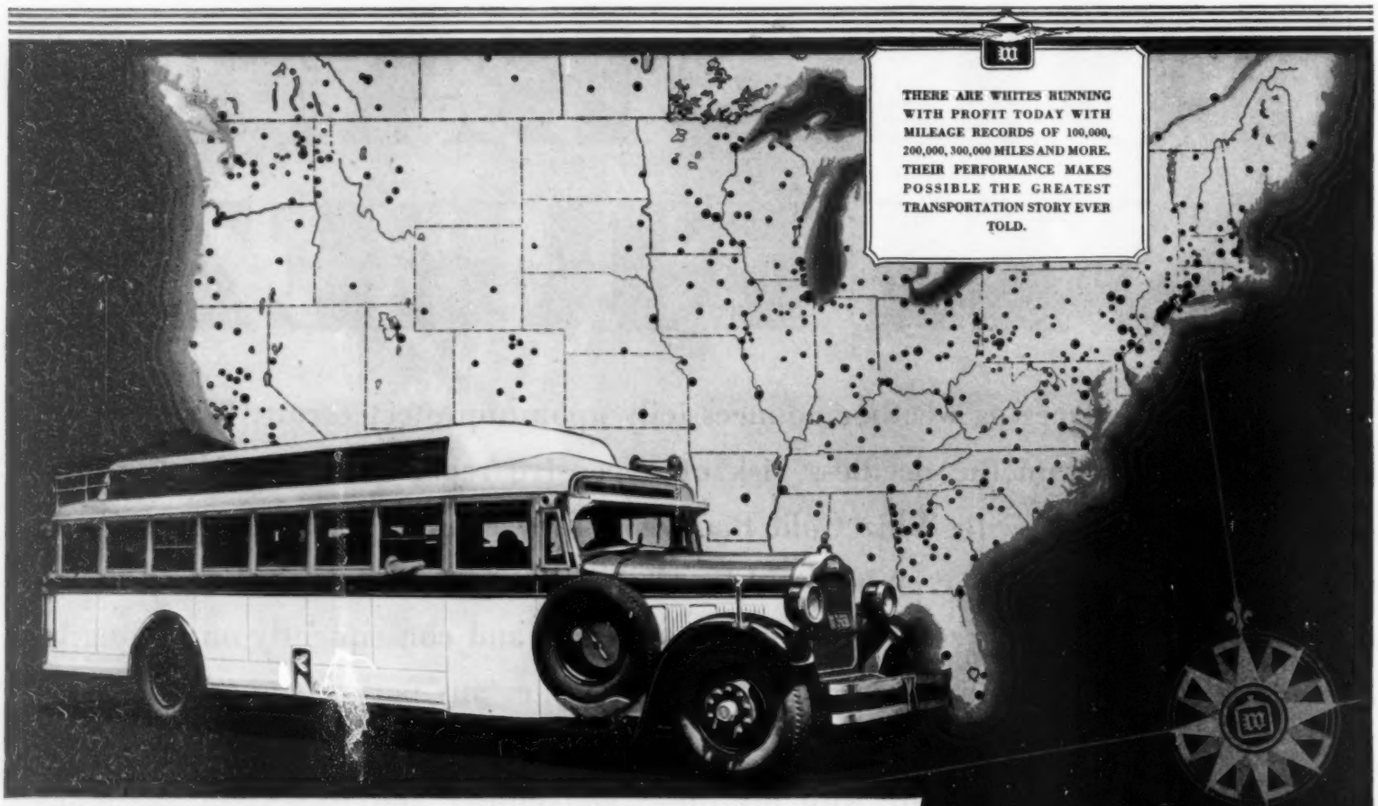
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(Continued from Page 83)

must say what he said—he was like that—and she wouldn't have him different; but in her heart she did not agree with him. "Time will change Gabriel," she thought hopefully; "the times will make him different."

Nancy was glad that more and more people were coming to Harrodstown and Boonesborough and Colonel Logan's station. They seemed to move the woods farther back from her cabin, from her life and Gabriel. The earliest sense of peril was a little modified. Things were nicer about the house, too—tin cups were almost plentiful; she owned three pewter plates. Small supplies of merchandise had begun to arrive from Fort Pitt—printed chally and soft merinos, simple hardware and glass, and small pieces of crockery, some drugs and dyes, foolscap, wafers, slates and pencils. Life, Nancy found, was beginning to be easier. Gabriel, however, would permit no innovation in his life. In the morning Nancy laid a buckeye backlog and a hickory front stick on the stone andirons of her hearth, and then baked a johnnycake on a white ash board. She hung the teakettle from a wooden lug pole. In the evening she'd swing the iron mush pot and supply it with water and again draw the black Bohea tea.

Yes, she told herself, Gabriel would change; he couldn't be the only one to stay like it used to be. He did, though, seem to accomplish exactly that; he wore his scalping knife and the tomahawk with the red haft; he wouldn't cut off his hair, but kept it swinging on his shoulders like an Indian; he had made a new hunting shirt worked with quills colored yellow from a walnut bark, blue from a boughten indigo and red with madder, and he took great pleasure in it. She couldn't get a coat on him. Anything that bound or limited Gabriel Sash bothered him out of endurance. He continued to be scared of walls like bear traps. "Gabriel will change," Nancy repeated to herself. "He will have to." Then he stayed for a whole night in the woods.

He was remorseful when, the following morning, he returned. "I had no rights to do it," Gabriel admitted. "Only I knew you were safe. There was no Indian sign."

Nancy said nothing in return; she didn't let Gabriel see how deeply she had been troubled. Dread, in place of sleep, had settled upon her. She began to think about love again. Love and what it was. She said to herself experimentally that Gabriel loved her. There was, naturally, no answer from the silence of the forest everywhere about her.

Her son was born in winter, past the middle of December; the earth held an immaculate burden of snow; above it, the cane stood high and feathery and green; the mistletoe was green and white; winter grapes hung from the trees in dark clusters; the seeds of the Indian arrowwood turned scarlet. Nancy called their child James, after her father. She had first proposed to name him Gabriel, but Gabriel Sash would not consider that. It was too late, he declared, for any more Gabriel Sashes. Nancy, immediately upon her marriage, had discovered that he was immovably silent about his connections and his past. He commonly met questions with the brief and unilluminating fact that he had come out of the woods. The further truth was that, even with Nancy, Gabriel did not encourage intimacy. A great deal of him stayed apart from her and from the life around them. His silence grew longer, if anything, and more impenetrable.

It accomplished nothing, she discovered, to get mad at him; he wouldn't get mad back—that was all there was to it. When she raised her voice in a shrill complaint or overwhelmed him with a bitter and robust cursing, he attended her with no more than a slow curiosity. It wasn't in him, apparently, to be fretted by a woman. Not so long as she attended to her—and to most of his—affairs. Nancy met her obligations fully; she was convinced that if she failed there, Gabriel would take a hand to her. It was probable he would beat her. He admitted freely she was an able woman. When spring arrived Gabriel plowed the land for Indian corn and sowed the seed, he planted muskmelon and turnips; and then, at the end of a day in May, he spent a long while tending his rifle, swabbing and greasing it, and examining its locks and flints. He hefted his bullet pouch, examined his powder. Finally he turned to her.

"I'm nothing better than a Cherokee," he said; "I'm lower than an Indian; I'm the lowest white man in Kentucky." Nancy put aside the coarse white muslin she was fashioning for her child. She regarded Gabriel Sash, her husband intently. "I'm going away," he continued wretchedly; "back in the woods to Dick's River and Joseph Drake, if happen he's alive. I've tried the settlement for a year or worse and I can't make her. I'm a failure here and I'm a failure with you. I can't take to living in a house. I don't want for you to strive like you do. All I need is a little fire and a little tea and a piece of venison twisted about the end of my ramrod. That is all." She started to speak, but he silenced her. "Take what you onct said about baby James, before he was born—that you wanted him to be learned and maybe a lawyer. I said I'd likely kill him if he favored John Abel. I was wrong. He will favor John Abel. I wouldn't be nothing to him then. I wouldn't be nothing to you. I belong in the woods. That's my luck, good or bad."

"I don't believe it's your luck!" she cried back at him. "Onct you said, 'Bad or good, I'm your luck.' Anyways, I'm your wife. Here's your child. You can't leave us."

"I belong with the buffalo and the elk," he repeated. He had laid his rifle on the floor, and he picked it up again, fingering the walnut, brass-bound stock and barrel. A complete hopelessness settled over Nancy. She realized that there was nothing she could say or do that would keep him. She had never possessed him. She saw now why she dreaded the woods—the woods had always possessed Gabriel Sash. Something in them. She hadn't been able to cure him of the habit, the need, of loneliness. Of silence. Gabriel, in turn, had in his heart dreaded the settlement, and it was an inescapable fact that she was part of Harrodstown. She wondered if he would consent to take her away with him and actually make her his squaw? At the same moment a different quality, as hard and demanding as Gabriel's own, took hold of her; she would not drag her child at his heels through the wilderness. She might leave little James with her mother; Nancy wanted to do that; a deep stubborn instinct defeated her again.

"When will you go?" she asked.

"The field is plowed and seeded, and the turnips and muskmelons in. Tonight," he replied.

She rose. "I must make you some johnnycake," Nancy asserted.

Gabriel Sash nodded. She gathered some wood on the hearth, and Gabriel, with his flint and steel, set it on fire. She addressed herself to making a batter. One thing she knew beyond all doubt—Gabriel would never come back. Nancy was, in the face of that realization, strangely quiet. It wasn't like her. She even wondered how she would get along. Probably go back to her father's cabin, but tend the truck planted in her own ground. It was thought to be almost safe now to walk from one part of Harrodstown to another.

"I haven't nothing to leave you," Gabriel admitted.

"I don't want nothing," she replied fiercely. "You don't know much," she went on, "or you'd never said that. But you never knowed about women. What they want. It didn't come into your head I might kill you. I could do it easy enough."

Gabriel admitted that she could. "Nor I wouldn't blame you," he continued. "Life's a chance even in a settlement." He crossed the earthen floor of the cabin to where his son was sleeping. Gabriel Sash stared down at him for a long while. "Lawyer Sash," he said in a tone of speculation; "Lawyer James Sash."

There was only a single tallow dip lighted, the fire for the johnnycake had died away, and Gabriel was almost lost in the shadows. Suddenly Nancy felt that her face was wet with tears. She had nothing to do with them; she had no intention of crying; she wept silently, without emotion or relief. Hopelessly. Gabriel, completely silent in moccasins, returned to where he had been sitting.

"You'll get a right man," he told her. "Fitten for the settlements. You're rid of me good." Nancy didn't answer that.

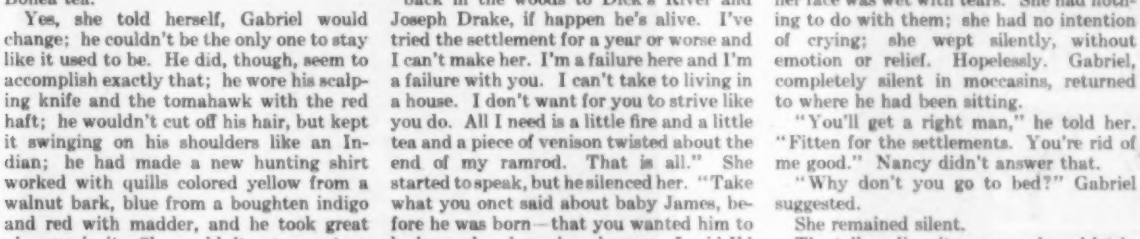
"Why don't you go to bed?" Gabriel suggested.

She remained silent.

The tallow dip—it was on a board let in a chink above the fireplace—flickered precariously. She could barely see Gabriel Sash. His face was hidden in his dark cloud of long hair. Her baby cried out and then fell quiet once more. Only a little glow showed on the limestone hearth. That went out. The tallow dip flared up with a brighter, audible light and utter darkness filled the cabin.

A new fear enveloped Nancy, a sudden cold dread of existence. She wanted to cry out for Gabriel, beg him to stay close to her, to save her from unbearable terror. She didn't make a sound; it would be useless. The night was hot and the doors of the cabin were open, but it seemed to Nancy that she was shut into a blackness where there wasn't a breath to catch. She was suffocating. A sudden sense of loneliness touched her. Somehow the cabin was different. Empty. She knew. Gabriel Sash had gone. A chuck-will's-widow sounded faint and sad outside. Only sometimes it wasn't a chuck-will's-widow. You had to move away from your fire. Listen. That was in the woods. She gathered little James up and sat with him on her lap. His breathing was at once soft and troubled. Her own breath was still labored and her heart was pounding like on a hominy block. She wouldn't ever more pound hominy, make johnnycake, for Gabriel. He had gone back to the dark secretness he come from. Him and Joseph Drake. The Long Hunters. Her tears had stopped; her cheeks were hot and dry. Anger cut like a knife into the dull hopelessness of her suffering.

Editor's Note—This is the first story of a series concerned with the life of a family through a hundred years of Kentucky history.



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KORK-N-SEAL
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THE CAP WITH THE LITTLE LEVER

OPAL AND CRYSTAL

(Continued from Page 21)

personal property, of 'an opal of considerable value.' Here was publicity promising no agreeable repercussions.

"'Was it insured?' I asked, after getting Varley on the wire and learning that the Fire King was gone.

"'For fifty thousand dollars.'

"'Some balm in that,' I agreed. . . . 'Pardon me? Yes, I'll come up at once if you want me to.'

"I went to his aerie in Dominant Tower and found him more flustered and indignant than grieving. An insurance policy assuages the pang of loss. It is sweet to the hand like the surface of jade; it soothes the heart and drives out despondency like the opal; like the crystal, it protects the possessor from sorcery, witchcraft, secret enemies and evil thoughts. Possessed of so potent a talisman, a man's vigilance relaxes, inviting attempts on the thing insured; he himself, though with an infrequency that is genuinely edifying, initiates such attempts and laughs in his sleeve. Varley, who had in prospect the receipt of fifty thousand dollars when he had paid eighteen, was not serene or merely troubled by the plight of the insurance company; he was irritated and outraged. 'Do you know what that scoundrel of a detective has the infernal cheek to tell me, Brown?' he blurted.

"I went to the city detective, who was at the other end of the living room with Mrs. Varley; the lady had her head bandaged. 'What does it look like, Wells?' I asked directly. I am, as you know, on easy terms with the city police. I have aided them, aiding the league, in many crimes involving the theft of jewelry. You will recall, for instance, the help I gave them, letting them have the credit, in the matter of the Jewett pearl, when they attached no significance to the severed finger found with the dead man until I told them of the use of such relics in the pearl-breeding bottles of Borneo.

"He was sulky. 'I'm not going to say any more about it, Mr. Brown. The situation speaks for itself. Some people think because a man asks questions he must know nothing.'

"'Yes, and some people think,' blustered Varley, shouldering forward, 'because they have a police badge in their pocket they must be a regular Old King Brady! I'll tell you something ——'

"'Just a moment, Varley, please,' I interposed. 'This kind of repartee isn't going to get us anywhere. I know Wells and I can certify that he knows his business; and I know Mr. Varley and I know that he's on the level. He's naturally worried by his loss, and is inclined to be touchy. . . . On the other hand, Varley ——'

"'What loss, Mr. Brown? He has a policy for fifty thousand dollars.'

"'There it is again,' said Varley strainedly. 'That's an insinuation, and now you've heard it for yourself, I'll tell you how this thing happened, but I don't propose to put up with any more of this man's impertinence. You know, Brown, that I've been away for some two weeks. When you were here to see the opal, I told you of this projected business trip through the Middle West. I returned yesterday on the New Yorker, the fast express, getting into the Grand Central at about 9:00 P.M., attended to a little business and reached this apartment at ten o'clock that evening. I opened that door and walked in and found Mrs. Varley lying here on the floor, bleeding profusely from a cut on the forehead. The safe was open and the Fire King was gone.'

"'I can tell you all I know of it very quickly, Mr. Brown,' complemented Mrs. Varley. 'It was about nine o'clock and I was alone in the apartment—I had let Laura and John go to their rooms; they sleep downstairs—and I was going to go to bed and read, when I had a strange presentiment of danger—you know that queer feeling that one gets. So I went first to the safe to see that the Fire King was still there, and just as I opened it, I heard a strange noise behind me, and I looked around and saw a masked face bending over me, and then I was struck with a blunt instrument and everything went black before me. And the very next thing I knew, I looked up and saw my husband.'

"'Was the masked face a man's or woman's?'

"'I think it was a man's.'

"'Where were you, Varley, between nine and ten o'clock?'

"'I can tell you, Brown, but I don't see how it matters.'

"'That's the question I asked him that started him off,' said Wells.

"'It wasn't the question,' exclaimed Varley, 'but the insinuating way you asked it! I don't have to account for my time to you.' He motioned me aside, to say into my private ear, 'The fact is, Brown, hang it, that I was in Miss Lothere's apartment down the street.'

"'With her?'

"'No, she wasn't there. I waited nearly an hour and then came over here. But that makes no difference; I can prove by several people that I was there.'

"'You'll hardly want to,' I suggested. 'I don't see that it matters, but it's a natural if trifling question to ask, and any lack of frankness makes a bad impression.'

"'Lunny!' called Mrs. Varley, and we looked around at her. He had spoken to me in a whisper, but she knew; a man can't hide a thing of that sort from the woman who loves him. She walked to him and put her pitifully stout arms about his baggy throat; but her face was beautiful. 'Lunny, you were with that woman. Tell the truth. I don't care, sweetheart, because it's all over now and we're going to be happy again.'

"'I was, Dolly,' he said whisperingly. I walked away, drawing Wells with me.

"'If you're accusing the Varleys of faking this robbery,' I concluded, 'it's a mighty serious charge.'

"'The ambulance surgeon, Mr. Brown,' he retorted, 'told me that Mrs. Varley wasn't knocked unconscious; and if she only fainted, she wasn't the sort to stay under for an hour. As to the masked burglar, this house is pretty well staffed, and strangers don't walk in and out as they please. As to the burglar coming from another apartment, the tenants here are all rich and responsible, and don't live by robbing people—not with a blackjack, anyway.'

"'There was a robbery just like this in all the papers last week.'

"'And this is the first of the repeats. Any crime that's well advertised is always imitated, Mr. Brown, by amateurs. And why wouldn't Varley say where he was between nine and ten o'clock?'

"'For your private information and guidance,' I said confidentially, 'he was in the apartment of another woman.'

"'So that's his sort, eh? Well, Mr. Brown, he may have been all you say, but you can leave it to those gold-diggers to teach him new tricks. I'd like to look that woman over.'

"'You'll have to get her name from Mr. Varley,' I said, abandoning any hope of persuading him. And, to be frank, I had first of all to persuade myself. A woman, good or bad, is a fact, whereas a man's ethics, or lack of them, are only his way of looking at facts; on seeing Miss Lothere, my opinion of Varley had gone back into suspension, and I was prepared to reacquaint myself with him as with any other stranger. This alleged robbery had to stand on its own intrinsic probabilities, with Varley an unknown quantity; and it smelt decidedly fishy.

"The tone of the newspaper articles that followed showed that my doubts were generally shared; nor did the insurance company prove more trusting—some months after the disappearance of the Fire King, Varley filed suit on the policy, payment under it having been withheld. The suit was a further unfavorable advertisement and completed the ruin of Varley's business; a gem broker, intrusted frequently with invaluable merchandise, must be above suspicion. Varley was added to the long list of men who have been tried by prosperity and found wanting. I was out of touch with him; our only common interest had been in the Fire King.

"Last November I found before me a clipping from the South Side Beacon of Sandbay telling of the finding of a great pearl in a codfish taken offshore by a local fisherman; the description of the pearl was so galvanizing that I jumped from my desk, seized hat and coat, and hurried to the Pennsylvania Terminal, taking train there for Sandbay, which is some forty miles out on Long Island.

"I found Hen Brandt, the fisherman, a typical down-easter, lank, somewhat uncouth, with eyes narrowed by native caution and blowy weather.

"'Caught him dragging, Mr. Brown,' he said, full of discourse while he studied me. 'Only cod in a big jag of fish. Most generally we ice down the catch without gutting 'em, and ship them into Fulton Market, but this being the only cod, I kept him for myself and gutted him, and out popped this big pearl. . . . Yes, yes, a cod'll swallow anything—anything he can swallow. I'd as lief be in the water with a shark as a real big cod. Cap'n Baker got a whole quart bottle of Scotch out of a big cod two years ago, and I mean he did. Swallow anything they can get in that big trap of theirs. . . . From this insurance company, are you, Mr. Brown?'

"'No,' I corrected him. 'But that circular that I've shown you was put out by the insurance company, and it describes your pearl nearly enough to be very interesting. You see that the stone described is not a pearl but an opal called the Fire King. It's hard to believe that it's the same as the stone you found in the fish, but let's see what you got and we'll compare.'

"'Well, I wasn't showing it to nobody, Mr. Brown, because I didn't want people coming around and claiming it off me when it wasn't theirs. Still and all, I don't want nothing ain't mine, so I told the editor to put a piece in the Beacon about finding this big pearl and let 'em apply. Well, I guess you're straight, Mr. Brown; this circular of yourn seems to been printed some time ago. Know anybody in Sandbay?'

"'I dare say your local jewelers know me, Mr. Brandt. And I can be introduced to your bank, if the long-distance is working.'

"'That'll be fine. I'm a director in the bank myself and you get Ned French, the cashier, to say A and I'll say B.'

"Having been duly indorsed, I went with Brandt to his residence and he produced his find.

"'The Fire King!' I exclaimed.

"'The same, is it, Mr. Brown?' asked Brandt philosophically.

"I had thought so, Case, on first glimpse, but now I came upon a fact still more mystifying—that this was not the peerless Fire King itself but an imitation of it. It was a good imitation, if imitations of the glowing opal are ever good. Opal is not a crystalline body but a solidified jelly, and its characteristic color play is due to its peculiar structure. It is traversed by innumerable undulating fissures that decompose light as it is decomposed by a soap bubble; these fissures are filled with air or water. As the cracks are more uniform and numerous, the chromatic display increases in splendor. An imitation in glass—and this was glass—will not reproduce these fissures in their original sharpness; the faults in solidifying glass tend to round themselves. The structure of these internal faults is the most

(Continued on Page 93)

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Think of being able to leave your car outdoors for hours in zero weather—and having your engine leap at the first touch of the starter without a grind or groan!

That is what the New Waxfree Havoline means in winter driving. It is a paraffin base oil that is free from wax.

Wax causes oil to congeal in freezing weather!

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Change today to this ideal oil—if you would know summer convenience in winter driving. The New Waxfree Havoline retails for 35c per quart—it is worth far more in engine protection and peace of mind.

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The New Waxfree Havoline 30
*VISCOSITY STANDARD ESTABLISHED BY *the Society of Automotive Engineers*

FLASH POINT		450° F.
FIRE POINT		520° F.
VISCOSITY	at 130° F.	*220
	at 210° F.	58
COLD TEST		5 below zero F.

Specification figures for Havoline 30 are shown here because it is a popular grade of lubricant for a number of cars. Havoline dealers have the correct grade for every car.

Impartial oil experts can tell you these specifications show that the New Waxfree Havoline surpasses all previous standards of quality in oil.

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Wax turns water-thin under heat. Wax turns candle-hard under cold. Now you can get a waxfree paraffin base oil for the best year-round lubrication.
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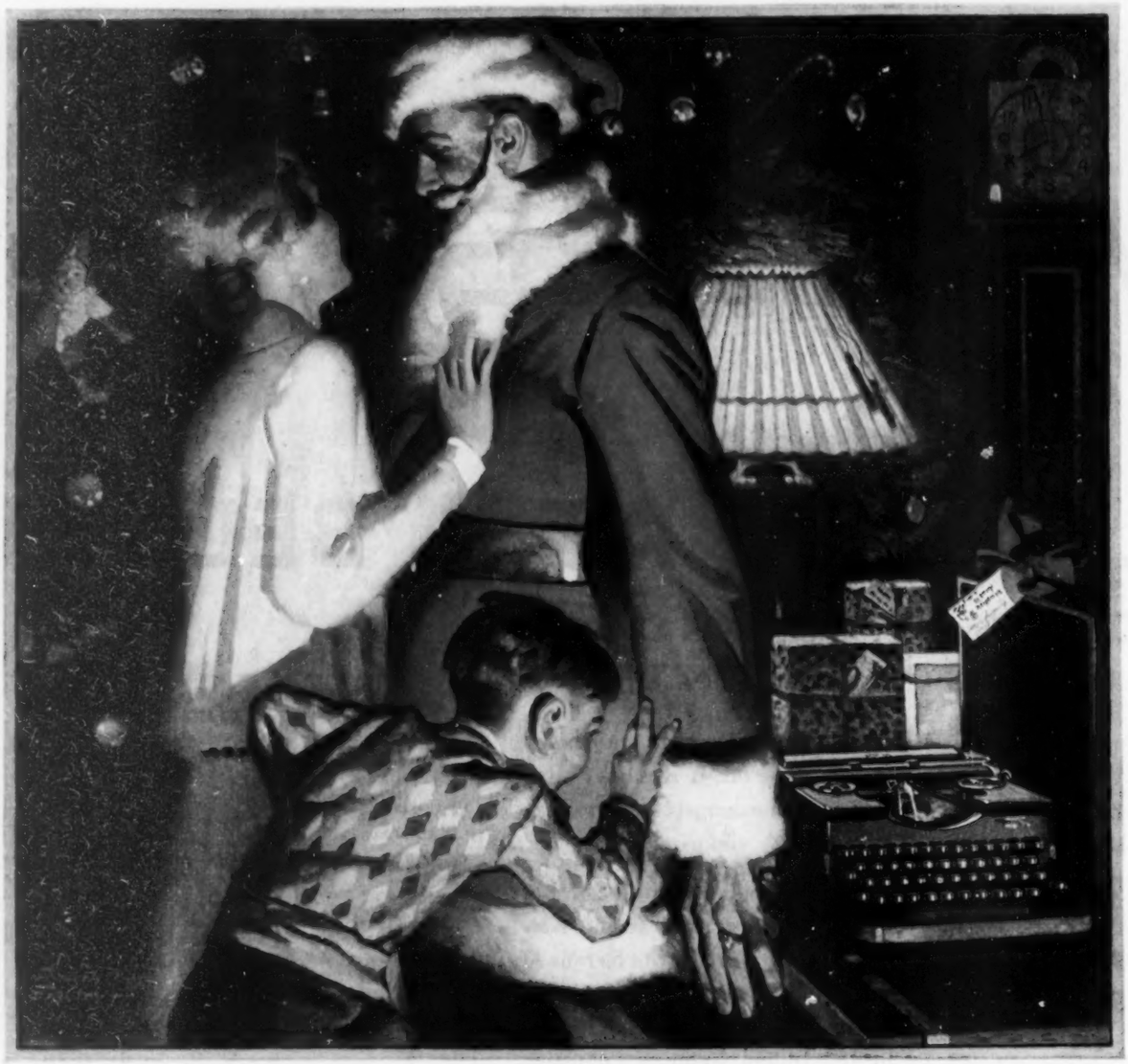

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ROYAL TYPEWRITERS

Portable

(Continued from Page 90)

distinctive difference between the imitation or even synthetic gem and the original by Nature, and the difference was necessarily obvious. A gem such as the synthetic ruby may have the color and hardness of the original, and is to be distinguished from it chiefly by microscopic examination of the faults, but the opal's appearance depends precisely on its faults, and no one could mistake this plebeian pretender for the legitimate Fire King hedged in royal flame. Well, Case, I say no one, but have already admitted that I myself, who am not precisely the average untrained amateur, had been confused for a split second.

"'Compare it for yourself,' I urged, tapping the description of the Fire King in the circular. I wanted time to learn why this imitation had been made and how it traveled to the cod's gullet.

"'Just my luck,' said Brandt with resignation.

"I went with him to the store of the principal jeweler of Sandbay, who was a member of the league and whom I had met, and I set the false opal before him. 'Mr. Hicks,' I said, 'I want you to tell Mr. Brandt whether this is or is not worth a thousand dollars. Do just that and please don't volunteer any opinion.'

"'This is your big pearl, is it, Hen?" chuckled Hicks. He sobered when he caught my earnest glance. 'No, Hen, this isn't worth a thousand dollars—positively not.'

"'I want to take this stone back with me to New York,' I said. If you're agreeable, Mr. Brandt, I'll deposit a thousand dollars with your bank, and you can have the money if I don't put this stone back in your hands within thirty days.'

"'Let me tell you this, Hen,' said Hicks helpfully. 'If Mr. Brown wants to pack up my entire stock right now and take it away with him, he can do it, and he won't have to put up ten dollars security either.'

"'You know what this thing is worth, and your stock, too, Zeb,' said Brandt. 'I guess I'll do that, Mr. Brown. Zeb's guaranty of you is good enough for me, but I might as well take the thousand, too, since you have a mind to offer it.'

"It was possible that Varley had had this imitation manufactured for sending about in the trade, but while his good faith was in doubt I could not go to him for information. It could not have been made for a legitimate purpose since the robbery; the manufacturer would have recognized the Fire King when it was given to him to copy. And if it was made before the robbery, why had not the manufacturer come forward since and told of his employment? Perhaps my logic was flawed, but it seemed to me that I would find my manufacturer in a maker of imitation or synthetic gems who was very able in his trade and who was also a bit of a rascal.

"I had the man in mind at once—Kilroy. You know that it is part of my work to expose frauds in and on the jewelry trades, and I had had to deal with Kilroy. He had manufactured rubies and sapphires of good color and considerable size, using the U tube of platinum iridium with crossing jets of oxygen and hydrogen gas, and had found a market for his products in the demand for watch jewels and medium-priced stones, but he had not been content with honest profits. Several years ago a number of such reconstructed gems were sold in the market as natural stones, and I finally pinned the fraud on Kilroy. We are not generally lenient with that sort of thing, but, thanks to my respect for his scientific attainments and to the intercession of friends, I didn't put him behind the bars. Here was a gentleman who could turn out on demand a passable imitation of the Fire King, and who might be induced to keep his own counsel.

"I went to see Kilroy—a handsome and muscular man with the hands of a floor layer and the twinkling eyes of a good-natured cynic—and showed him the imitation.

"'This was found in a codfish that was netted off the Long Island coast,' I said. 'Unless I miss my guess, it was made by Cornelius Aloysius Kilroy.'

"'And if so, Brown?'

"He took the imitation in his great gnarled hand.

"'Back to the factory again,' Kilroy said. 'Who's making the complaint—the codfish? My work must be slipping. Yes, I made it—last February—and for a lady named Charibel; she's a fortune teller on West Thirty-fourth Street; she read the story you gave out about my rubies and thought that I might make her an opal. Please be discreet, Brown, as she told me her name in confidence. I don't work for people I don't know. Don't mention it, Brown; I'm glad to be able to return a favor.'

"'Let me have the exact date.'

"'Just a moment. Here it is: She left the Fire King with me on February sixteenth of this year, and I returned it to her, with this copy, on the twenty-third. I say, old man, try to keep my name out of this; that affair of the rubies hurt me with my trade, and I've had to do some first-rate lying to restore my reputation, and I wouldn't want any reflections on me just now.'

"The alleged robbery in Dominant Tower took place on February twenty-fifth; during the preceding two weeks, Varley, owner of the Fire King, had been absent from New York. During those two weeks he had supposed that the Fire King was in his safe at home; it appeared now that it had been abroad, that it had been in the hands of the fortune-telling lady named Charibel. An imitation of it had been made; this imitation, at some time between February twenty-third and the following November, had been cast into the sea.

"The Fire King had been put into the lady Charibel's hands—and by whom? For what purpose and whose had the imitation been made? Studying to read the name of Madame Charibel's confederate, three faces rose before me—the pretty, weak and cruel face of Miss Lothere; the smug and homely visage of the erring Varley, who, when his time for such dalliance was fled, had begun to gather his rosebuds; and, best of the three, the pale and patient face of the wronged wife.

"My interest attached to Mrs. Varley, belated student of the occult, fireside traveler amid the marvels of the Indies. I found her in much reduced circumstances. Fortune—Indian-giver, temperamental genie—had snatched Dominant Tower from under the luckless couple and had dropped them back into their original poverty; they were again in a fifty-dollar-a-month flat, on Willis Avenue in the Bronx.

"'Oh, hello, Mr. Brown!' she cried gladly, standing on her threshold. 'Do come in. Lunny will be so pleased to see you again. . . . Sweetheart, here's your friend Mr. Brown!'

"I had not known her at once; she was quite another woman from the heavy, laconic hostess of Dominant Tower. She had not been banting, trying to coax the inexorable years to repent; she was as plump as ever, as obviously middle-aged, but she was bright and magnetic. Her cheeks were pink and her brown eyes laughed, and her voice had a lilt and a ripple.

"'We've just had dinner, Mr. Brown, but I haven't put the things away yet. Have you had yours? I can have it ready —— Oh, that's too bad. But you'll have a piece of cake, won't you? Or perhaps you'd rather smoke a cigar. I bought Lunny a beautiful box of cigars for his birthday, on One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Street, for only sixty cents—just imagine a whole box of cigars for only sixty cents! Oh, we get perfectly wonderful bargains up here—and he smoked only half of one, and then he gave up smoking.'

"'Hello, Brown,' said Varley cordially, rising from the dining table. 'Sit down.' He had changed, too, losing his smugness and growing thinner and more alert, if careworn.

"'I'll have a piece of cake, Mrs. Varley,' I requested. 'And give Lunn the other half of that cigar. Don't let him give up smoking, Mrs. Varley, until he's used up that whole box; he's altogether too self-denying.'

"'That's what I say, Mr. Brown,' said Mrs. Varley gratefully, striking a match. 'He should have his little pleasures. . . . Here's a light, sweetheart. . . . They do say, Mr. Brown, that the ashes are awfully good for the carpet. . . . But you're not going out tonight, Lunny?'

"'I have to go out and see a man,' said Varley, puffing sturdily. 'Be back in a half hour, Dolly. Keep Mr. Brown here.'

"'The poor boy is working frightfully hard, Mr. Brown, but he's getting back on his feet again.'

"'It doesn't seem to be hurting him any,' I ventured. 'You're both looking happy and fit, and years younger.'

"'We have each other, Mr. Brown,' she said serenely. 'And we're living as we used to, until a year or two ago when Lunny began to make a lot of money. We had such fun planning all the things we were going to do, and we thought we were going to be so happy, but we weren't. We were very unhappy, and it's all like a bad dream to me now, and I'm so glad it's over. You know what most of the trouble was, Mr. Brown, and I won't deny it. Lunny was running around and neglecting his home, and a woman got hold of him. I don't blame the poor boy now. I don't blame any man, because what can he do against a woman? Well, it's all over, and I'm glad of it.'

"'You don't think they'll ever find the Fire King?'

"'They never will in the world; and, Mr. Brown, I'm glad of it. All our troubles came from that terrible stone.'

"'You think the Fire King brought you bad luck?' I asked gently.

"Conviction shone in her face. 'Mr. Brown, there's no doubt of it at all! I never believed in luck and horoscopes and all that; I thought it was just silly. But I was so terribly unhappy, and one evening we went to a party and there was a lady there was reading things in a glass ball. Now, Mr. Brown, this lady had never even heard my name and had never seen me before in her life, but she told me the most wonderful things about myself. She knew all about me and told me things that happened to me years and years ago! You have to believe facts, Mr. Brown, don't you? She wanted to help me, and she gave me books to study, and talked to me for hours in her studio, and advised me; and everything came out just as she said. She wasn't doing it for money, Mr. Brown. She wouldn't take a dollar from me.'

"'She told you that the Fire King was unlucky?'

"'Well, my goodness, wasn't it? That's been proved now.'

"'I'm a bit of a seer myself, Mrs. Varley. For instance, I know that the lady you speak of was Madame Charibel. Don't be startled, my dear girl. This is a very delicate business, and involves your happiness and your husband's. He shall not hear of it until you yourself are ready to tell him, and it may be that I myself will advise you to tell him never. But you must trust me with the story of your dealings with Madame Charibel, and to show you the necessity of that ——'

I opened my hand and displayed to her the imitation opal.

"'The Fire King!' she exclaimed, as I had exclaimed in the fisherman's house, but with none of my exhilaration. I gestured warningly and pocketed the stone; her husband was returning.

"'I must have eaten something,' she said, answering his concerned inquiry. 'Mr. Brown's been taking care of me. Don't worry, sweetheart; I feel much better already, but I had such a very queer feeling I'd better lie down. . . . Good night, Mr. Brown; I'll see you very soon again.'

"She was at my office before noon of the next day; and, three hours later, I was sitting opposite Madame Charibel in her studio on West Thirty-fourth Street.

"She was a likable woman, confidence-breeding, and probably a thoroughly competent counselor in the ways of the world

"Say,— isn't this game *terrible* on feet!"

". . . . how you can pound pavements all day in new shoes beats me. My feet are sopping wet."

"Get wise, boy! The first point in this business is . . . . foot comfort! Take a tip from an old timer. See that DRI-GUARD sign in the window over there? Take your shoes there and have them rebuilt."

"Sure sounds fine, but you can't get far in this game in second hand shoes. You gotta *look* right. I notice *you* always wear new shoes."

"New? I've had these shoes for years. They always look new when you have them rebuilt with DRI-GUARD Soles. And they feel like you're walking on air."

"They sure do look new. But that won't keep me from getting a cold."

"Well, you won't get it through DRI-GUARD Soles. They're absolutely waterproof."

"Is that a fact? They must make your feet awfully stuffy in summer."

"Wrong again. DRI-GUARD Waterproof Leather Soles actually let your feet breathe—pump air in and out with every step you take. Toddle along now . . . you've learned the first requirement of a good salesman."

Take your old shoes, and those of your kiddies, to the nearest repair shop for rebuilding. Order Dri-Guard Waterproof Leather Soles with trade mark on every sole.

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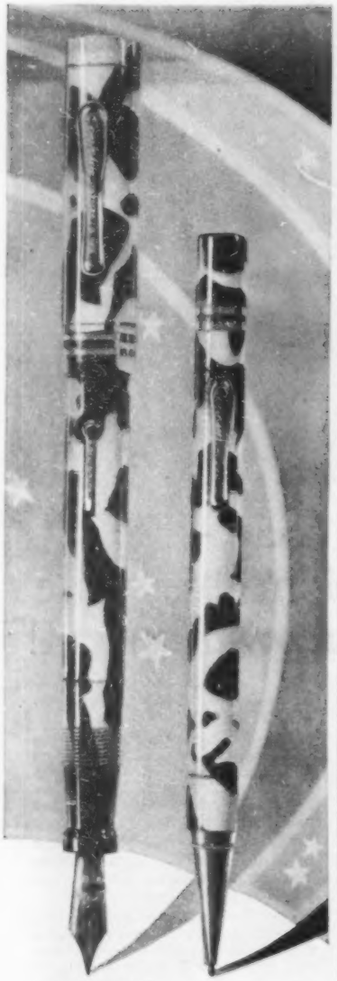

Supernal exactly describes the new Conklin Endura Supernal Pearl and Black pen and pencil. . . . The gleaming pearl, the jet black, and the yellow gold combine to express the very spirit of the starlit spaces.

The pearl will not lose its indescribable loveliness. Here is a singularly appropriate Christmas gift suggestion. . . . The pens $6.00 and $8.00. The pencils $4.00, $4.50. . . . Other Conklin Enduras in beautiful modern color combinations $5.00 and $7.00 for the pens, $3.50 and $4.00 for the pencils. In stores that keep step with the times.

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and of human nature; a big-framed woman with a hand for a market basket or an unruly child. She would have made a grand helpmate for any man while she could put up with his masculine pettiness and vanity and pretense; she had almost certainly been married, and unsuccessfully—probably to some lunkhead with preconceived ideas. She puffed her cigarette in silence while her clear blue eyes dwelt on me with the encouragement of a friend. I told her that I was a gem broker and had lost a valuable jewel, ending in saying, 'A friend advised me to consult you, Madame Charibel, but I'll tell you frankly that I'm no believer in magic.'

"She crushed out her cigarette and drew this crystal between us. 'So that your mind may not secretly oppose our efforts, Mr. Brown,' she said in a deep contralto, 'let us rid it of the fanciful notion that crystal scrying is magical. It is just one way of exploring the scryer's subconsciousness. Perhaps the term is new to you. Consider a man learning to juggle. Until the motions become habit to him, until he ceases to think of them, he is awkward. When he is expert, he does not think of the motions at all. In a very true sense, he has forgotten how to juggle. So with the more difficult feat of walking. When the child has learned perfectly, he forgets how to walk. He knows how to walk, but is unaware of his knowledge; it is forgotten by his conscious mind, but remains in his subconsciousness. We explore the subconsciousness and bring back to the conscious mind things forgotten of it.

"'Now, Mr. Brown, a child is born with a multitude of habits; his physical processes are intricate beyond the power of any conscious mind, but he executes them perfectly, and is not aware how. The knowledge must be in his subconsciousness, and is the cumulative knowledge of his ancestors, all the way down the line to the first living cell. His involuntary emotions are theirs—his alarm, anger, love and appetite.'

"'A plausible theory, Madame Charibel,' I conceded. 'So that you think the answer to any human problem may be found in your crystal.'

"'In the subconsciousness.'

"'And the future too?'

"'When one knows the past, one knows the future.'

"'I'll have a try, if I may,' said I. And under her direction I gazed into the crystal. 'I see a room, Madame Charibel,' I said at last. 'It is this room. I see you, sitting in profile. You are talking with a stout and brown-eyed woman in a brown dress. She is handing an object to you; she is handing you a large jewel.'

"'What is this?' exclaimed Madame Charibel sharply.

"'Ah, the room is gone,' said I dreamily. 'And now I would gaze into the future. Hello; I see a high stone wall, and iron gates in it! A man in uniform puts down a rifle and opens the gate, and you enter, handcuffed to a deputy sheriff. The place looks to me extraordinarily like ——'

"The crystal was snatched from before me, and I was looking into the hostile eyes of the seeress. 'Madame Charibel,' I said, refusing to be stared down, 'the friend who sent me here was Mrs. Lunn Varley, and the jewel that was lost was the Fire King.'

"'You're quite a comic, Mr. Brown,' said Madame Charibel, lighting another cigarette.

"'I do it awkwardly because it is not my habit,' I admitted. 'Mrs. Varley tells me that she put the Fire King into your hands, by your request, so that you might break its evil influence. She says that you returned it to her after some days, telling her that it was too strong for you and advising her to sink it in the deep sea.'

"'You have come here to threaten me,' said the lady, unafraid. 'Go with Mrs. Varley to the police, my friend, and let her tell her story. If it were true, what wrong have I done? Perhaps I will advise you to take that fine ring from your finger and throw it into the river, and perhaps you will do so and complain of me to the police.'

"'That would be a parallel case, Madame Charibel,' I agreed, not resenting her smile, 'if the stone that you restored to Mrs. Varley were the one she intrusted to you. But the fact is that you had an imitation made by a gentleman named Kilroy, and it was the imitation that you gave to Mrs. Varley.'

"'Tell that to the police too!' she snapped contemptuously; and I saw that she had counted her chances with cleverness, including in them betrayal by the lapidary. 'But don't fail to bring the imitation opal with you.'

"'An excellent suggestion,' I said, holding it up for her to see. 'Mrs. Varley, to take your advice, went on an excursion by steamer to Atlantic Highlands, but evidently lost her nerve at the last moment, since, you see, she did not lose this vital bit of evidence in the depths of the ocean.'

"She stared at the imitation opal with poker face. 'It's a settler,' she said. 'Well, Mr. Brown, somebody has to take the blame for this, and I won't—not alone. I was through with him once, and here I've gone and made a fool of myself for him again. . . . Will you take money instead? He's made a lot in the stock market recently.'

"'The Fire King,' I said, 'will be for sale when we regain it, but I'm not agreeing to compound a felony. I think I can make your peace with the authorities if you give us every help you can.'

"'My former husband, Harry Wynn, has it,' she said in complete surrender, 'and you can find him at the Hotel Almirante. He'll pay well to keep it, as he always thought more of it than of his own wife. I didn't do this for money, Mr. Brown. I was Mrs. Harry Wynn when we lived in Melbourne.'"

Brown touched the shimmering ball above the grinning bronze images. "A souvenir gift from Madame Charibel when she left the country by request."

"But according to the newspaper account, Brown, the Fire King was taken in a robbery of Varley's flat, was found in a fish by this man Brandt of Sandbay, was reclaimed from Brandt by Varley, and was later resold to the former owner, Wynn, for a price of one hundred thousand dollars."

"And Wynn left the country at once. Essentially correct. Two actors who didn't appear in the newspapers were Madame Charibel and Kilroy; some delicate questions had to be decided and publicity wouldn't help. If we had tried to convict the conspirators and had failed, Lunn Varley's chance of reëstablishing himself in business would have been gone for good. And Mrs. Varley herself was one of the conspirators; she had no right to dispose of her husband's property. More important than the legal problem was the relation between the Varleys: How would he react to the true facts? I cut around all that, while conferring with the authorities, by taking the Fire King from Wynn, giving it to Brandt—he got the thousand dollars, by the way—and telling Lunn Varley to reclaim it from him. Which accounts for the newspaper story.

"It worked out well for Varley; his old customers, to make amends for having suspected him of robbing himself, came hurrying back to him, and he's now doing better than ever."

"And he doesn't know ——"

"He does—now. I don't like secrets—particularly secrets that the future may expose, and at some unfavorable moment. I advised her to tell him, and—we did."

"Ah, that was unfortunate, Brown. I know what business men are. I can tell you now that he was furiously angry, and that he has never forgiven her."

Brown started up with a welcoming gesture. "Here are our friends at last! Come in, Lunn! . . . Hello, Dolly! This is Mr. Case—Mr. and Mrs. Varley."

I contemplated the couple who were entering the room—the dumpy and solemn gentleman who held himself rigid behind his shining shirt front, a self-important man, jealous of his hard-won dignity, a man to sulk over fancied slights—and the wife, smiling, timid, looking to him constantly for leading.

"I was telling Case," said Brown enjoyably, "about Dolly trying to throw the Fire King into the North Atlantic."

"Oh, you didn't!" protested Mrs. Varley, blushing brightly. "What must he think of me, Mr. Brown, really?"

But Varley's face lit up at once, and he was at ease, cordial, amiable, an appreciated man, a flattered man. "She certainly did, Case," he boomed huskily. "A hundred thousand dollars—so far as she knew—and every cent we had in the world; but when she thought it had come between us, she chucked it"—with an exulting gesture—"right into the deep blue sea!"

LOVE STORY

(Continued from Page 13)

gardening—did turn out to be drunks, so that couldn't be called a real worry. More in the line of a certainty.

The faint song of the aeroplane engine touched her ears again and she looked shoreward. The Bug, skimming over the water, was coming toward her at a good hundred miles an hour. It shrieked past, turned its nose skyward and whipped about in a sharp hairpin turn that brought it to the water a few yards from the boat.

"He's coming right out," said Sandy. "Thought I'd better tell you."

"Thanks ever so much."

"Beautiful day, isn't it?"

"Couldn't be better!"

He surprised himself by saying: "Mind if I come aboard and have a smoke while you're waiting?"

"I wish you would," replied Rip. "It isn't much fun sitting here alone."

He swung out of his plane and gave it a powerful shove away from the boat, so that they couldn't bang together. "Peterson'll pick it up for me," he said. "He was just getting into his boat when I left."

He sat down, lit a cigarette and began to examine some fresh cuts on the fingers of his left hand.

"How did you cut yourself?" asked Rip.

"Oh, I wasn't using my belt when I was stunting the bus," he explained indifferently. "Had to hold myself in by getting a grip under the seat. Edge was a little sharp. I'll have the mechs get in there with a rasp."

Rip looked horrified. "You mean that you were just holding there by one hand when you were upside down?"

He nodded. "Sure! When you're giving a plane its first test you want to be ready to cut loose if a wing comes off."

"Great grief!" exclaimed Rip.

Sandy looked at his plane, studied it for a few moments. "She's a sweet little job!" he said. "One sweet little job!"

"I think," announced Rip, "that the idea of hanging there by one hand is blood-curdling!"

He laughed at her. "One time when I was doing an outside loop I had a belt start to bust loose. Believe me, I did some holding that day! Thought the seat and everything else was coming away. And I didn't finish the loop, either." A chuckle rumbled up.

"But what if you'd been thrown out?"

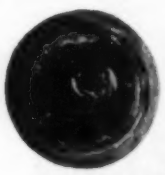
"I'd have come down on my 'chute," he replied. "That is, if the tail didn't come up and smack me into next week."

"Have you ever jumped with a parachute?" she asked.

(Continued on Page 99)

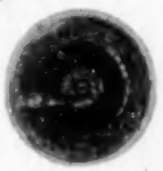
THE STANDARD SPARK PLUG
OF THE WORLD

Center electrode burned off flush with bottom of insulator; side electrode almost burned in two



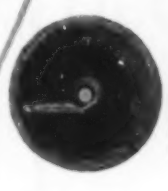
Plug rendered useless by being insecurely screwed in cylinder

These six "horrible examples" Say

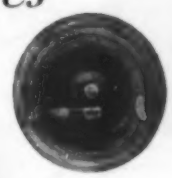


Electrodes badly worn; insulator and shell carbon coated

Center electrode entirely burned away



Center and side electrodes burned away



Wet carbon film on insulator, electrodes and shell

Change YOUR Spark Plugs every 10,000 miles

Are old spark plugs robbing your car of power—wasting fuel—causing hard starting, poor idling, or lame pick-up?

The answer is probably "yes," if you've driven 10,000 miles or more. Spark plugs wear out. Even if they continue to function, the spark is weak, and you do not get full power from your gasoline.

Replace your old spark plugs with new AC's—*the standard of the world.*

AC is the spark plug for modern engines, because of its patented one-piece, gas-tight construction. It is better because of its electrically welded side wire electrode—which has 35 times better electrical conductivity than a side wire inserted by the old "staking" method.

Get a full set—and see the difference. More than 100,000 jobbers and dealers everywhere sell AC products.

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AC Spark Plug Company
FLINT, *Michigan*

AC-TITAN
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AC SPARK PLUGS AC SPEEDOMETERS AC AIR CLEANERS AC OIL FILTERS AC FUEL PUMPS
AC GASOLINE STRAINERS AC AMMETERS AC OIL GAUGES AC THERMO GAUGES

BLUE

SUNOCO

THE ONLY TRUE BLUE

This
outstanding quality motor
fuel is colored

BLUE

to help you identify it and
protect you from imitations.

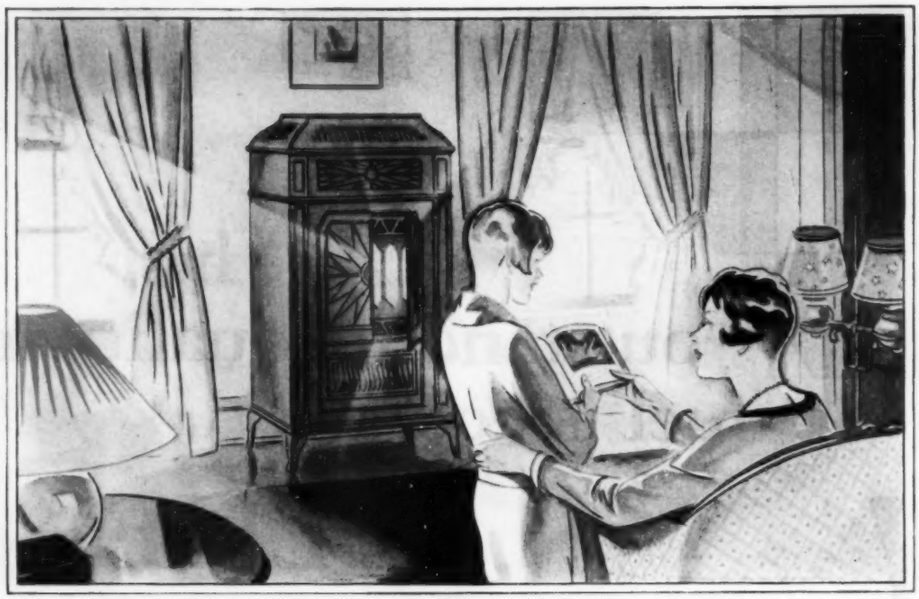
Is it not a fair assumption that
no other refiner would follow
our lead and market a *blue*
gasoline . . . except with
intent to deceive?

SUN OIL COMPANY

BLUE

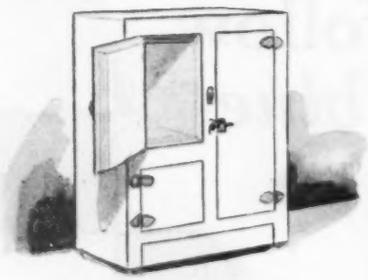
SUNOCO

THE ONLY TRUE BLUE



Cabinet heaters made of ARMCO *Ingot Iron last longer and take a finer finish. Look for the* ARMCO TRIANGLE *put on them by their makers.*

How to be SURE of longer service from products made of metal



The finest ice and mechanical refrigerators are made of durable ARMCO *Ingot Iron, and are so labeled.*

METAL products *look* a good deal alike. You can't tell by their appearance whether they will rust quickly or give you years of care-free service.

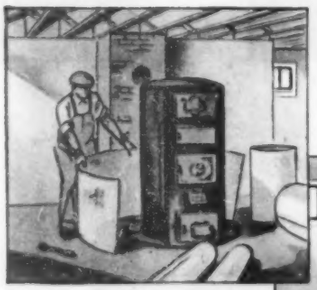
But there is a way to make sure of rust-resistance and long wear, *before* you buy such products!

The manufacturers who use rust-resisting pure iron are marking their products with the famous ARMCO TRIANGLE.

Look for this mark. It is your assurance of the best material-value that money can buy. ARMCO Ingot Iron is unusually resistant to rust and corrosion because it is the purest iron made. It is practically free from the foreign elements that hasten rust in other low-cost metals.

Be sure of getting nothing less than ARMCO Ingot Iron wear and service by insisting on products marked with the ARMCO TRIANGLE.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY
Executive Offices: MIDDLETOWN, OHIO
Export—The Armco International Corp.
Cable Address: "Armco—Middletown"



Furnaces themselves, as well as their casings and pipes, are now being manufactured of ARMCO *Ingot Iron.*

Dryers and washing machines resist rust better when made of ARMCO *Ingot Iron.*

The ARMCO TRIANGLE *is shown on labels which identify products made of genuine* ARMCO *Ingot Iron.*

Look for this sign when there's sheet metal work to be done. It is your guide to a long-lasting, low-cost job.

ARMCO INGOT IRON RESISTS RUST

(Continued from Page 94)

He stared at her. "Lots of times! When I was more of a youngster I'd pay for the privilege. I haven't jumped in six months."

"Why did you jump then? Just for fun?"

"No, I was testing a new crate. She got tired in the air and decided to curl up for a nap, so I kissed her good-by and came down." Another chuckle rumbled up.

Rip stared at him, almost reproachfully. "You're an amazing person," she exclaimed. "Aren't you afraid of anything?"

He nodded and gave her a shy, sidelong smile. "Taxicabs and women," he said.

"You don't seem to be very afraid of me," replied Rip.

"No," he said hesitantly. He couldn't very well tell her that he thought of her more as a youngster than as a woman. But, come to think it over, she probably wasn't so much of a youngster at that. The bathing suit and the tan made her seem less mature than she really was, he decided.

There was a full minute of silence between them. It was always that way when Sandy got alone with a girl. He couldn't think of things to say. He always wondered how some men could be so full of gab the minute they were around anything that wore skirts.

He dangled his hand overboard and let the salt water bite into the cuts. Rip Smith didn't seem to give a hoot whether he talked or not. She was humming a song, apparently lost in her own thoughts.

"Ever been up?" he asked finally.

"Just one little hop around a field."

"Want to come for a hop with me when Peterson gets out here?"

"Not to do any of the things that you were doing. My family has a reputation for dying with its boots on and I don't want to live up to the reputation—not today, anyhow."

"I'll take you for a nice quiet little buggy ride," he promised.

"No stunts at all?"

His head shook. "I wouldn't do anything to scare you," he said. "No decent pilot'd do that. You see, we want to get people to like flying—not scare 'em away from it. Will you come?"

"I'd love it!"

Peterson's boat was nosing toward them and they waited in silence. She had gone back to her own thoughts again, and he stole a glance at her now and then. Mighty pretty, he decided; then he decided that it wasn't so much that she was pretty as that she had an interesting face. Funny the way her mouth twisted when she smiled and the way her eyes narrowed. Nice white teeth too. And slim, race-horsy ankles. Maybe she didn't want to be talked to. The thought made him easier.

Peterson came alongside and they got aboard his launch. He took them to the drifting plane and Sandy helped her into the forward cockpit, hoping that she wouldn't ask to be belted in. There wasn't a belt in the forward cockpit. His mechanic had taken it out to replace it with another kind. But she seemed quite contented to be beltless. Professional pride made him tuck the parachute harness behind the seat pack. He couldn't decently wear it while he was carrying a girl who had neither 'chute nor belt.

"Here's the earphone, so we can talk," he explained. "And don't touch the stick or the rudder bar."

The engine started with a roar and he let it idle for a minute while the temperature gauge worked itself well out of the red. Then they took off and climbed gently. Beneath them lay the whole map of the bay and the Point.

Sandy's voice came to her over the telephone: "Like it?"

She turned, smiling, and gave him an enthusiastic nod.

"That's my house over there," she said presently, pointing to a big house that nestled in soft trees. "I don't live in it," she explained. "I've rented it. I live in the little cottage to the right. And that's the boathouse where we swim."

"Let's look it over," he said, and put the plane in an easy turn. A gentle spiral brought them closer and closer, until they were circling just over the house. She could see Skip and Murph, her Airedales, running frantically upon the lawn, barking their silly heads off. At last they turned out over the bay again, cutting just above the boathouse, with its springboard perched on the very peak of the roof.

"It's a beautiful place!" he said, wondering just who the devil and what the devil she was.

They inspected Peterson, who was plugging back to town with Rip's boat in tow; then they circled the harbor.

"I'm all for having a swim," he announced.

"My boathouse is full of suits. Why not?"

It was just what he'd been hoping she would say. That springboard on the roof looked good.

"Right-o!" he said, and let the plane drift slowly to water. They brought up close to a little dock.

"That was wonderful!" she exclaimed as he cut the switch.

"You didn't get too cold?" he asked.

"Of course not! Don't bother about trying to get up to the dock. I'll go overboard and come out for you in the dingy. There's a mooring buoy over there."

"Bring me a line, so I can tie up," he said.

She flashed overboard in a pretty dive, and he watched her as she headed for shore. "Can swim!" he said admiringly.

She returned, rowing, and together they made the plane fast to the buoy in such a way that the fragile pontoons couldn't be injured.

"You'll find half the bathing suits in the world there in the boathouse," she told him as they came ashore. "Use anything that's loose. Everybody does around here. And take any one of the dressing rooms that's open. I'll go up to the cottage and have some luncheon fixed for us. You'll stay, won't you?"

"That's mighty nice of you, but ——" He hesitated.

"Oh, come on and stay!" said Rip. "You haven't got anything important to do."

"Sure! I'd like to."

IV

THE heat of early afternoon, combined with an hour of diving and swimming and then luncheon, made them dopey. So, armed with books and magazines, followed by two played-out dogs, they went back to the boathouse. They dragged big striped mattresses out upon the stone flagging and sprawled comfortably in the shade. The only dressing they had done for luncheon, which had been served upon the porch of Rip's cottage by a middle-aged maid, was to put on dry swimming suits.

"Do you live here all alone?" asked Sandy.

Rip nodded solemnly. "Except for the maid. I'm the last of the Smiths."

"No family at all?"

"Oh, I've got some little old secondhand relations kicking around here and there, but they don't bother me and I don't bother them." She smiled. "They're not Smiths in the higher sense of the word. Before I was twenty-one, when I had to do what the executors told me to do, I used to be parked at schools and camps. I got so darned sick of being with a herd all the time that now it's fun to be alone."

They read for a while, then Sandy rolled over on his back and stared for a long time up into the blue sky. A half hour passed.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked idly.

"Oh, about some experimental work I want to do with planes."

"What sort of work?"

"It's sort of difficult to explain without getting too technical."

"I can go pretty far with you," said Rip. "I majored in science at college."

He told her that he wanted to develop a new wing structure, one in which the whole nature of the aerofoil could be changed by the pilot in flight to suit varying conditions. She followed him intently into the maze of lift-over-drag ratio, and when she couldn't follow him she made him go back and explain. He took a pebble and drew diagrams upon a flagstone.

"Are you going to have some sort of workshop around here?" she asked.

"Probably near the harbor," he said. "I want it on the water front, but detached from other things. Don't want too many people snooping around."

"This boathouse'd make a good workshop."

"A peach! Are you serious about that?"

"I'm afraid that the people who rent the house'd kick. Otherwise I'd do it in a second. I'd like to see how you come along with this."

He eyed the boathouse regretfully. "They probably wouldn't like it," he agreed. "Aeroplane engines going, and all that sort of stuff. But it was a swell idea while it lasted. . . . Isn't it time to go in swimming again?"

She glanced at the shadow cast by the boathouse. "It's been just an hour since luncheon," she announced with authority. "Loud cheers!"

He leaped to his feet, scrambled up the ladder to the springboard on the roof; then he stood on his hands at the tip of the board and plunged downward. She followed him with a jackknife and they raced for the steps.

Rip was blowing. "I've just decided," she said as she came out, "that I'd like to make a loop. What d' you think of that?"

"Good girl!"

"I'm a little scared," she admitted.

"You needn't be. We'll make it a nice, easy one. Just once over."

"All right," said Rip breathlessly. "Let's do it before I change my mind."

"Put on a pair of riding breeches. I'll let you wear my 'chute."

"What are you going to do for a parachute?"

"I don't need one."

"Neither do I, then."

"Better wear it. There isn't any danger, but it's just that much safer."

Her eyes flashed green. "I certainly will not," she said. "I'd feel like a pretty fool taking your parachute. I may be a little bit afraid, but I'm not that much of a coward!"

"Suit yourself," he replied. "It was designed for somebody who weighs about sixty pounds more than you do, anyhow. But you'd better put on breeches."

She nodded and hurried off toward the cottage.

Sandy dressed and waited for her, smoking thoughtfully. "Spunky little devil," he said to himself. Be hanged if he didn't like Rip! He wondered what her real name was. Surely not Rip. She wasn't the sort of girl who was always pestering a man. And she'd been really interested in what he told her about aerofoil sections. Game of her to want to try a loop.

Rip, in breeches and a white silk riding blouse, came down the walk. An apprehensive little smile played about her lips as they rowed out to the plane.

Sandy started the engine, dropped the 'chute into the rowboat and helped her aboard.

"I'll put you in the rear cockpit this time," he said.

"Why the rear cockpit?"

"You can see better," he explained. He didn't want to say that there was no belt forward. It might make her nervous if she knew that he was merely holding himself in. Not that there was any danger.

He tightened her belt so that she was held firmly in her seat, and slipped into his own place. "We'll get about two thousand feet under us," he explained. "I'll let you know everything I'm going to do, so you won't be surprised."

The little Bug climbed energetically.

"Now we're at two thousand," he announced. "We'll take a little dive to get up enough speed to carry us over."

(Continued on Page 101)

SEE WHAT YOU BUY · BUY IN GLASS

"I won't be five minutes"

Mother covers her newest frock with a spick-and-span apron. Family outings are afoot . . . that's why . . . with not a second to waste in the kitchen.

Quickly and easily, she opens gleaming jars of white-meated chicken or paper-thin dried beef . . . relishes, too . . . and luscious fruits for dessert. In no time at all dinner is ready. No wonder today's housewife keeps a supply of glass-packed foods at hand.

She knows how good they are . . . how delicious in flavor . . . how rich in food value. Because only the best can be packed in glass. Packed the careful way—in modern factories bright with sun.

Notice the choice variety of glass-packed foods on your grocer's shelves. Notice, too, that Anchor C Caps—those sturdy golden seals keep air-tight and safe for you the finest glass-packed foods.

ANCHOR CAPS

very easy to remove

OPENING INSTRUCTIONS—Use your hook bottle opener or an Anchor Opener. Place the hook well under the edge of the cap and lift up gently at several points.

Anchor Cap & Closure Corporation

LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y. · TORONTO, CANADA

Buy Anchor Openers from your grocer, or fill out and return this coupon.

ANCHOR CAP & CLOSURE CORPORATION
LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y., (or Toronto, Canada)
Please send me one Anchor Opener.
Enclosed is six cents in stamps.

Name_____

Address_____ (16)

The Truth about *Skidding*

SKIDDING is lessened in proportion to the amount of tire surface in contact with the road.

Veteran drivers let some of the air out of their tires when they come to a slippery or ice-coated road. They know that while some tread designs, even with deep cut indentations, contribute a slight factor of safety—the greatest safety depends upon the amount of rubber gripping the road.

Long before resilient balloons were thought of, LEE *of Conshohocken* made the flat tread De Luxe—a high pressure tire. It was original in contour, the tread was almost flat, and under normal loads it presented a *perfectly flat* surface to the road.

Safety against skidding was assured to the greatest degree and the mileage delivered was far in excess of other types.

With balloons, LEE *of Conshohocken* continued the "flat tread" design, and today, adaptations of this LEE *of Conshohocken* design are generally accepted as the one contour which gives greatest traction, minimum skidding—and the most extra mileage.

This illustration is typical of all LEE *of Conshohocken* heavy duty balloons. The dotted lines show contour under air pressure only. The solid black shows same tire under normal loads.

A "straight-across" road contact under load means more miles, greater traction and greater non-skid.

Note that with this improved profile, the point of maximum flexing is well up from the tread in the side wall zone, insuring uniform stress in side walls.

GENERAL OFFICES: CONSHOHOCKEN, PA. Factories: CONSHOHOCKEN, PA. and YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

LEE of Conshohocken

(Continued from Page 99)

The wind began whistling. Rip, wide-eyed, wishing that she'd never been such an idiot as to suggest looping, gripped her seat. Of all fiendish things done in the name of pleasure!

"And over we go!" said Sandy cheerily.

The bay fell down like a trapdoor hinged far behind them. The sky was like a flat wall tilted at a crazy angle. Then the earth and bay whisked into view, coming from some surprisingly wrong direction. They were on even keel again.

"How did you like that?" he asked.

She gasped. "Fine! I think it was, anyhow. It happened so suddenly."

"Try it again?"

"Yes."

They went over once more.

"Put your hands and feet on the controls," he ordered. "Get the feel of 'em."

For a few minutes she followed his movements as he banked the plane in turns, glided downward and climbed.

"I'm going to give the controls to you now," he said, and put both hands up.

She was a trifle appalled, but she followed his signals and put the plane through a figure eight. At first the nose of it was always doing the wrong thing, either going up or going down, and several times he turned to make a face of disgust and point to the left wing, which was low. But she was amazed, breathless, proud. Of course she didn't know that an Umpty Bug has a nice way of flying itself, either right side up or upside down, without asking much more from its pilot than a sense of direction.

"You're doing fine!" he announced. "You're a natural-born pilot! What it takes to make a pilot, you've got! Tomorrow afternoon we start doing landings. Are you on?"

He turned and she nodded violently. There was a flush under the tan of her cheeks, and her eyes were gleaming with excitement.

"What do you want to try now?" he asked.

"I don't know. What have you got?"

"Maybe we'd better try a spin. If you go wrong in the air, that's usually what happens, and so you'd better know how to get out of it." He explained about "pulling her nose up and giving her a slap of the gun to pull her into it," about centering the controls and pulling out of the dive.

The sensation was not unlike being gloriously, ecstatically drunk. To see the old world spin around like a colored plate on a juggler's stick; then to dive earthward with the speed indicator showing one hundred and fifty!

"Put your hand on the stick while I loop her again," said Sandy.

They looped once, twice, three times.

"Now you try it," Sandy ordered. "I'll handle the throttle. Plenty of dive—now back slowly—back, back!" But Rip hadn't come back with the stick forcefully enough. The plane seemed to hang suspended for ages and then it slid off on its ear.

"We're going to spin," said Sandy calmly. "Center your controls. That's right. Now bring her nose up—gently!"

They came rushing out of the dive to an even keel, and the motor roared once more. They regained altitude.

"Bring it back a little more firmly the next time," he said. "Let 'er go!"

They snapped over so quickly that Rip felt her neck wrenched.

"A little too much on the controls that time," he told her. "Try it again."

The third try was better, and she was jubilant.

Sandy nursed his tired left hand.

"And now what?" he asked, laughing.

"Well," she began, and hesitated. "Should we try it upside down—for just a little bit?"

"All right," Sandy said. He put a handkerchief in his left hand to protect his fingers from the sharp edge of the seat. With his right hand he gripped the stick at its middle, far enough down so that some of his weight would fall there. "I'll hold it at the top of a loop for a few seconds and then finish her off," he explained. "Now we go!"

They dived and came up, nosing into the sky; then turned over. Her pressure in her seat lessened as they reached the top, and she began to hang terrifyingly from her belt. She didn't like it. Not even a little bit. It was appalling!

Then, suddenly, she saw Sandy shoot halfway out from his cockpit, head against the padded rim, his back bulging outward. He pawed desperately and caught the edge of the cowling. At the same instant, a long, metallically bright thing, which she did not recognize as his control stick, flashed past her face, apparently going upward. The control stick, which an assembly mechanic had failed to secure in its socket by a pin and which had been supporting part of his weight, had come out. His left hand, still gripping the seat edge, was holding him in, aided a trifle by an awkward grip on the cowling.

He was struggling to get to the throttle. Rip, stunned, was clutching her seat. Blood was rushing to her head and she was becoming dizzy.

Sandy couldn't get to the earphone to tell her to shut the throttle, and the Umpty Bug, demonstrating its splendid inherent stability, was flying serenely on. His body gave an enormous wrench. He got a grip on the seat with his right hand and hung there like a gymnast on a horizontal bar, knees up—or down, rather—by his ears. He drew himself up into his seat, reached out his left hand and slapped the throttle shut. The Bug started down on an easy glide.

"Rip!" he yelled. "Get hold of the stick! Have you got it?"

"Yes," she replied faintly.

"Now bring it back to you slowly—a little more, more! Steady!"

The plane put its nose down, headed in a terrific dive for the bay.

"A little more! More! Steady now! Ease up on it! Steady! Hold it there. Good girl!"

Her senses were so confused by fright and dizziness that she scarcely knew what position they were in. At any rate, the tugging of the belt had ceased.

"Hold it just as you've got it," he cautioned her.

PHOTO-ILLUSTRATORS, PHILADELPHIA

There was no time to lose. She might faint and slip down against the control stick, throw the rudder to one side. Her eyes were bleary and they were gazing at him unblinkingly.

"My stick came out and went overboard," he explained calmly. "I'll have to get back and use yours for the landing."

He looked down and saw that the margin between the plane and the water was getting dangerously small, so he put on the motor and motioned to her to ease off on the stick. For several minutes they climbed; then he put the plane in even flight.

"Coming back to visit you now," said Sandy. "Just hold it as it is."

He squirmed around in his seat, stood up and straddled the fuselage, facing her. She gazed at him in amazement. She could see him laugh, but the sound of it was lost in the noise of the motor.

He slid toward her and motioned to her to duck her head while he went over her cockpit. It took acrobatics to get turned around, so that he was straddling the fuselage, facing forward. Then he sprawled out, head beside hers, heels gripping the side of the plane, his right hand upon the control stick.

"Rip, you're an ace!" he yelled into her ear.

"Did I do all right?" she gasped as he shut down the motor.

"You certainly did!" he replied. "Keep your feet on the rudder bar and hold it as it is. If I find the mechanic who forgot to pin that stick in I'll get a new stick and bend it over his head! The useless bum! Probably happened at the factory."

"Can you land it this way?" Rip asked.

"Surest thing you know! I'll put her right down smack at the buoy. How about another swim?"

"I need it!" she said feelingly.

"Same here! And I'll take a vow that I'll never go up in a plane again without all hands and the ship's cook wearing 'chutes!"

v

JEFFER was on the porch reading the sport news.

"Hello, fella," he said as Sandy came up the steps.

"Hello, Jeff." Sandy lowered his voice. "Say, Emily isn't around, is she? I want to tell you something."

"She's upstairs," replied Jeffer. "Shoot it to me."

"The damnedest thing you've ever heard of happened to me this afternoon!" exclaimed Sandy, settling himself close to his brother-in-law. "Listen, Jeff; I've fallen for a girl! I've fallen all the way. She's wonderful, Jeff! One girl in a hundred million!"

"That's what they all say. Who is she?"

"Her name is Smith—Rip Smith. I suppose Rip is a nickname. I forgot to ask her. She's wonderful!"

"Rip?" demanded Jeff. "Why, her brother and I were side-kicks! She's a peach of a kid, but—but what's so wonderful about her?"

Sandy frowned, trying to put it into words.

"She's not like other girls. Well, she's got a lot of brains and nerve. Oh, baby, what nerve! And—and she doesn't gab all the time!"

"Buck up and have a drink. You're all ga-ga!"

"Sure, I'm ga-ga—and it feels grand! If I took a drink I'd begin to yell!"

"That's love, all right enough," said Jeffer, almost mournfully.

Ellen Rose Dickey

SAUERKRAUT
a "normalizer"

"The professional radio announcer must be very careful in choosing subjects for broadcasting. Especially is this true if we wish to interest women. The announcer must be familiar with his subject, know its worth and be prepared to answer many questions. I have chosen many subjects in my long experience. But I have a favorite, for I have studied the authorities—a favorite which never fails to excite interest and bring many responses. And there are reasons. That favorite is Sauerkraut."

This tribute to this luscious food, fast becoming a national dish in America, was paid by Ellen Rose Dickey, famous announcer of Station WLS, Chicago.

"As a result of a short series of radio talks following my study of the subject," added Mrs. Dickey, "I received thousands of inquiries for the little booklet, 'Sauerkraut as a Health Food,' issued by the Packers' Association at Clyde, Ohio. Other thousands heard me tell of its merits.

"And Sauerkraut is one of the finest foods to be served on our tables. I know whereof I speak. It is what one might call a 'normalizer.' That means if you are too stout it will help you to lose weight and if you are too thin it will help build up your body. It will give you that trim, stylish figure that every woman, and man too, wishes to possess. Its normalizing effect is indeed wonderful, but not surprising, as it has bulk for peristaltic action; vitamins for growth; mineral salts so essential for bones and teeth; and lacric ferments to keep the intestinal tract free from disease producing germs. Yes, Sauerkraut is a normalizer.

"Have you tried any of the 50 new ways of cooking Sauerkraut? Let me give you one of my favorite recipes. Try this 'Sauerkraut Roast' which takes the place of a main meat dish:

"Two cups of Kraut required, one cup of ground peanuts, a minced onion, a cup of canned tomato pulp, a cup of grated American cheese, the same quantity of bread or cracker crumbs, a tablespoonful of butter—and your own favorite seasonings. All these ingredients are shaped into a loaf, baked half an hour and served piping hot with a savory tomato sauce.

"Try it and you, too, will be a Sauerkraut enthusiast."

It is important, of course, that you get the best Sauerkraut. When you buy always look for this

Emblem of First Quality

The emblem printed herewith on can or container—used only by licensed members of the Association—always means First Quality Sauerkraut—Sauerkraut made in the most sanitary way; in absolutely sanitary plants and in accordance with the highest Government standards. Look for the Emblem—send for the booklets.

15 Cents Worth of Sauerkraut Will Serve 4 to 6 Persons

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Send for Interesting Booklet FREE

The National Kraut Packers' Association
Clyde, Ohio

Please send me postpaid your free booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," with new tested recipes.

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THAT'S IN YOUR SET

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Radio "trouble shooters" give that advice on a great portion of their calls. And more and more these experienced radio men are recommending and installing Ken-Rads. They know that these standard quality tubes are made with the precision and care required to give you the kind of performance you ought to have.

Every Ken-Rad is individually tested to *insure* the satisfaction you want—to bring out the best that's in your set. Ken-Rad quality *does* make a difference.

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A unique and tuneful Ken-Rad program—"Cabin Nights"—on the air every Monday evening at 10 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, 9 P. M. Central Standard Time, over stations WJZ, WBZA, WBZ, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, KWK, WREN. Haunting melodies, dusky voices and lilting tunes. Ken-Rad invites you to listen in every Monday evening.

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TOURNAMENTS

(Continued from Page 17)

with his lead of two sets to nothing, finds it vanishing under a hail of stinging volleys and scorching overheads, and Cochet wins three sets to two. This has earned him the name in the sporting columns of Five-set Cochet. Does Cochet need two sets in which to find his game before he can play the beautiful tennis of which he is capable? It is far from likely, for at times, as in the finals at Wimbledon this year, he struck out with his most brilliant play from the moment that the first ball was hit against his opponent, Borotra. It is probable, then, that Cochet plays his daring and best tennis only when he feels that his match is in danger. It takes the thrill of the contest to stir him into his best action, and there can be no doubt that his best tennis is the daring game.

His compatriot, René Lacoste, on the other hand, usually begins a match with the best tennis that he can play on that particular day, and finishes the match with the best balls that he can put over the net. He is logically consistent throughout the game, places his long drives with care and precision. Some say that Lacoste is not so interesting a player to watch upon the court as Cochet. To me there is something quite as thrilling in this famous Frenchman's game. Its very quietness is fascinating. You hardly know when Lacoste is making his dangerous shots—the risky ones—or when he is taking a chance, so quietly is it done. The very subtleness of his daring cannot but thrill if one watches closely enough.

William Tilden is inclined to try the daring and spectacular throughout his matches, yet, at the same time, to strengthen his play when confronted with a difficult situation. His game was contrasted in this way with our Californian, William Johnston, who played a steady game from the start of his matches. Johnston knew where to take his chance, just as Tilden, but he was more inclined to use it only when the occasion arose. Tilden, on the other hand, seems to prefer the difficult, and to choose the risky shot even when it is not demanded. One is rather inclined to believe that there is a similarity between Lacoste's and Johnston's outlook when on the court, while in Tilden and Cochet there is the liking for the more spectacular and more dangerous shot.

How Short Skirts Helped Tennis

In women's tennis there is the tendency to let the game run along steadily and to introduce the risky ball only at the times when nothing else will do. Women players, generally, are less willing to take a chance than men players. This is an interesting point. It may be that women are more cautious by nature than men, or it may be that the woman's game did not have so early or so auspicious a start as did the man's game. We must not forget the handicap of skirts dragging on the grass!

Undoubtedly, the trailing skirt was for a good many years a mental as well as a physical hazard for women players. They could not run as fast as they wanted to, and, in addition, there was always the problem; "If I run forward on this shot to volley at the net, will I fall on my face?" This surely must have been one of the main reasons why women's tennis started out to be a deep-court game, without any of the daring play that the net affords. It was a conservative, back-court game of long drives and long rallies.

To Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen generally goes the praise of having revolutionized the women's game. She appeared with her short skirts and her all-round play, her balls taken with ease from almost any angle. Although she chose to play mainly from the back of the court, she carried on her net game magnificently when she went into the forecourt. She took chances with her balls; although, because of her remarkable command and exceptional steadiness, it appeared to the uninitiated that she didn't much go in for the more dashing kind of tennis. She did, nevertheless, and aimed for the twelve-inch space to pass her opponent at the net with a fast drive, without the flutter of an eyelid. She played that most difficult ball—the short shot—with spirit and was one of the very few players who have made it a success. Her daring was almost unseen because of her proficiency in the execution of her strokes.

Señorita Lili de Alvarez is another who plays a beautiful game of tennis, with all the dash that one would expect from one of her Spanish temperament. In fact, she seems to prefer the more difficult, and frequently tries the risky shot when a safer ball would do. The margin of safety is quite small in the señorita's game, and for this reason it is sometimes difficult for her to adjust her play to varying conditions—a wet grass court, a windy day—and her delicately poised play is thrown off. This probably accounts for her unexpected defeat at Wimbledon this year, as the match took place on a heavy court. Although defeated, the señorita's game still stands as one unequaled in grace and in beauty of stroke production.

Your Eyes and Mind on the Ball

Mrs. Godfree who, unfortunately, has been out of tennis for the past year and a half, is another player who shows great spirit in tournament play. Her best game has always been displayed on the center court at Wimbledon, where she won the championship on two occasions. She seemed to thrive on difficult scores, playing better from a bad score, to overtake her opponent and win the match. There has always been a difference of, perhaps, fifteen in Mrs. Godfree's tennis on the center court and upon an outside court. Next to Mademoiselle Lenglen, Mrs. Godfree stands out as the greatest player in modern women's tennis, and it is a real loss to the game that she has had to give it up for a time because of ill health.

We can but decide, after looking into the games of these famous players, who are and were great champions, that the daring spirit in some form or other is the one that wins in match play. The willingness to take a chance appears to be in the make-up of the best players. It goes without saying that the mechanical perfection or near perfection of stroke must be there, and a certain knowledge of the tactics, but added to this there must be the spirit.

At the moment, in American women's tennis, a most promising figure is a young girl of seventeen, Sarah Palfrey by name, of Boston, who captured first place in scholarship in her school and was voted by her schoolmates as the most all-round girl in her class. In tennis, her strokes are not yet fully developed, and she is slight of build, but she has the unmistakable signs of becoming a very fine tournament player indeed. Besides the natural abilities—good coördination and good judgment—she has the adventuresome spirit in her play.

"What effect has the gallery upon your game?" I have been asked. I can say, truthfully, that the presence of the gallery affects my game neither one way nor the other. It becomes something so far away that it does not penetrate into the inner heart of the game. The only time that I can remember having felt disturbed was when I was quite a young player, when I met a much better and more experienced player. The onlookers, in sympathy with my youth, applauded every one of my strokes and gave no encouragement to my opponent. The favoritism was so evident that I felt most uncomfortable and distressed. It was the only match of my experience that I was glad to have lost.

Tennis is a most absorbing game for the player. The eye must be devoted to following the ball unceasingly, and the body must be either poised for action or else in motion. There is no time for the mind to wander. The onlooker may be watching the game on the court below and at the same time be thinking that the woman sitting in front of him has on a dress of an unusually brilliant shade of orange. The same gayly clad woman could be acting as a linesman on the court, and the players would not even see what color her dress was.

Very often, tournament officials have said to me after a match, "I was on the service line of your match today," or "I was on a sideline," and I have had to admit that I had not seen them there.

I think that most players who have taken part a great deal in tournaments concentrate upon the game at hand. If they had not concentrated they could not have played their best and could not have had even a fair amount of success in their matches.

I do not know, however, whether all players feel the same way about their opponents. I have been asked, "Does personal friendship affect your matches?" and "Has the personality of the opponent any effect upon the game?"

It happens that I forget about my opponent when upon the court in match play. The balls are the things that take my whole attention, and the personality of my opponent seems wholly lost in the idea of balls. What kind of balls can she hit? From what position do her best balls come? Then one must avoid giving her the right ball. The opponent—her personality—is submerged in the ball idea. The onlooker at a tennis match has time in which to let his mind wander, but the player upon the court, engaged in a rally, can see only balls, and all his ideas while he is in the game must be centered around them.

Courtesy Points

The novelist might have one of his characters, when engaged in a championship match, give his opponent a set for the sake of friendship or "the old days," but, in reality, this probably would not happen. First of all—at least—judging from my own feelings—the one receiving the gift would not appreciate it. And secondly, a tennis player with the real spirit of pride in his game would be unwilling to play anything that was not worthy of his best effort.

There are sometimes, however, in match play, situations which are real problems for the player. A let service that has not been heard by the umpire, and yet is known to both players—what can one do here? If the server stops and says, "Mr. Umpire, the service ball was a let," the umpire will answer, "Continue play, please," for the decisions of umpire and linesman are considered final. If one throws the following point, there results the confusion for both players that such an act causes.

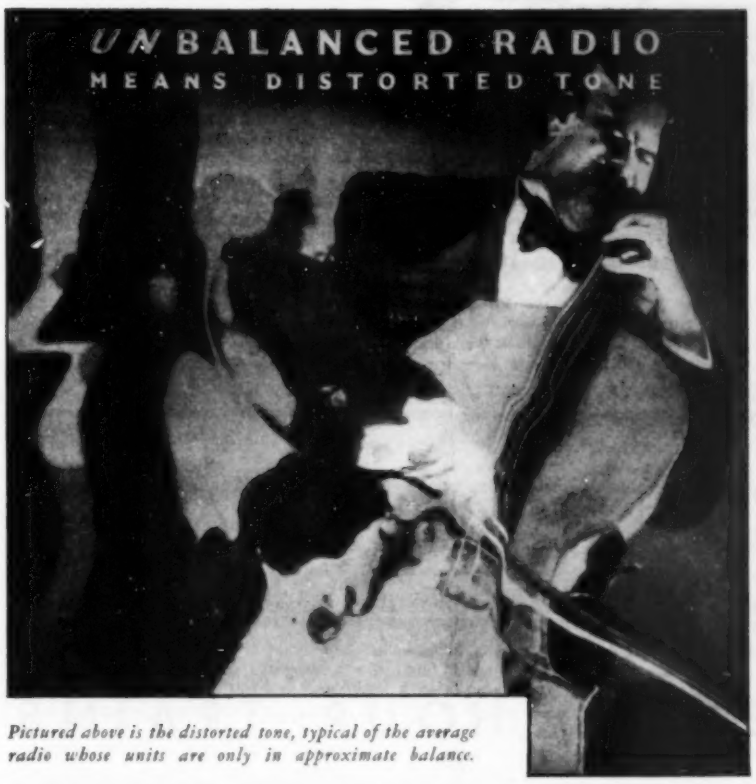
Then there may be the ball that the player thinks is out, that has escaped the linesman's eye—for no eye is infallible. The player who has made the stroke cannot protest and say that he refuses to accept the point which is not rightfully his. He feels, of course, that he should give away the following point. How can he do it without its appearing obvious? A point thrown with a grand-stand gesture is worse than no point given at all! There is always the chance that a linesman, however good, may make a mistake; but there is, as well, the chance that the player himself has seen the ball incorrectly. Some balls in tennis appear either in or out, depending upon the angle from which they are viewed upon the court. For this reason there is very often a difference of opinion on close balls. For this same reason it is a great mistake for anyone in the grand stand to think that he can call a close ball.

(Continued on Page 105)

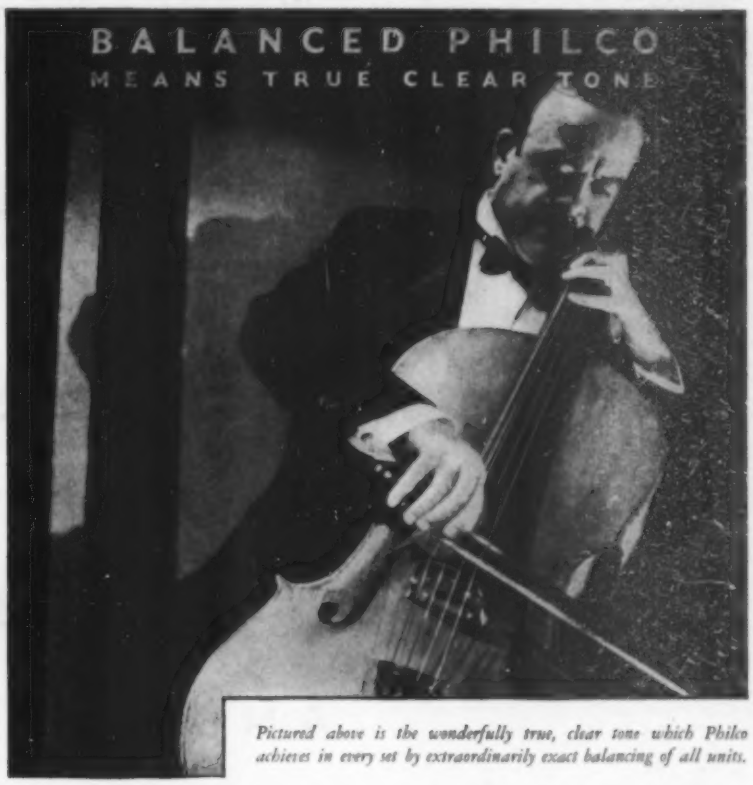
PHILCO

SCREEN GRID PLUS

a better radio than the average owner needs



Pictured above is the distorted tone, typical of the average radio whose units are only in approximate balance.



Pictured above is the wonderfully true, clear tone which Philco achieves in every set by extraordinarily exact balancing of all units.

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City dwellers who live in the midst of strong local stations, yet find great fun in reaching out at least once in a while for stations on the other side of the continent.

Families who frequently entertain and require unusually loud volume for dancing.

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2 Entirely new circuit which, at any given volume or distance, automatically reduces background noises including static.

3 New and literally enormous power, making it easy to get distant stations, even in the daytime.

4 New super-sharp selectivity *over the entire dial,* bringing in distant stations, even in the midst of strong locals.

5 Almost auditorium volume without tone distortion—the result of the entirely new multiplex detector circuit. And in addition the standard Philco features—tone marvelously rich, clear, and true—simple, single dial control—luxuriously handsome cabinets and extraordinary value-giving at every price.

So that you may prove for yourself that this is beyond comparison the finest radio the world has ever heard, any Philco dealer will be glad to have you test this new Philco against any other set you desire. Easy payments if you decide to buy.

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On Sunday, December 8th, Philco again sponsors the broadcasting of Leopold Stokowski and the great Philadelphia Orchestra. The regular Philco Hour continues every Friday at 9:30 P.M., over the N. B. C. nation-wide network.

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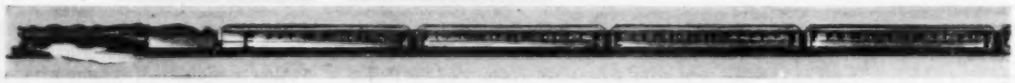
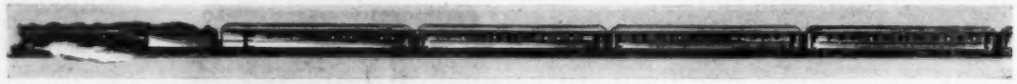
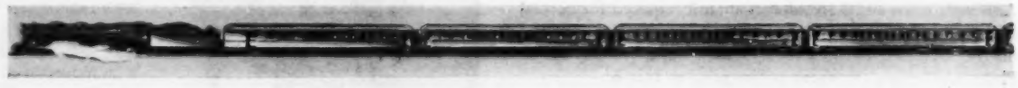


ON THE WATER LEVEL ROUTE



BETWEEN CHICAGO & NEW YORK



The 20-Hour Fleet

New York—Chicago

Advance 20th Century Ltd.
Lv. New York 2:00 p. m.
Ar. Chicago 9:00 a. m.

20th Century Limited
Lv. New York 2:45 p. m.
Ar. Chicago 9:45 a. m.

The Commodore Vanderbilt
Lv. New York 4:00 p. m.
Ar. Chicago 11:00 a. m.

The Wolverine
via Michigan Central
Lv. New York 5:00 p. m.
Ar. Chicago 12:00 noon

The 20-Hour Fleet

Chicago—New York

Fast Mail
Lv. Chicago 9:50 a. m.
Ar. New York 6:50 a. m.

The Wolverine
via Michigan Central
Lv. Chicago 11:00 a. m.
Ar. New York 8:00 a. m.

Advance 20th Century Ltd.
Lv. Chicago 12:00 noon
Ar. New York 9:00 a. m.

20th Century Limited
Lv. Chicago 12:40 p. m.
Ar. New York 9:40 a. m.

The Commodore Vanderbilt
Lv. Chicago 2:00 p. m.
Ar. New York 11:00 a. m.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

OVER THE WATER LEVEL ROUTE

(Continued from Page 102)

A player in tournament competition must make up his mind to the fact that the close calls are the luck of the game. In the end, probably, those for and against will even up. The best way to solve the problem is for the two players to agree between themselves before the match that neither of them will give any points away, and that each will take the balls as they are called. This is the best way, and eliminates any chance of a misunderstanding, as well as prevents the confusion that always follows when points are thrown.

It is an extremely interesting experience for the American to play in foreign countries. Although tennis is the same game here and abroad as far as rules go, there are many conditions that make it seem different from play at home. For the player who is abroad for the first time, things seem quite new and strange.

There is one rule in American tennis, however, that is not observed in England. It has to do with the rest period between the second and third sets in three-set matches, and between the third and fourth sets if three out of five sets are played. We observe the rest period here, as do the French, but in England the play is continuous from beginning to end of the match, and players are allowed no rest. In my opinion, the latter seems far better, as tennis is a game of endurance as well as of skill, and the player best qualified in both should be given the opportunity of making the best of his abilities. For some players, the rest may be of great advantage, but, undoubtedly, for many it is a drawback. In the ten minutes allotted, even though it gives the players time to catch their breath, smoothly working muscles heated from exertion may become stiff, and the player's concentration upon the game may be broken.

But to go on with first impressions of foreign tournament play. The player, used to his home courts, finds his tennis horizon suddenly broadened. He is on new courts—courts that feel differently under his feet and that have a different bound of ball. The climate is unlike that in which he is accustomed to play. There are hundreds of players whose faces he has never seen before and whose games are unknown to him. He wonders what will happen to his own game and into what category it will fall in competition with all these new players. It is not surprising that the player, for the first time in foreign matches, often does not show the game which he is accustomed to display at home. There have been exceptions, however, as, for example, the fine doubles of Wilmer Allison and John Van Ryn at Wimbledon and in the Davis Cup matches. Neither of them had played in England or in France before, and their wins were remarkable in view of this. However, in the singles, while abroad, Van Ryn did not play so well as he does at home, which proves the general rule.

Match Practice for Match Play

Good advice for the player who would go abroad is this: It is only by playing in tournaments that one can get used to tournament play, and the more matches one participates in while abroad, the more quickly he becomes accustomed to the new atmosphere, players and surroundings.

My first tennis experience in foreign lands came in 1924, when, as a member of the Wightman Cup team, I went to England. I went over well ahead of the time when our cup matches were to take place, but instead of taking part in several of the English tournaments, I practiced only on the courts at the All England Club where the matches were to be held, thinking that the most important thing was to become thoroughly accustomed to the courts at Wimbledon. But what really happened was that while I became well acquainted with Wimbledon's turf, I was missing the actual games with the English players with whom I was to play later on and the excellent experience of match play in the tournaments which were being held at some of the smaller clubs. I did not learn as much of English tennis as I would have had I played in their preliminary meetings. On every subsequent season that I have gone abroad I have taken part in as many of the preliminary events as time would allow, and have found that it is the only way in which to become used to the different playing conditions. It is good fun, too, because the smaller tournaments are much less formal than the big championships, and one has the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the players and of understanding the spirit of English people in their sport.

The championship at Wimbledon is so international that there seem to be two foreigners to every English player. When you come into the hallway of the All England Club on the first day of the meeting, you hear English, Dutch, German, French, Italian and Spanish, all at once. Most of the European players speak two and three languages, so conversation is never at a slow pace. That delightful cosmopolitan, Señorita de Alvarez, knows players from everywhere and can converse with each in his own language. So the halls of Wimbledon, hung with their shields of former champions, look down upon an international gathering that would have surprised the original members of the club, who started the All England Club for Englishmen and croquet.

The Thrill of a Tight Game

It was not long ago that the magic word "Suzanne" would start a rush for the court that she was playing on. I remember hearing one of the committee say, in 1924, "Mademoiselle Lenglen should never, under any circumstance, have a match on an outside court." And this was true, for no matter who her opponent was, even if it was the meekest rabbit—as they are called in England—a crowd would gather around her court.

When Mademoiselle Lenglen made her final appearance at Wimbledon in 1926, tennis followers asked, "What will happen to Wimbledon without Suzanne?" For it is true that she dominated the championship meetings. No player, man or woman, had the appeal to the onlookers that she had. Hers were always the feature matches. The picture of Suzanne, her lithe and lovely figure clad in clinging silk, her sleek black hair held in place by her flaming head band, always came into the minds of people when they thought of Wimbledon—Suzanne and the center court!

But this is what happened, surprisingly enough. The attendance at Wimbledon the year after Mademoiselle Lenglen's departure was greater than it had ever been when she had played there! She had been the most popular player, but there had always been the feeling "Suzanne will win," and it didn't much matter whom she played, the result was the same. But after she was gone, there was the question, "Who will win?" and it was this that brought more onlookers on the following year. The field once more became free for all, with a number of players competing on a more even basis.

A close encounter is more enjoyed by the audience than a one-sided match, no matter how excellent the play of the winner may be in the latter case. A match whose outcome hangs on the thread of suspense, where the players are so evenly matched that it is luck rather than skill that takes the winning point, is the one that is the most thrilling.

It is interesting to note that whenever there are matches in which a champion or holder of the title plays against a lesser player, the sympathy of the onlookers is always with the one who had the least chance of winning. The champion, who may have won his title the year before with the encouragement of the applause of the gallery, now finds himself deserted, while every attempt of his opponent is encouraged with enthusiasm. Instead of being disturbed by this, the title holder realizes that he himself received the encouragement the year before but that now he is in the champion's shoes. In other words, "Every dog has his day."

Anyone who takes part in tournaments abroad finds the same thing to be true, except that applause is given according to nationality. A player away from home, in a match with a competitor of the country, is not at all surprised when those on the sidelines favor their own player. When visitors come here to participate in our meetings, we, naturally, hope that our own players will be the winners.

The audience that goes to tennis is almost always very sporting in its attitude. It understands the game and knows a good stroke when it sees one. Tennis is perhaps one of the most quietly spectacular games that there is, and though the play may become at times intensely exciting, the attitude on the part of the gallery is a restrained one. This is due not only to the fact that it is the kind of game that cannot be broken in upon with tumultuous noise and shouting but also because the traditions of the past have always counted the tennis audience as one of the most discreet. After playing in this country and abroad, a player might list the audiences by nationality with respect to audible enthusiasm in the following way:

France—the most audible.
United States—next.
England—third.
Germany and Holland—very subdued.

Each country has its special attraction in tennis, the tournament player finds, when he visits them. The French championships at Paris are played on the most lovely pink-clay courts. They are the last word—smooth without being slippery, firm without being hard. The bound of the ball is true, and it is a pleasure to play upon such courts. At The Hague, in Holland, where an American women's team played this year and last, the dark red courts are good, too, but of not quite so smooth a texture as the French courts.

The extreme kindliness of the people who conducted the tournaments and of those who came to look on was a delightful feature of our two visits to Holland. We were showered with tulips and Hopjes, and the richness of the food which we had at the various dinners was indeed dangerous to our playing form.

Players We Met in Germany

This year, for the first time, an American women's tennis team played in Berlin. Miss Marjorie Morrill, of Boston, and Miss Edith Cross and myself made up our little team. Miss Cross and I were doubles partners in the Berlin matches, as well as in all the other events in which we participated while abroad. One was especially impressed in Berlin with the fact that Americans are enormously well liked by the Germans. As visitors going there for the first time, we were quite struck by the fact. Another thing, too, is that tennis seems to be an extremely popular game in Berlin—one that is followed with a great deal of interest. Some of the German players have been, during the past few seasons, coming on in an impressive fashion. This past year, Germany was represented by a strong Davis Cup team, of which Moldenhauer and Prenn were members. These two players have a number of fine wins to their credit for the past season. Their best two women players are little Cilly Aussem, and Frau Reznicek. Fräulein Aussem is well-known in European tennis because she has participated in all of the largest tournaments. But Frau Reznicek plays mostly on her home courts and in the German tournaments. She was a great surprise to us when we came to play in the matches in Berlin, for we had not realized that there was a German player as good as, and even better than, Fräulein Aussem.

Her game is a bewildering one, as well; and when I played my match with her, I found it exceedingly difficult to understand her strokes. Her shots are all quite unusual, being done with practically no back swing,

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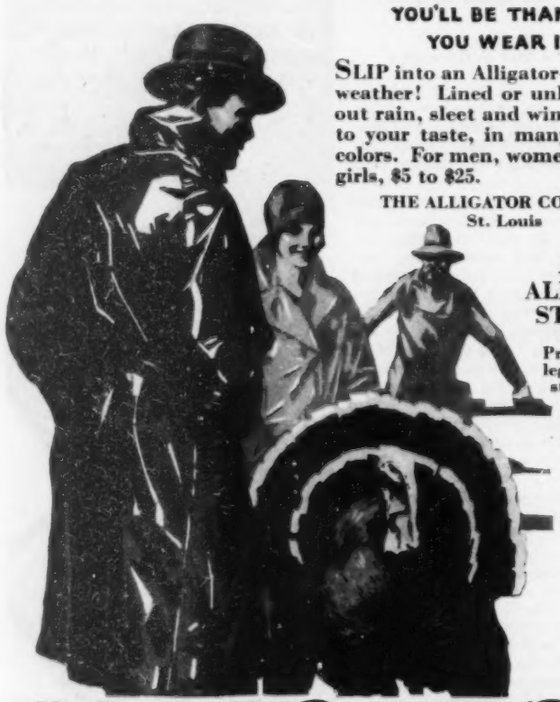

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and with perfect concealment as to direction, so that it was impossible to tell where they were going. Balls that she hit on her backhand did not bounce, and on seeing the first two or three hit the ground and die away with a little sideways jerk, I decided that they had struck a hole in the court or some sand, and had not bounced for this reason. But when they continued to do this I realized that it was the spin on the ball, caused by the manner in which she executed her stroke. I have never before seen a shot on a hard court with as little bound.

We went from Berlin to London, where a few weeks later we were to play in the English championships. There is sometimes confusion about the name "Wimbledon." Wimbledon is the name of the town near by. The name of the club is the All England Club, but tennis followers are so accustomed to hearing the name "Wimbledon" that they use it to denote the club and the championship tournament as well.

The All England Club is about forty minutes from London, where visiting players who take part in the tournament usually stay, driving out each day. The great interest of the club is its championship meeting, which it has held successfully for more than fifty years. The beautiful green velvet of the center court is never played upon except for the two weeks during the championships in June. A great innovation was started a few years ago when the Wightman Cup play was inaugurated. It was necessary to allow the two-day team matches to take place on the center court, but as this happens only every alternate year, the strain on the turf is not great.

The humorous sketch by a well-known English artist showing the horror upon the faces of thousands of spectators "when a clover was discovered on the center court" is far from being an exaggeration. Clovers do not exist on the center court, and the blanched faces of the players, the dismay of the umpire, and the fainting condition of the groundsmen which were depicted in the drawing could all readily be true if a clover were found. Fortunately, one has not been discovered!

Playing Between Showers

It is a remarkable achievement for the committee of the All England Club to succeed in running off an event as large as this in two weeks' time, and with no Sunday play, after taking into consideration the number of players and English weather as well. At one meeting it rained for the whole first week. A fortunate two weeks will have, perhaps, two days of rain. If it were not for the fact that Court No. I and the center court can be covered if rain falls, the risk, in the face of the weather, of running off such a large tournament would be too great.

The numbers of people who come to the tennis, and the enormous gate that is taken in, make it necessary to have adequate covering for the courts, so that play can be resumed immediately after the last drop of rain has fallen. In this way, even on a rainy afternoon, many matches can be played off between showers on the two dry courts, and progress can be made, even though the outside courts are unavailable. The onlookers sit quite dry in their seats under the cover of the roof of the grand stand, watching big puddles grow on the center-court tarpaulin. If the rain continues the tarpaulin is hoisted by a rope down the center, which gives it a tentlike appearance, and the water runs down off its sides to drain along the edge of the court. Some spectators bring tea baskets with vacuum bottles and sandwiches. The patience of the English audience on a day such as this is remarkable. An American gallery of the same size would have gone home long since.

But this is painting a rainy-day picture of Wimbledon. When the sun shines—and it does more than it does not—the scene is a gay one. The crowds around the center court are dressed in summer clothes of gay colors. The turf is green and marvelously smooth. The players are in immaculate white. The sky shines blue overhead. No wonder Wimbledon is a popular place to which onlookers return each day for two weeks, and remain from two until six or later in the afternoon. Fine tennis is to be seen and, unlike anywhere else, it can be seen in comfort.

Pity the Poor Spectator

Not that we haven't a fine-looking grand stand at Forest Hills, for architecturally it is very pleasing to the eye; and not that we haven't good courts in our stadium, because they are good. But what of our poor spectator? He is the hardest-working person at a tennis match if the day is hot, as he sits, his head unprotected from the sun and his burning shoulders growing more and more uncomfortable as the minutes pass. "Protection for the tennis spectator" should be the issue at the next meeting of the United States Lawn Tennis Association!

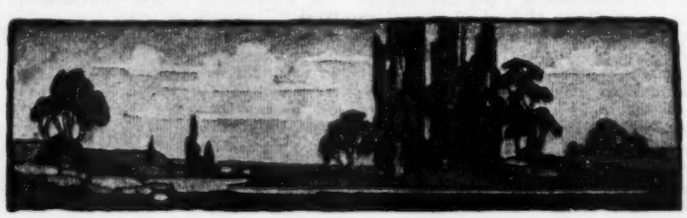
Toward what is modern tournament play heading? Is it improving the standard of tennis? Most definitely to this last question is the answer "Yes." The standard of play is improving both in men's and women's tennis. It is even more strikingly so in the latter case than in the former, for women's tennis had not gone ahead as rapidly from the first as did the men's.

Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen and William Tilden expressed the game in its most modern form, simultaneously, in women's and men's tennis, a few years ago. Although Mademoiselle Lenglen is lost to tournament play, Tilden still holds his own in the strenuous competition. They are most certainly the two great figures of the modern game, and by their competition in tournament play have done much to raise the standard.

The great numbers of tournaments that are held enable all players who want to take part in match competition to participate. The experience and training that they receive from match play improve their games as does no other kind of practice. It is, therefore, not surprising to find that the national tournaments held each year show a marked improvement in the standard of play. A striking example of this was the women's nationals at Forest Hills this past August. The experienced players were at the top of their form and the younger group was playing exceedingly well and showing great promise. One can say that the general level of women's play is now higher than it has ever been before in this country.

Victoria Harbor

IN THE issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST for October 19, as an illustration for the article entitled The Eyes of the Ship, a photograph was used carrying the photographer's legend, "Vancouver, a Busy Seaport for Both Transpacific and Coastwise Shipping." The view in question was not Vancouver, but Victoria Harbor.



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OUR DISTANT COUSINS

(Continued from Page 9)

of that. And the bigger the achievement, the less ready people may be to admit it. Lear was recognized much quicker than Keats."

He lit another cigarette, as he did throughout his story as soon as he had finished one.

"Well, the planet came nearer and nearer. It was quite large now every night, distinctly colored—orange, perhaps, rather than red. I used to go out and look at it at night. The awful thought occurred to me more than once that that orange glow might well come from a waste of deserts, yellow sand, without a drop of water for me, but I was consoled by the thought of those vast canals that had been seen with our telescopes; for I believed, like everyone else, that they were canals.

"I had finished all my calculations by then—by the winter of 1923—and Mars, as I said, was coming nearer and nearer. I grew pretty calm about it as the time approached. All my calculations were done, and it seemed to me that any peril that threatened me was all decided months ago, one way or the other. The dangers seemed all behind me; they were in my calculations. If they were right, they would take me through; if they were wrong, I was doomed two or three years ago. The same way with those tawny deserts that I used to think I saw. I gave up worrying about them too. I had decided that the telescope could see better than I could, so that was the end of them. I wouldn't tell anyone I was going; I hate to talk about things I am going to do. Apparently one has to on a stunt like that. Anyway, I didn't. There was a girl I used to see a good deal of in those days. Amely her name was. I didn't even tell her. It would have soon got out if I had. And there I would have been, the silly hero of an adventure that as yet I was only talking about. I told her I was going in my plane on a long journey. She thought I meant to America. I said I would be away two months, and that puzzled her, but I wouldn't say more.

"Every night I took a look at Mars. He was large and ruddy now, so that everyone noticed him. Just think of the different interests with which they were looking at Mars—admiration of his beauty, glowing with that bright color, casual curiosity, apathy, scientists waiting the chance that would not come round again for years, witch doctors making spells, astrologers working out portents, reporters making their articles, and I alone looking at that distant neighbor with lonely thoughts unshared by anyone on our planet. For, as I told you, not even Amely had the very slightest idea.

"Mars was not at his nearest on the night that I started—still more than forty million miles away. The reason of this I told you: I had to shoot forward while Mars was ahead of us. He came within thirty-five million in 1924. But I set off before that.

"I started, naturally, from the night side of the earth, as Mars was lying beyond us away from the sun, and this enabled me to aim accurately at my target. It was a far trickier job coming back. When I say I aimed at my target, I aimed, of course, far in front of it. That will be understood by anyone who has ever done any shooting. Well, I went to Ketling aerodrome on the night in question, where my plane was. There were one or two fellows there that I knew, and of course my rig-out astonished them.

"'Going to keep warm,' I remember one of them said.

"Well, I was. Because, in addition to my system of bandages to hold me in when I lost the pressure of our atmosphere, I had to wrap up against the absolute cold of space. I should have that inconceivable cold in my face, while on my back I should need all the clothes I could wear, to protect me from the blaze of the sun; for those clothes would be the only protection there was, when our fifty miles of air were behind me. Sunstroke and frost bite could very easily have overcome me at the same moment. Well, they are very keen at Ketling about nobody going up if he's in the least bit biffed. You know; a bit the better for his dinner. So they started asking me questions with that in view. I wouldn't tell them where I was going. It wasn't till I actually got the plane out that I told two of the mechanics, so as to have my start recorded. One of them merely thought I was making a joke, and laughed—not at me exactly, but in order to show that he appreciated my having a joke with him. He merely thought it was funny in some way that he couldn't see. The other laughed, too, but at least he knew what I was talking about.

"'How much juice are you taking, sir?' he said.

"'Fifteen gallons,' I said, which, as a matter of fact, he knew. It's good for three hundred miles, which gave me plenty to spare if I wanted to cruise a bit over Mars.

"'Going there and back in three hours, sir?' he said.

"He was quite right. That's as long as you can fly on fifteen gallons.

"'I'm going there,' I said.

"'Well, good night, sir,' he answered. I told a third man too.

"'To Mars, are you, sir?' he said. He was annoyed that I should, as he thought, play a joke on him.

"Then we were off. I had a system of sights that gave me a perfect aim all the time that I was in the darkness of Earth and within its atmosphere, and could still see Mars and still steer. Before I left our atmosphere I accelerated with my system of rockets, and broke away by a dozen explosions from the pull of our planet. Then I shut off my engines and fired no more rockets, and a most enormous stillness wrapped us about. The sun shone, and Mars and all the stars went out, and there we were, perfectly still in that most absolute stillness. Yet I was moving—as you are now—at a thousand miles a minute. The soundlessness was amazing, the discomforts beyond description; the difficulties of eating alone, without being frost-bitten and without being crushed by the awful emptiness of space, which we are not built to inhabit, were enough to make the most resolute man turn back, except that you can neither turn nor steer without air to turn in.

"I was sure of my aim; it was accurate enough according to my calculations—the last I saw of Mars. I was pretty sure of arriving, but I soon began to doubt my capacity to hold out for a month of it. Days and nights can go by pretty slowly sometimes even on Earth, but this was one interminable day.

"The compressed air worked all right; of course, I had practiced it on Earth. But the machinery for letting out continually the exactly right quantities into a kind of metal helmet from which I breathed it was so complicated that I could never sleep for more than two hours on end without having to wake and attend to it. For this purpose I had to have an alarm clock quite close to my ear. My discomforts would, I think, be no more interesting than a record of a long and tedious illness. But, to put it briefly, a little after halfway they got the better of me and I was going to give up and die, when suddenly I saw Mars. In the broad glare of the daylight I saw a pale white circle like the very littlest of moons nearly ahead of me and a bit to the right. It was this that saved me. I gazed at it and forgot my great discomforts.

"It was no more visible than a small bird's feather, high in the air, in sunlight. But it was Mars unmistakably, and just where it ought to be if I was to reach it. With nothing else to look at through that endless day, I gazed too much at Mars. That brought it no nearer, and I found that if I was to get any comfort from it in my weariness, I must look away from it for a bit. That wasn't easy with nothing else to look at, but when I did look away from it for an hour or so, and looked again, I could see a change. I noticed now that it was not entirely lit, being dark on the right-hand side, and illuminated about as much as the moon on its eleventh day, three days from full. I looked away again and then looked back at it, and so I passed about two hundred hours of that long, weary day. Gradually the canals, as we call them, came in view; gradually the seas. It grew to the size of our moon, and then grew larger, exhibiting a spectacle the like of which no human eye had ever seen before. From then on I forgot my discomforts. Now I saw mountains clearly, and presently rivers, and the flashing panorama widened before me, giving up secrets at which our astronomers have guessed for more than a century. There came the time when, after a spell of sleep, I looked at Mars again, and found that it had lost the look of a planet or any celestial body, and appeared now like a landscape. Soon after that I got the feeling that, though my course was quite unchanged, Mars was no longer ahead of me, but underneath. And then I began to feel the pull of the planet. Things rocked in my plane—kegs, tins and such—and began to shift as far as their lashings would let them. I felt the pull, too, where I sat. Then I got ready for entering the atmosphere of Mars."

"What did you have to do?" said Jorkens.

"Had to be very careful," said Terner. "Or I'd have burned up like a meteorite. Of course, I was overtaking it, not meeting it, so that our two speeds largely neutralized each other; and, luckily, the atmosphere is only thin at first, like ours, so you don't strike it with a bang. But the plane took some handling for all that. Once I'd steadied her, flying is much the same there as it is here. Of course, I'd turned on my engines as soon as I struck Mars' atmosphere. I came down pretty straight, not wishing to show over too wide an area, so as not to excite too much curiosity amongst whatever might be there. I may say that I expected to find men there, not through any knowledge I had or researches I'd made but because most people do. I don't mean that I was persuaded by that, but what vaguely persuaded them had vaguely persuaded me. I came down over a country that was considerably covered with forests, though with plenty of clearings for a landing.

"The spot I chose was a clearing down in a valley, as it gave the best cover for my aeroplane, and I didn't want to show too much. I expected human beings, but thought it just as well to keep out of sight if I could; they're not always as friendly as all that even here. In a little more than ten minutes from the time I turned on my engines I landed in this valley. I had been away from Earth a month, just as I'd calculated. It wasn't so very unlike Earth when I stepped out. All the trees were different, and of course twigs of these were the first things I had meant to bring back. I actually picked a bunch from five different ones and laid them down in my aeroplane. But the very first thing I did was to replenish my water supply and to have a good drink at a stream that I had spotted before I came down, running out of the forest and down that valley. The water was all right. I had had some fear that it might be full of salt or some wholly unknown chemical, but it was all right. And the next thing I did was to take off those infernal bandages and my breathing helmet, and to have a bath in the stream—the first I had had for a month. I didn't put them on again, but left them in the plane and dressed decently, as I wanted to show the inhabitants something human. After all, I would be the first one they had seen from here, and I didn't want them to think we

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were like caterpillars in a cocoon. I took a .450 revolver with me too. Well, you have to do that here sometimes.

"Then I started off to look for these remote neighbors of ours. I passed wonderful flowers, but did not stop to pick one; I was only looking for man. I had seen no sign of buildings as I came down. Yet I had not walked a mile through the wood when I came to open land, and there, by the very edge of the trees, quite close to me, I saw what was clearly a building made by some intelligent being; and a very odd building it was.

"It was a long rectangle, barely fifteen feet high and about ten yards wide. At one end of it, four windowless walls and a flat roof shut out all light for about twenty yards, but the rest of it was a stretch of quite fifty yards guarded by roof and walls of open metalwork, a stout mesh of the same material of which the whole building was made.

"And at once I saw that our scientists' dreams were true, for walking in that inclosure so carefully protected by metal I saw a large party of the human race."

"Human!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said Terner, "human—folk like ourselves. And not only that, but, as I had often gathered from books was likely to be the case on account of the smaller planet cooling sooner than ours and so starting life earlier, rather more refined than the best of our people. I never saw anything more graceful; ages had given them a refinement that has not yet come to us. I never saw anything more delicate than their women's beauty. There was a stately simplicity in their walk alone that was lovelier to see than our dances."

Then he strode on, up and down the room, in silence a while, smoking furiously.

"Oh, it is an accursed planet," he said once, and went on with his rapid smoking. I was going to say something to get him back to his story, but Jorkens saw me and held up his hand. He evidently knew this point of the story and the strong effect that it had upon Terner. So we left him a while to his pacing and to his cigarettes.

And after a bit he continued calmly, as though there had been no pause: "When I saw that mesh I got my revolver ready, for it seemed to me a pretty obvious protection against some powerful animal. Otherwise, I thought, why not walk about in the open instead of in that narrow inclosure?

"There were about thirty of them there, dressed simply and gracefully, though their dress was a bit oriental from our point of view. Everything about them was graceful except that dingy-looking, flat house. I came up to the mesh and greeted them. I knew that taking my hat off would probably have no meaning to them, but I took it off with a wide sweep and bowed. It was the best I could do, and I hoped that it might convey my feelings. And it did too. They were sympathetic and quick, and every sign that I made to them, except when too utterly clumsy, they understood at once. And when they didn't understand they seemed to laugh at themselves, not me. They were like that. Here was I, utterly crude and uncouth, half savage compared to them, and they treated me with every courtesy that they could get my poor wits to understand. How I'd like to go back with a thousand more of us—but it's no good, they won't believe me. Well, I stood there with my hands on the mesh, and found it was good stout metal, though much less than half an inch wide; I could easily get my thumb through the round apertures, so that we could see each other quite clearly. Well, I stood there talking to them, or whatever you call it, as well as I could, and remembering all the time that there must be something pretty bad in those forests for all that thick wire to be necessary. I never guessed what.

"I pointed to the sky, in the direction in which they would have seen Earth shining at night; and they understood me. Fancy understanding a thing like that just from my uncouth gestures! And they obviously did. But they won't believe me here. And then they tried to tell me all about their world, and of course I understood nothing. And it wasn't just being ignorant of their language that I felt as my greatest handicap; it was my awful lack of every kind of refinement, in comparison with those gracious, gentle creatures, that weighed on me the most heavily all the time I was there. One thing I was able to understand from them. . . . Would you like to hear about those canals?"

"Yes, very much," I said.

"Well, they aren't canals at all," he replied. "There was one in sight of where we stood—a huge expanse of water with a straight edge to it, going through flat plains. I pointed and asked them about it. And they all pointed up, and there I saw a little moon of Mars, lit up and shining like ours. Well, that conveyed nothing to me. I knew Mars had two moons, but I saw no connection with canals. So I pointed to the water again, and again they all pointed up. This still conveyed absolutely nothing; so they pointed then to the far end of the great canal, out in the plains; and at length, after a great while, I was able to see that the water was moving, which is what they were trying to explain by signs to me. Then they pointed up to their moon again. And in the end I was able to understand them. That moon passes so close over plains of mud that its attraction drags the mud along after it, and the water pours in behind. Once I had seen it, it seemed simple enough. No one would dig a canal fifty miles wide—and they are at least that. Whereas pulling water along is just the job for a moon."

"But are the canals as wide as that?" I said.

"You'd never see them from Earth if they weren't," said Terner.

I'd never thought of that.

"There was one girl there that was extraordinarily lovely," said Terner. "But to describe any of them you'd need the language of a lover, and then turn that into poetry. No one will believe me. Not a soul will believe me. I talked to her; though, of course, my words meant nothing. I trusted so much to her bright intelligence that I almost expected her to understand every word, and so she often did. Strange bright birds flew often over us, going to and from the forest, and she told me the names of them in the queer Martian language. Mpah and Nto are two that I can remember, as far as I can spell it; and then there was Ingu, bright orange and black, with a long tail like our magpie. She was trying to tell me something about Ingu, who was just then flying over us, squawking, away from the trees, when suddenly she pointed. I looked, and sure enough something was coming out of the forest."

For a while he puffed rapidly in silence.

"I can't describe it to you. We have nothing like it here. At any rate, not on land. An octopus has some slight resemblance to it in its obese body and thin long legs, though this had only two, and two long thin arms. But the head and the huge mouth were like nothing one knows. I have never seen anything so horrible. It came straight to the wire netting. I slipped away at once before it saw me, as that lovely girl was warning me to do. I had no idea that the thick wire had not been woven as a protection against this very beast. I hid amongst some sort of flowering scrub. I can smell the scent of it to this day—a sweet aroma unlike any on Earth. . . . I had no idea that they were not perfectly safe from this beast. And then it came straight toward them, and up to the wire. I saw it close, all nude and flabby, except for those wiry limbs. It lifted a lid in the roof before I knew what it was doing, and put in a long horrible arm. It groped about with extraordinary rapidity, and seized a girl and drew her up through the lid. I was on the far side of the wire from it, and couldn't shoot. It wrung her neck in a moment and threw her down, and slipped in that arm again. I ran out from my covert, but before I got near, it had caught a young man and drawn him up, and was wringing his neck as I came round the corner. They had made little effort to avoid that gruesome hand, just dodging as it swept by them; though when it singled one out there was little chance to dodge, as they seemed to know. And they were all standing together now in the corner as I came by them, with a dignified resignation in their faces."

"Couldn't they have done anything?" I asked. For the idea of a branch of the human race quite helpless before such a horror was too new for me to accept. But he had seen it, and understood.

"It was nothing more than a chicken run," he said. "What could they do? They belonged to this beast."

"Belonged to it!" I exclaimed.

"You see," said Jorkens, "you don't understand. Man isn't top dog there."

"What?" I gasped.

"No," said Terner, "that's it."

"Another race, you see," said Jorkens.

"Yes," said Terner. "It's an older planet, you know. And somehow, in all that time it's got ahead of them."

"What did you do?" I asked.

"Ran up to the beast," he answered. "I somehow thought he wouldn't be afraid of a man, from the way he treated them, so I didn't trouble to stalk him, but just ran after him as he was moving off and swinging those two young bodies by their ankles. Then he turned round on me and reached out an arm, and I let him have one from the four-fifty. He spun round and dropped the bodies and stumbled away, waving his arms above him and bleating out of his great mouth. He was evidently not accustomed to being hurt. He went bleating away, and I went after him and gave him two or three more, and left him dead or dying, I didn't care which.

"At the sound of my shots the whole wood had awakened. Birds soared up, piping and whistling, and animals I had not seen began to hoot in the shadows. And amongst the general clamor I thought I detected some sounds that might have come from mouths like that of the beast I had killed. It was clearly time to go.

"I turned back to the cage, and there they were, all gazing at the dead creature in silence and curiosity. I went up to them, but they continued to gaze at it. None of them spoke to me. I saw then that I had done the wrong thing. It seemed that one did not kill these beasts. Only the girl I had spoken with about the birds turned to me, and she pointed swiftly up to the sky, toward Earth. The clamor was increasing in the forest. She was right—it was time to go. I said farewell to her. I wonder what my eyes told her. I said farewell more sadly than I have ever said it before. I nearly stayed. If it hadn't been for what I had to tell our own people, I would have stayed and shared out my two dozen cartridges amongst those hideous beasts; but I thought I owed it to Earth to bring home the news. And in the end they never believed me! I heaved a rock at that horrible body as I went by, not liking to spare another cartridge, on account of the clamor in the forest. But those poor people in the chicken run didn't approve. One could see that in a moment. To be eaten by that beast was their fate, and no interference with that seemed right to them.

"I got back to my plane as fast as I could. Nothing had found it. It was still safe in the valley. Perhaps I felt a moment of regret when I found my retreat to Earth was not cut off. It would have made things so simple. And yet it would never have done. Well, there was my plane, and I jumped in and began to wrap on those bindings, without which it is impossible to keep together in the bleak emptiness between our atmosphere and theirs. Something peered out of the wood at me as it heard me get into the plane. It looked to me like some sort of a fox, and I went on with my wrappings. All the noises in the wood seemed coming nearer. Then all of a sudden I thought: What if it was a dog, and not a fox at all? Whose side would a dog be on in Mars? I would hardly imagine a dog on anyone's side but man's. But I

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For your Thanksgiving dinner

Campfire Sweet Potatoes (*Southern*)

6 medium sweet potatoes
⅓ cup cream
2 tablespoons butter
¼ teaspoon salt
15 Campfire marshmallows
⅓ cup brown sugar

Wash potatoes thoroughly and boil in salted water until soft. Peel and put through ricer. Add butter, sugar, salt and cream. Beat until light with a fork. Bake in a buttered dish surrounded by water in oven 350° F. for twenty minutes. Cover the top with Campfire marshmallows and return to oven until well browned. Serve immediately.

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RED EDGE RED EDGE RED EDGE RED EDGE

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had seen such horrible things that I wondered. What if it belonged to those beasts? As man did, for that matter. It would go and tell them I was here. I hurried with my wrappings. But the brushwood was being trodden quite close.

"Then I saw branches waving. And a lot of them came pouring out of the forest, hurrying toward their chicken run. They were not a hundred yards away, and they all saw me. Then the filthy things turned to their left and came toward me. I gave them one shot and started my engines. One seemed hit, but I couldn't hear its noises on account of the sound of my engines. They seemed puzzled by the shot for a moment, then came toward me with a queer look on their hideous faces, hands stretched out. I only just cleared them. With their great height they could almost have gripped my plane as I went over them. And away I went with all my bindings flapping. Of course I couldn't face space like that. And I couldn't dress myself and steer at the same time, with such steering as I had to do. One degree out and I should have missed Earth. I hadn't much petrol either. It is petrol that I had economized on. Obviously, as it was of no use to me except for about one-millionth part of my journey at each end. You can't churn up space.

"Well, I went about twenty miles, and lit down in the wide plain through which that moon was dragging its fifty-mile groove of mud, for us to look at through telescopes. And I had to fly up and down a good deal before I was sure of a landing in which I wouldn't be bogged; as happened to me later. Well, I lit down and got on with my dressing. And all the while I had the idea that Mars knew a lot more about my presence there than I had hoped for. Birds seemed ill at ease, and there seemed too much scurrying. At any rate, I was in the open and could see what was coming. Yet I should have liked to have gone a hundred miles or so farther, except for the uneasy feeling it gave me to be left without any reserve of petrol beyond what I knew I should want.

"So I stayed there and saved up my petrol, and it was lucky I did. Well, I got my bandages on, but I still had my observations to make from the sun in order to find my way home, when I saw some of those foul creatures a long way off. Whether they were coming after me or not, I never knew, but they hurried my calculations and did not encourage me to go gathering Martian rocks and flora; which, of course, would have made all this vehement disbelief impossible. And the samples from five different trees that I had got in the wood were, of course, all blown away when I went off in a hurry the first time."

"And you brought back nothing at all?" I asked. For there was the ring of truth in his story and I was hoping it could be proved.

"Nothing except an old match box broken in a very peculiar way. And, if you can't see what broke it, that will prove nothing to you either. I'll show it you later."

"What broke it?" I asked.

"When we come to it," he said, "you shall tell me. I'll show it you and you shall see for yourself."

Jorkens nodded his head.

"Well, I didn't go gathering flowers or anything else, except for those twigs that I lost. I ought to have, I know. And perhaps I was in too much of a hurry to get away when I saw that second lot in the distance. But I had seen the faces of the beasts, and they were all I was thinking of. I had a large camera and took a few shots at the landscape, which ought to have been conclusive. But I didn't get it home. I'll tell you what happened to that afterward.

"Well, all that incredulity here was the last thing that I thought of, and the mouths of those loathsome beasts were filling all my imagination. I hurried my calculations and was off, homeward toward the sun. I saw several more of those chicken runs as I went, but little else besides forest and plains of mud. I might have seen more if the sun had not been in my eyes. Very soon Mars turned a lovely cobalt blue, and the beauty of it made me even sadder.

"Then began again that long weary day, with sun and plane apparently motionless. Engines shut off, no sound, no movement, no weather, and the weeks dragging by with no sign that time was passing at all. It is an awful place; time seems dead there.

"Again I began to despair, nearly to death; when suddenly I saw ahead of me, like a swan's feather all alone in space, the familiar, curved shape of a world, a quarter lit by the sun. There is no mistaking a planet. And yet, rejoiced as I was to be nearing home, one thing strangely perplexed me: I seemed to be ten days ahead of my time. What amazing luck, I thought, that part of my calculations must have been wrong, and yet I had not missed Earth.

"I had not seen it as soon as I had seen Mars, on account of its being so near to the line of the sun. Consequently, it was large when I did see it. As it grew larger and larger, I tried to work out what continent I was approaching—not that it greatly mattered, as I had petrol enough to make a good landing unless I was very unlucky. Though it couldn't be where I had expected to land, as I was so much ahead of my time. Well, I couldn't make out anything, as most of the orb was in darkness. And when I got into that darkness it was a blessed thing after the glare of the sun in that endless, lonely day. For there is no light there really—only glare. In that awful loneliness there is nowhere for light to fall; it just goes by you in a glare. I got into the darkness at last, and switched on my engines and flew till I came to the very first edge of twilight that gave light enough for me to land, for I was tired of staring at the sun. And that was how I came to make a bad landing, with my wheels deep down in a marsh.

"It was not that that whitened my hair. I felt my scalp go cold and my hair whitened, but it was not being stuck in a marsh that whitened it. It was the knowledge I had, the very moment I landed, that I was on the wrong planet. I should have seen it before, coming down; although in the dark—the whole thing was much too small. But I saw it now; I was on the wrong planet and didn't even know which. The awful, concentrated loneliness of the accident at first froze my thoughts. And, when I did begin to think, all was bewilderment. What lay inside of Mars? Only Earth, Venus and Mercury. The size pointed at Mercury. But I was ahead of my time, not behind it. Or was my chronometer all wrong? But the sun had appeared no larger five minutes ago than it appears from Earth. In fact, rather smaller. Perhaps, I thought, it was Venus in spite of this; though it was too small even for Venus. And the asteroids were behind me, outside Mars.

"What I did not know then was how Eros—and perhaps others, too—on account of the tilt of the planes of some of the asteroids, comes at certain times within fourteen million miles of us. So that, though his path round the sun lies outside Mars, whose nearest is thirty-five million, Eros at certain times is Earth's nearest neighbor. Of this I knew nothing; and yet, when I began to think reasonably, the facts at last spoke for themselves—I was on a strayed or an unknown asteroid. It should be easier to examine such a body when one is actually on it, with its continents all spread round one, than when it appears no more than a small pin's head in a telescope. But the calm, the safety—above all, that feeling of home—which lie about the astronomer, are aids to accurate thought which cannot be estimated.

"I saw that I had blundered when leaving Mars, making some wrong calculation in my hurry, and was very lucky to have got anywhere. Who can say when he thinks of all the things he might have become; who can say, as I can, that I nearly became a comet?"

"Very true," said Jorkens.

Terner said this with the utmost seriousness. The danger had evidently been near to him.

"When I realized where I must be," continued Terner, "I set to work to pull my plane out of the marsh, standing up to my knees in it. It was easier than I thought. And when I had got it up, I lifted it over my head and carried it about nine miles onto good dry land."

"But an aeroplane?" I said. "What does it weigh?"

"More than a ton," said Terner.

"And you carried it?"

"With one hand," he said. "The pull of those asteroids is a weak and puny thing to anyone accustomed to Earth. I felt pretty strong on Mars, but that's nothing to what one could do here, in Eros, or whichever it was.

"I got out at the edge of a forest of minute scrub oak, the size of the ones that are dwarfed by the Japanese. I looked out for any disgusting beasts such as those foul things on Mars, but saw nothing of any sort. A few small moths, as I thought them, flew by me out of the trees; though, looking back on it, I think they were birds. Well, then I settled down to work out my new calculations. I was so near Earth now that I might get it if I could pull away from the asteroid, and if only I was close in my guess—and it could be no more—at the pace that the asteroid was doing. More than a guess I could not make, for I did not even know on what little planet I was, and guesses are bad things for calculations. But you must use them when you've got nothing else. I knew, at least, where the path of these asteroids lay, so I knew how far they had to go, but the time that they took to do it I could only guess from the time that I knew their neighbors took. Had I been farther from Earth, these guesses would have ruined my calculations and I should never have found my way home.

"Well, I sat there undisturbed by anything except my own rapid breathing and worked out those calculations as near as I could. I had to breathe three or four times as fast as one does on Earth, for there didn't seem as much air as there is here. And of course there wouldn't be in a little place like Eros. What troubled me far more than the breathing was the thought that I had only my engines to pull me clear of the planet, having used the last of my rockets in leaving Mars, and never guessing I should need them again. Imagine a passenger from Southampton to New York being suddenly landed at an island in the Atlantic. He would be far less surprised than I was at landing here, and I was not prepared for it.

The pull of Eros, or whatever small world it was, was not much to get away from, but the amount of atmosphere I should have in which to pull away from it was bound to be diminutive also, like the planet round which it was wrapped. I knew I could get up enough speed to pull clear of Eros, if only I had long enough to do it, if only the air went far enough. I knew roughly how far it went, as I had felt it in the wings of my plane on the way down. But would it go far enough? That was the thought that was troubling me as I worked at my figures and breathed as men breathe in high fevers. I wouldn't use my compressed air while I had air of any kind to breathe outside. For the hours that I could live before I reached Earth were numbered by my supply of compressed air. Well, I made my plans and arranged my aim at the Earth in leisure such as I had not had on Mars, while the little planet spun toward the sun, and its day was dawning where I had landed in twilight. Then I had time to look round at the oak forest whose billowy tops were rolling away below me. Take a look now at this match box. Handle it gently. Now, what would you say made that hole in it?"

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(Continued from Page 114)

I took from his hand a match box, considerably shattered—shattered from the inside, leaving a hole large enough for a mouse to run through.

"It looks as if something had gone through it pretty hard," I said.

"Not through it," he answered. "There's only a hole on one side."

"Well, into it," I said.

"Nor into it. Look again," said Terner.

Sure enough, it was all burst outward. But what had done it was more than I could see. And so I told Terner.

Then he took it over to the mantelpiece where he had two little cottages made of china, and put it between the two, and put a little thatch over the match box that he had made to fit it. The little cottages on each side of it were just about the same size.

"Now, what do you make of it?" he asked.

I didn't know, and I had told him so, but I had to say something.

"It looks as if an elephant had broken out of a cottage," I said.

Terner looked round at Jorkens, who was nodding an approving head, almost benevolent except for a certain slyness. I didn't understand this vehement exchange of glances.

"What?" I said.

"The very thing," said Terner.

"An elephant?" I said.

"There were herds of them in the oak forest," said Terner. "I was stooping down to pick a branch of a tree to bring back, when I suddenly saw them in the dawn. They stampeded and I caught one, a magnificent tusker—and none of them bigger than mice.

This I knew must be absolute proof. I threw away the branch—after all, they were only small oak leaves—and I put the elephant into that match box and put an elastic band round it to keep it shut. The match box I threw into a haversack that I wore over my bandages.

"Well, I might have collected lots more things, but, as I said, I had absolute proof, and I had hanging over me all the while, and oppressing me with its weight, that feeling that I was on the wrong planet. It is a feeling that no one who experiences it can shake off for a single moment. You, Jorkens, you have traveled a good deal, too; you've been in deserts and queer places."

"Yes, the papyrus marshes," muttered Jorkens.

"But," continued Terner, "not even there, nor far out with the Sahara all round you, can you have had so irresistibly, so unremittingly, that feeling I spoke of. It is no mere homesickness, it is an always-present, overwhelming knowledge that you are in the wrong place, so strong that it amounts to a menacing warning that your very spirit repeats to you with every beat of the pulse. It is a thing I cannot explain to anyone who has not been lost outside Earth—an emotion I can share with no one."

"Very natural," said Jorkens.

"Well, so I got everything ready," Terner went on, "not only for myself but for the little elephant. I had a tin into which I meant to drop him before we left the atmosphere of Eros, and I had found a way of renewing the air in it from my own breathing supply often enough to keep the little beast alive. I had a handful of green stuff—branches of oak trees—just as one does with a caterpillar—and water and all for him. Then I threw over everything that I could do without, in order to lighten the plane for the dash away from Eros. My revolver and cartridges I threw into the marsh, and that is where my camera went too. Then I started off and flew back into night, to the one part of Eros from which I could just see Earth, hanging low above her little neighbor's horizon. It shone in the night of Eros like a small moon, like a cricket ball of pale turquoise set in silver. I aimed exactly, with all the allowances that I had calculated, and shot homeward, flying low where the air of Eros was densest. At that low level I merely got my speed. Then came the crucial moment when I tilted upward to my aim. Would the air be heavy enough for my wings to work on? It was. I was heading in exactly the right direction, just as I got clear of night, and Earth paled away. Now, would the speed I had last? I couldn't make much more in that thin air. I wondered if someone from Earth would ever find my bones if Eros pulled me back, and my plane beside them. But I did not forget my elephant, and reached for the match box to drop it into the tin; when I found what I've shown you."

"Gone?" I said.

"Charged out, as an elephant would," said Terner. "He must have gone before I left Eros. You see for yourself, now that you get the proper proportions, that that match box would be to him no more than a hut of laths to one of our own elephants. And he had magnificent tusks. You wouldn't try to shut up an elephant here in a hut of the very thinnest boards. But I never thought of that. You saw it at once. But then, I had put those cottages just beside it, so as to give you the right scale. Well, I didn't grudge him his liberty at the time. I had no idea of the bitter incredulity that I should have to face. I was thinking more of the tug of war on which my life depended—the speed of my plane against the pull of Eros.

"And all of a sudden we did it. There was a slight rocking of all my kegs and tins as Eros let go. Then the long day started once more. I spent it mostly thinking over all the things that I was to tell our learned societies about Mars and that asteroid which I believe to have been Eros. But they were too busy with their learning to look at a new truth. Their ears were turned to the past; they were deaf to the present. Well, well." And he smoked in silence.

"Your aim was all right," said Jorkens.

"Good enough," said Terner. "Of course the pull of the Earth helped me. I suddenly saw it shining in the day, and I didn't seem much out. Oh, what a feeling it is to be coming home! Earth pale at first, then slowly turning to silver, and growing larger and larger. Then it takes a faint touch of gold, an enormous pale-gold crescent in the sky; to the mere eye a sight of the utmost beauty, but saying something more to the whole being which the understanding fails to grip. Perhaps one does take it in, after all; but if one does one can never pass it on, never tell a soul of all that golden beauty. Words cannot do it. Music might, but I can't play. I'd like to make a tune, you know, about Earth calling one home with all that changing light; only it would be so damned unpopular, because it is nothing like what they experience every day.

"Well, I hit it. With help of that great pull that Earth flings out so far, I got home again. The Atlantic was the only thing I was afraid of, and I missed that by a good deal. I came down in the Sahara, which might have been little better than the Atlantic. But I got out and walked about, and hadn't been looking round for five minutes when I came on a copper coin the size of a sixpence, and on it the head of Constantine. I had recognized the Sahara at once, but I knew then that I was in the north of it, where the old Roman Empire had been, and knew I had petrol enough to get to the towns. I started off again northward and flew till I saw some Arabs with a flock of sheep or goats—you can't tell which till you are quite close. I landed near them and said I had come from England. I had no vulgar wish to astonish, as the bare truth would have done, so I said I had flown from England. And I saw that they did not believe me. I had a foretaste then of the world's incredulity.

"Well, I got home and I told my tale. The press weren't hostile at first. They interviewed me. But they wanted cheery interviews. They wanted a photograph of me waving my handkerchief up toward Mars, to friends I had left there. But how could I be cheery after seeing what I had seen? My blood grows colder even now when I think of it. And I think of it always. How could I wave my handkerchief toward those poor people when I knew that one by one they were being eaten by a beast more foul than our imaginations can picture? I would not even smile when they photographed me. I insisted on deleting little jokes from the interviews. I became irritated. Morose, they said. Well, I was. And after that they turned against me. Bitterest of all, Amely would not believe me. When I think what we were to each other! She might have."

"In common politeness," said Jorkens.

"Oh, she was polite enough," said Terner. "I asked her straight out if she believed me, and she said 'I believe you absolutely.'"

"Well, there you are," said Jorkens cheerfully. "Of course she believes you."

"No, no," said Terner, smoking harder than ever. "No, she didn't. When I told her about that lovely girl in Mars, she never asked me a single question. That wasn't like Amely. Never a word about her."

For a long time then he went up and down that room, smoking with rapid puffs. For so long he was silent and quite unobservant of us that Jorkens caught my eye, and we left him alone and walked away from the house.

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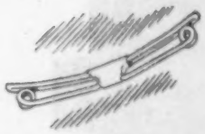

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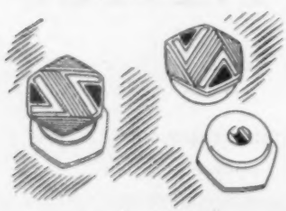

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THE ARTIFICIAL MOON

(Continued from Page 15)

Eden loved it. Long ago her father had had it hung up for her there in the tamarack and they had stood hand in hand and breathless—at least Eden had been breathless—to see it turned on for the first time. Eden loved it.

"My ranch," said Eden, breathless again now, "and my ranch house and my moon. They're mine! They're me. They're all I've ever had of home. The girl you saw in New York in French clothes and high heels and a smile wasn't me. It was just someone awfully young and—and presentable—that you got engaged to before Lise came home." Eden turned off her moon and came back to her chair and sat down on it. There was a silence.

"In the three months that I have known you," said the man at last, grinding out his cigarette, "I have never heard you say so much."

"That's because I have something to say," said Eden. "I'll give you back your ring in the morning."

"Give it to me now."

"I'm not wearing it. It's—it's in a drawer," said Eden. "I'll get it."

"I'll come along," said the man.

He stood beside her while she switched on the light in her room, and while she fumbled in the drawer he looked over her room. A straight white bed turned down for the night, white ruffled curtains, a white fur rug, a white bathroom beyond. Bill and his dogs in a silver frame on the dresser, her mother, Lise, a glass of milk on the night table, an apple, a book, a dressing gown laid ready across the foot of the bed, rose-colored chiffon, a white nightgown, small rose-colored satin slippers without any backs standing ready for restless feet ——

"Here it is," said Eden, uncompromising, unflinching, standing as straight as an arrow in her chaps, in her green shirt, in her stubby little shoes. The orange bandanna was gone and Eden's hair was wind blown and soft and rough. She was letting it grow and it was neither long nor short. It curled around her face in sickle-shaped rings, and at the nape of her neck it rolled itself into fat little sausages. Eden's eyes were so big and so brown they swamped her face. There wasn't much to Eden except her hair and her eyes and her mouth, but looking down at Eden the man thought vaguely, through the haze which had descended upon him, that these might be almost enough. He didn't make a move to take the ring from Eden, so she dropped it into his pocket. She pushed him toward the door.

"I'm asking you to be gone in the morning before I am up," she said. "That will be better all around. Good-by."

She held out her hand and the man took it and looked down at it.

"Shake it and drop it," said Eden.

But he didn't. He just stood looking down at it, small and brown and restless, swallowed up in his own. So Eden pulled it abruptly away from him and walked to the door.

"Tell Lise I got her letter," she said. "Good-by."

He was gone. The door was shut upon him. He was gone. Eden staggered a little before she reached the bed, but after she had lain on the bed for a while with her face turned into the pillow and her hands clenched tight, after she had lain there for a long time rigid and still, she struggled up again and into the bathroom. She held her wrists under the cold-water tap. Her mother had tried to arrange to come home for Eden's wedding but she hadn't been able to arrange it. Bill hadn't come home. Lise hadn't come home. And they could all stay away now. They could all stay away forever. Eden put her head under the cold-water tap and held it there.

But the next morning when Eden came in to breakfast he was sitting at the table with Mr. Flanner. He pushed back his chair and stood up when he saw Eden coming. He looked at her much as the mountain might have looked at her if the mountain had cared to look. He was stony, aloof, invincible.

Back East in New York, Lise had been loving and kind, but she had objected that he was out of their class, that his mother had taken in washing, that he was altogether too old and too rich and too ruthless for Eden. Lise had said that men like Bruce Heming didn't fall in love any more. They selected. At the suitable time they picked out any fairly attractive, healthy, presentable girl of good family who happened to be at hand and they married these girls, and that sometimes it turned out quite well but that sometimes it didn't, and that Lise cared too much for her little sister to let her take that chance. Lise had admitted that some people might consider Bruce Heming good-looking, attractive, that that particular shade of slate-gray eyes might give some people a thrill, that she herself rather liked his hands, but not for Eden. Someone safe for Eden, someone young and fairly simple-minded, fond of horses and ranches and moons, that Jeff boy out West perhaps, but not a black-browed, gray-eyed, hawk-faced, cold-blooded, swooping, devastating pirate like Bruce Heming. Not for her little sister.

All her life Eden had crumpled up and let go when Lise spoke so lovingly of her little sister. At five, Lise had taken away from Eden her French mechanical music box because it was delicate and expensive and because her little sister might break it, and presently Lise had broken it herself. At nine Lise had taken away Eden's Scotty because it wasn't good for anyone to love a dog so much; and Lise had taken the Scotty out for a walk and the Scotty had been run over and killed. At sixteen Lise had taken away Eden's good times because Lise was so gilt-haired and beautiful and assured and because Eden was none of those things. It wasn't really until Lise eloped with Denny Dulany and went away to live with him that Eden began to have any good times at all. One of the reasons Eden loved her ranch was because Lise never came there. Lise had come there once and had laughed at her moon and Eden had gone over to Lise and had smacked her face and had pulled her hair and had kicked her a little. But that was all very long ago.

Back East in New York, Lise had been wonderful and tolerant and amused, and Eden had been horrid. She had refused utterly to crumple up and let go of Bruce Heming. When Lise laughed at the great, square-cut diamond in her ring she had flaunted it before Lise, and when she was alone she had kissed it. She had gone straight ahead and ordered her trousseau. She had asked Kit Dulany and Nona French and Bessie Starr to be her bridesmaids. And then Lise had been called suddenly to Reno by her lawyers and Eden had breathed again. Until that last morning ——

Eden had never thought of Bruce Heming as a pirate. Eden hadn't even known that he was good-looking. When she was away from him she couldn't exactly remember and when she was with him she couldn't see. All Eden knew when she was with him was that she was with him. Eden couldn't really see him now, but she could see Mr. Flanner plainly enough eating his hot cakes. She could see the blue china cream jug. She could see her own hand jiggle as she took up a teaspoon.

"Hello, folks," said Eden, hiding her hands. "Who turned on that moon?"

"I did," said Bruce Heming.

"In the morning?" said Eden on a sharp indrawn breath. "That's cruel."

"Why?"

"It's not for mornings," said Eden, breathless. "It's for nights. And it's never for people like you—people who select."

"Select what?"

"Wives," said Eden. "'Oh, good morning. I have come in to select a wife today. It's raining and I can't get to my golf and I've nothing more important to do. I'll take anything suitable for the head of a table—anything healthy and presentable and of good family—but if possible I should like someone with gilt hair and dressed all in silk.'" Eden crumbled her toast. "My moon," explained Eden rapidly, "is meant only for very young, simple-minded, sentimental people—people like Jeff Macomber and me. It's not for a pirate."

"A pirate!" said Bruce Heming.

"Well, you are, aren't you?" asked Eden airily, jiggling her teaspoon.

After breakfast Jeff Macomber came by in his big car. Eden was sitting in her Mexican chair looking at the mountain. Heming was sitting on the railing well away from Eden.

"Hello, Eden," said Jeff Macomber, getting out of his car.

"Hello, Jeff," said Eden.

Jeff came up the steps and crossed over to Eden and stood for a moment looking down at her. When she held up her hand he took it and looked at it.

"Well, what am I to do with it today?" he asked.

"Anything you like," said Eden.

So Jeff Macomber kissed it. He kissed it several times. "Gosh, Eden, but you're sweet," said Jeff Macomber. "Got any red on your mouth today?"

"No," said Eden.

"Well, I want to kiss it," said Jeff Macomber.

"Go ahead," said Eden. So, stooping swiftly, he kissed her mouth. Several times. Eden was rigid and still. Her hands were clenched and she was pretty white, but she just sat.

"Gosh, Eden, but I'm gone on you," said Jeff Macomber, his blue eyes blazing, his young face flushed. "I could kiss you all day and all night and never get tired of kissing you. There's something about kissing you, Eden, that makes a fella kind of drunk. Why'd you have to go and get engaged back East, Eden?"

"I don't know," said Eden.

"Well, what's the fella like to let you go running all over the world alone? If he cares a thing about you, Eden, he ought to be out here with you knocking me down, or you ought to be back there with him marryin' him. What's the idea of all this travelin'?"

"I don't know," said Eden.

"You know all right, Eden," said Jeff Macomber.

He went away at last. He hadn't glanced by so much as the lift of an eyelash toward the man on the railing. Eden went down to the car with Jeff and stood about while Jeff got in and started his engine. Jeff wasn't in any hurry about starting his engine, and Eden wasn't in any hurry about coming back up the steps. The little affair took some time, but Bruce Heming was still sitting on the railing when Eden crossed the porch. She had opened the screen door to go in when he stopped her. "Just a moment, Eden," he said briefly.

Eden jiggled the latch up and down before she shut the door. She put her foot up on a chair and tied her shoe lace. But finally she crossed the porch and stood before him.

"Well?" she said, rather airily, rather jauntily, hands in her pockets, eyes on the mountain.

"I telephoned Lise last night," said Heming, "and I'm taking one of the ranch cars to drive out and get her today."

"Lise," said Eden. "Lise."

"To bring her here," continued Heming equably, looking at Eden. "I'm not quite satisfied with your attitude, Eden. I'm going straight out for Lise."

"Straight out for Lise," repeated Eden carefully. "Bringing her here."

(Continued on Page 120)

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Ever-Ready BLADES

(Continued from Page 118)

"You bet I am," said Bruce Heming.

Eden stood for a moment and then she whirled. Eden could run. She could run like anything—like a deer, like a rabbit, like any forest wild thing that runs for its life. She had the door open before he caught her. His hands came down over her wrists, and the door banged shut.

He got both her hands into one of his own and crushed them together. He held her to him, crushed her to him. Eden struggled, squirmed, fought to get free, but she didn't get free by one inch. There she was in the circle of his arms, held, bound, helpless, crushed to him.

"Let go!" gasped Eden. "Pirate! Pirate! Let go!"

"So that boy kisses you as much as he likes, does he?" said Bruce Heming, pale, tight-lipped. "And you let him. You just sit and let him. You play fast and loose. You don't give a damn. You just sit and let us ride."

"Let go," gasped Eden. "I hate you. I hate you. You're a brute, you're a pirate, you're in love with Lise. You hurt. You hurt ——"

"That's what I want to do—hurt," said Bruce Heming. "I'd like to kill someone. So I'm a pirate, am I—faithless and cruel? Well, what are you, with your eyes and your rose color and your moons? You're life. You're love. You're what we all reach for and almost grasp and lose. I want to hurt you—to mark you—to make you remember me ——"

He kissed her mouth. He kissed her until she ceased to struggle, until she went limp in his arms, until she couldn't stand, until her eyes closed down, until she was beaten. Even after that he kissed her—roughly, ruthlessly, as if he could never leave off—despairingly, remorsefully, as if he could never leave off. He picked her up like a child at last and kicked open the screen door and carried her in. He set her down in a chair like a doll and put a pillow behind her head and smoothed her hair back from her forehead and kissed her forehead and then her mouth again—once again—twice again—before he wrenched himself away. He kicked open the screen door on his way out, and the car when it came up from the barn was simply speed and rage and a cloud of dust.

Mrs. Flanner looked out of the window after it and said, "Land's sakes, what's come over everybody?" And at dinnertime, when Mrs. Flanner rang the dinner bell, Eden wasn't there and Bruce Heming wasn't there and only Mr. Flanner was there. Mrs. Flanner said, "Land's sakes, where is everybody?"

Mr. Flanner didn't know and, eating his dumplings, he didn't seem much to care, but Mrs. Flanner cared. She went out to the corral with her apron over her head and there was Modesse. She looked over all the horses anxiously.

"Eden's taken that new roan and gone off somewheres," said Mrs. Flanner when she came back, "and if she don't come home to me safe, Mike, I tell you I'll leave you."

Mr. Flanner's fork stopped in mid-air. He opened his mouth.

"I've always wanted a girl of my own," continued Mrs. Flanner, "and I never got one. I never even got me a boy. And I tell you now, Mike, if Eden gets thrown off that new roan of yours on that devil's own mountain and killed, Mike, I'll take up and leave you. I'll go and live with my sister in Oakland."

"Threatenin'," ejaculated Mr. Flanner pushing back his chair.

"And don't you dare to send me any Christmas present."

Walking over to her rocking-chair, Mrs. Flanner sat down in it and put her apron over her head.

"Tucket, woman —— Shoo, woman ——" ejaculated Mr. Flanner distressed. "The roan's young and a little dusty but the roan's all right."

"He shies," moaned Mrs. Flanner, beneath her apron. "He bucks. He kicks. He's got a bad eye."

"Well, Eden can ride, can't she?" But Mrs. Flanner wouldn't answer. She continued to rock. She continued to sit beneath her apron. So Mr. Flanner went at last, dumbly.

"What's got into everybody?" muttered Mr. Flanner several times during the afternoon, and when he came in at suppertime Eden hadn't come home.

Lise arrived in due time with Bruce Heming in the ranch car, and Eden hadn't come home. Mr. Flanner put on a clean shirt and his stud because of Lise. Supper was in the dining room because of Lise. Everything was different, everything was difficult because of Lise. Supper came and went and nobody except Lise ate anything, and Lise didn't eat much herself because she happened to be dieting. The moon came up over the tamaracks—the real moon—and lighted up the larkspur. It burnished up the plain old ranch house. It even ventured to touch the mountain gently, delicately, with its silver light and try to soften it a little. And Eden hadn't come home.

Bruce Heming tramped the porch after supper, and Mr. Flanner whittled on the kitchen steps when he wasn't at the telephone. Mrs. Flanner rocked in the kitchen, and Lise sat in the Mexican chair. Lise looked enchanting in the moonlight. Her hair was like a cap of gold, and her eyes were childlike and sweet, and her hands were like white fluttering doves.

"Denny used to tramp up and down like that," said Lise mildly, sitting in the Mexican chair. "It was one of the reasons I left him."

Heming tramped. Mr. Flanner stopped whittling and telephoning and went down to look over the horses. Mrs. Flanner rocked.

Lise looked at her foot for a while in its gray lizard-skin pump with the high heel. Lise stretched her arms high above her head and looked at the gleam of her bracelet in the silver light and yawned.

"Everything is so dull, Bruce," said Lise mildly, "that you and I might be married. And sunk," added Lise. "If we only had a chessboard ——"

Heming tramped. The moonlight reached the pink geraniums.

"Or a saxophone," added Lise hopelessly after an interval. "Please, Bruce, don't begin to be dull so soon. Be a pirate again. Drag me about by the hair."

Heming stopped short, stood still. "A pirate?" he said gently.

"Swooping down on me in Reno and carrying me off in a ranch car and not explaining anything," said Lise with satisfaction. "Being devastating and heartless and cruel. Practically with a cutlass in your teeth. I like that, Bruce. It is so different from Denny."

"Women like that?" asked Heming. "Eden—likes that?"

"Eden? No," said Lise, tolerant, amused. "Who is talking about Eden? I am talking about us—about you and me, Bruce. Of course we are all concerned just now and—and alarmed about Eden, but Eden will be all right, and in a few hours we needn't be concerned or alarmed about Eden any longer. We shall be able to forget all this little fuss over Eden and begin to think about ourselves. And Eden will be quite happy," continued Lise smoothly. "In time she will marry someone very young—that Jeff boy perhaps—someone fond of horses and ranches and moons." Standing up, Lise crossed the porch. "Have you seen Eden's artificial moon, Bruce?" she asked casually, and her voice was smooth and sweet and silken. "One might be able to endure an artificial moon on a roof garden or in a night club or at a fancy-dress ball, but on a ranch ——" Lise laughed a little. "One can judge of Eden pretty well by looking at her moon. She loves it. There used to be a switch somewhere ——"

Lise turned on the moon. It hung there in the tallest tamarack pine, large and golden and pleasant. It hung there childlike and willing and pleasant. It touched

(Continued on Page 122)

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT OF CANDY *as a grand source of Quick Energy?*

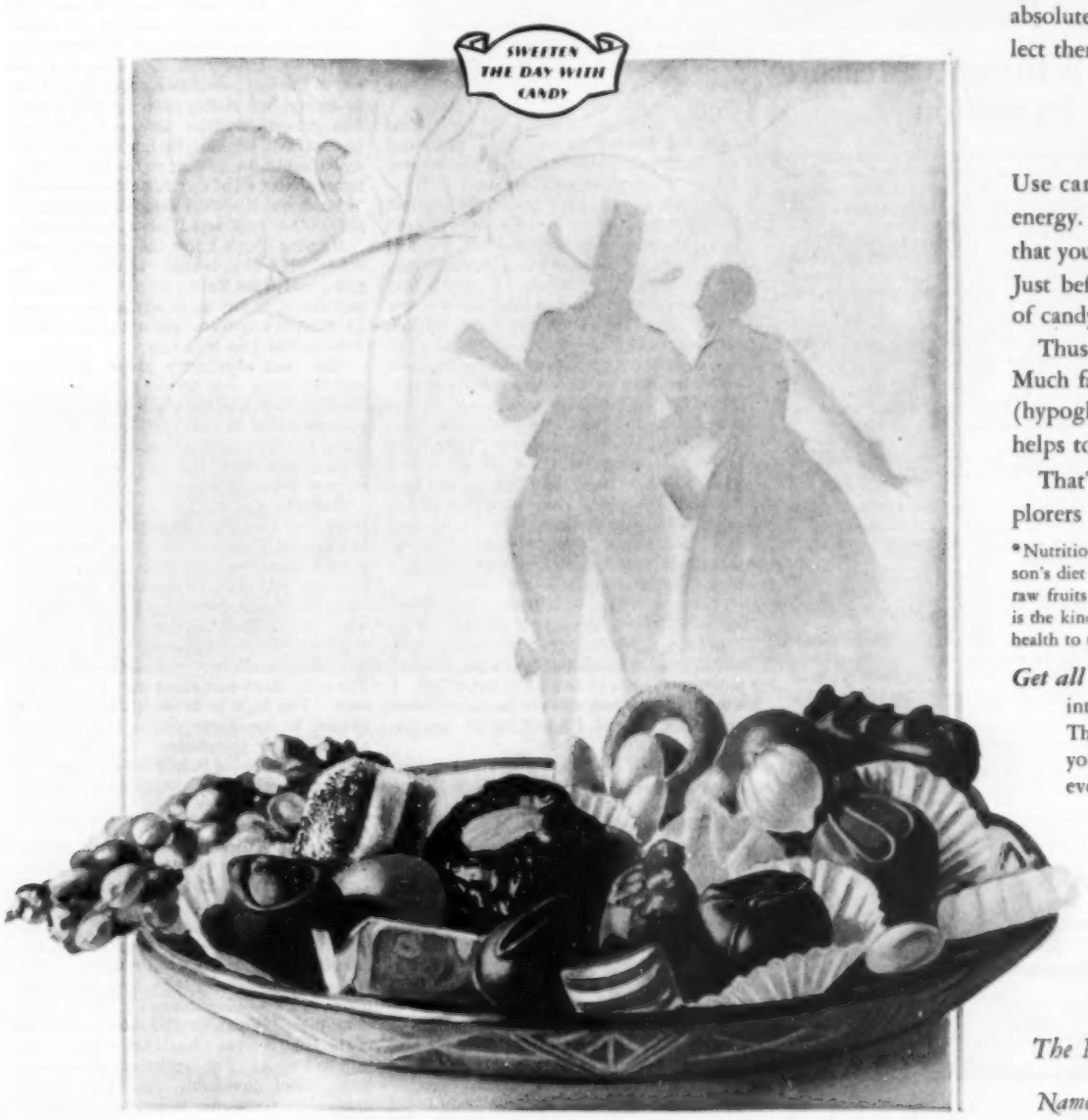
OF COURSE NOT! Why should you? You're not a dietitian. And candy is so agreeable, so ingratiating, that it's natural to suppose that it belongs to the play side rather than the work side of the menu.

As a food, however, candy is largely concentrated quick energy. (Considering its sugar content, that is—although candy is often a complex food, into which enter such various ingredients as chocolate, fruits, nuts, milk.)

Half the world's human energy comes from some form of sugar

Perhaps it's a new idea to you that most of the work you do ("bodily" and mental!) is performed by virtue of burning up sugar, which nature burns in your body as an automobile burns gasoline.

That doesn't mean, of course, that half your diet could or should be sugar. It could, from the standpoint merely of fuel requirement. But other foods you eat, which are transformed into sugar in the body, contain certain elements* absolutely indispensable to health. Don't neglect them!



Candy is part of every joyous Thanksgiving feast

So, in addition to the pleasure you get from it—

Use candy as a food—as a source of quick energy. Suggestion: There are certain periods that you know by experience are fatigue-periods. Just before these come on, eat a piece or two of candy.

Thus you quickly replenish your blood-sugar. Much fatigue comes with lessened blood-sugar (hypoglycaemia). Replenishing the blood-sugar helps to overcome fatigue.

That's the reason why athletes, soldiers, explorers value candy.

*Nutrition experts are pretty well agreed that a normal person's diet should include (1) A quart of milk (2) a salad with raw fruits or vegetables (3) one "pot-herb"—*every day*. This is the kind of diet that prolongs life and raises the level of health to the maximum.

Get all the facts—all the facts, that is, that you are interested in, in a practical way. Send for the book, The New Knowledge of Candy. It's written for you by an eminent scientist—but in interesting, everyday language. Use the coupon below.

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IT was intended that this dam should have the permanency of a mountain . . . seemingly nothing was overlooked that would strengthen and beautify it. That trifling crack? A mere nothing! And yet . . . this comparative pin-point of imperfection reduced to nothingness the engineering skill of its builders.

In a burial vault there can be no compromise with perfection. A vault that is not absolutely impermeable to water, no matter how beautiful or costly it may be, fails in the one essential for which it was selected.

In the making of the Clark Vault a three-fold measure of protection against water has been attained.

First: The Clark is made of metal . . . specially processed 12 gauge Armco Ingot Iron or Keystone Copper Steel. Water *cannot* pass through metal because it is non-porous.

Second: The Clark is made on the principle of a diving bell; it is contrary to the law of nature for water to rise in a diving bell.

Third: All seams in the Clark are double welded, oxy-acetylene on outside and electric weld on inside . . . and their strength is tested under 5,000 pounds of water. No putty or filler used. Each Clark carries a 50-year guaranty.

Solid copper, 10 gauge in thickness, is used in making the beautiful Clark de luxe model. It is guaranteed perpetually.

Because of material, design, and exacting workmanship, the Clark Vault has, for over a quarter of a century, been recognized and preferred as the perfect protection expressive alike of enduring love and modern standards. Truly it is said . . .

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all

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This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It identifies the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark the vault is not a Clark

(Continued from Page 120)

the whitewashed stones with gold. It burnished up the plain old ranch house. It flooded the lane with its yellow light and innocently challenged the great moon above. It was a palpably make-believe, out-of-all-proportion moon. Eden loved it. But it was turned off again almost immediately. It was turned off by Mr. Flanner.

"Who turned on Eden's moon?" roared Mr. Flanner, rounding the house like a storm. "Who turned on the girl's moon? When she may be lyin' dead somewheres up on the mountain. Who dared turn on her moon?"

"Why, I did, Mr. Flanner," said Lise, astonished, smooth, sweet. "I'm so sorry. I didn't think."

"Well, you had better think now and then," said Mr. Flanner. "Now and then you had better think of your sister Eden. That moon goes off right now and it stays off till Eden comes home again. And if she don't never come again," said Mr. Flanner with tears in his eyes, "that moon'll never go on again. That moon'll be dark—forever." Mr. Flanner turned off the moon and went in, slamming the door.

Eleven o'clock—no news—and Eden hadn't come home. The ranch house seemed to swing suspended in a vacuum. The ranch house seemed to be under a spell. The ranch house seemed to be lost, hung with cobwebs, drowned in a mist of moonlight. Eden hadn't come home. Twelve o'clock —— And then Jeff Macomber roared up the drive in his big car.

"Your dusty roan's come in off the mountain, Mike," called Jeff Macomber above the roar of his engine. "Dead beat. Down Grass Valley. Has Eden come home?"

For a moment no one answered him because no one could, and then Mr. Flanner spoke. "No, Jeff. Eden hasn't come home," he said steadily.

"The boys are all ready, Mike," yelled back Jeff Macomber turning his car about on two wheels. "We'll meet at Twin Sister Pines. From there we'll divide."

Jeff was gone and the dust in the lane had hardly settled before Mr. Flanner followed him. For the ranch car was ready. It had been ready for hours—coils of rope, shovels, an ax, lanterns, blankets. Mrs. Flanner had been ready for hours—hot coffee in the bottle from her camp kit, three chicken sandwiches and two of apple jelly, a roll of bandages in her pocket, a bottle of liniment on her lap, men's shoes on her feet, a banged-down hat on her gray head, a set to her jaw and no talk whatever—that was Mrs. Flanner when she was ready. They both ignored Heming and Lise. They didn't mean to ignore them, but Heming and Lise just didn't belong. They were part of another world—back East, New York—and this job ahead took experts—rangers, woodsmen, ranchers on horseback, Western men, Western women, home folks.

"But you've got to take me," said Heming as Flanner stepped into his car—Heming, pale, tight lipped, his slate-gray eyes ablaze in the moonlight. "I've climbed mountains. I'm strong. I'm not a fool. I won't fall over any cliffs or break my neck or cry. I tell you I won't be left behind, Flanner. I won't be left."

"Sorry, Mr. Heming," said Flanner, hesitating, looking at Heming's face in the moonlight.

"Drive on, Mike," said Mrs. Flanner, unhesitating.

So Flanner drove on. The dust cloud settled behind them. Shadowed, lined, ravaged, that was Heming's face in the moonlight. White, taut, driven. He stood for a moment looking up at the mountain and then he whirled. "The truck!" he said to Lise. "We can shoot the truck part way up and then we can climb."

"We?" said Lise. "You're crazy, Bruce. You're walking around in a dream. I am not going."

"Aren't you?" said Heming.

"Up that mountain tonight?" said Lise. "In a French dress, on heels like these? Climb? I couldn't climb ten feet, Bruce, without turning my ankle."

"And what if you did turn your ankle?" said Heming.

Lise looked at him well—at his pallor, at his smoldering slate-gray eyes, at his smile—and for just an instant Lise turned a little cold. It was as if a breath from some high, still place had drifted down over Lise and chilled her. She shivered involuntarily and then she shrugged. She laughed up at him. Why, this was Bruce Heming, thirty-six years old, head of a great bond house, adviser to presidents—Bruce Heming, with Rembrandts and a racing stable and a yacht—Bruce Heming, cold-blooded, ultramodern, controlled—Bruce Heming who didn't fall in love, who selected. This wasn't someone young and romantic and off his head about Eden. This was Bruce Heming. Lise laughed but she shivered a little.

"I'm fagged out," she said, turning on her high heel, "and I'm going in for a sleep. When Eden turns up call me."

"You're coming with me," said Heming.

When Lise walked away from him he went after her and took her by the arm. Lise, suddenly frightened, turned ugly and struck out at him. Eventually he got Lise around the house and down to the barn and into the barn and into the truck. Not gently but as gently as he could. It wasn't pleasant, but Heming, long since, had left behind any thought of being pleasant. Heming meant to go up that mountain and to take Lise with him and to find Eden. Beyond that he hadn't been able to think, to see, for everything beyond that turned dark.

The truck wasn't pleasant as Heming drove it. The truck bounced over the stones. It rattled and swayed and sometimes two of its wheels got it around the curves and sometimes one. Lise, in a corner of the seat, was like a coiled wire ready to spring, but at this pace she didn't dare. She groaned a little now and then and pushed back her hair, for her hair had come down, somehow, getting to the barn. Sometimes almost all of the truck left the ground at once, but it always came down again on some other rock and it always kept going.

Heming didn't know the country or the roads. He didn't know whether he was going up Grass Valley or not. He hadn't any shovel or any ax or any lantern or any liniment or any plan. Except to find Eden. And to take Lise with him.

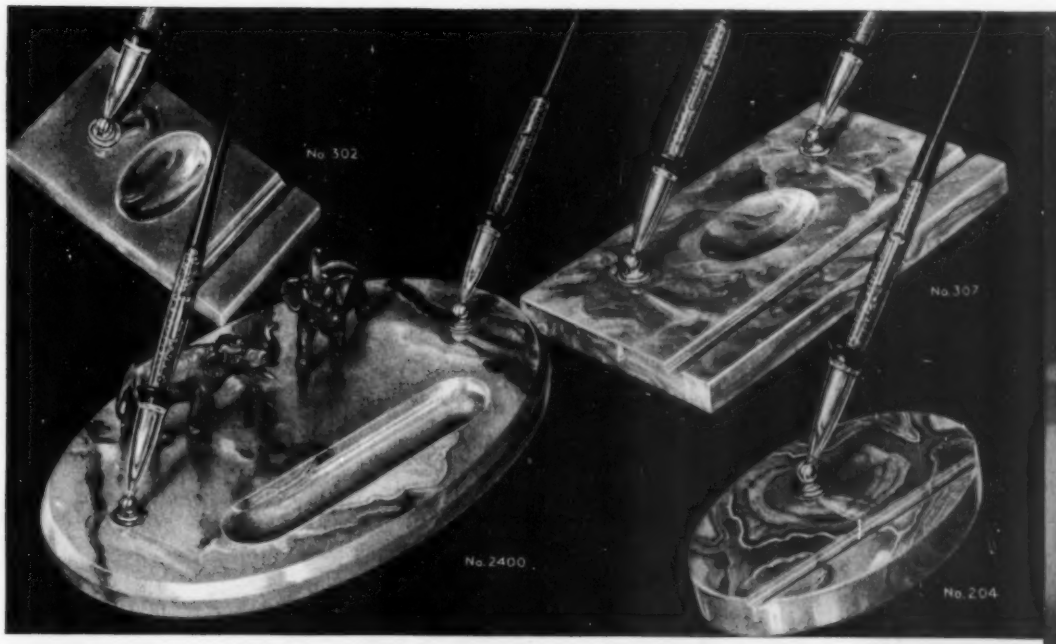
The road eventually ended in a trail and the truck shot up the trail, and when the trail narrowed the truck left it and for a time managed to climb the mountain even then. It blew out two tires, finally, against a sugar pine tree, and Lise screamed and covered her face and shook all over.

It wasn't pleasant getting Lise out of the truck, but Heming managed it. Not gently but as gently as he could. Lise screamed a good deal and beat her white hands against his face. It was pretty dark under the sugar pine trees, but there were patches of white moonlight here and there so that most of the time they could see the ground. The French dress was stained and torn. The gray lizard-skin shoes were scarred and torn. The high heels sank deep into the ground in the damp places and wabbled about among the stones. Lise fell down twice, but Heming pulled her up again. It was a straight climb now up the mountain, through brush, over rocks, and Lise was sobbing.

"I can't breathe," screamed Lise at last. "My heart will burst. My lungs will burst. Drop me, Bruce. Let me lie down somewhere and die."

So, for a few moments, Heming let Lise lie down somewhere. Lise lay flat on the ground with her head on a stone. She sobbed. She talked. She beat her white hands against other stones. It was a stony mountain. It was a terrible mountain—one of the High Sierras—but a beautiful mountain to look at. For centuries it had stood there, aloof, invincible, clad with forest, impervious to storms, to sunsets, to life, to death. It had stood like a wall against the march of tired feet, torn feet, stumbling,

(Continued on Page 125)



IN THE NEW VOGUE

CRISP November air . . . snow now and then . . . Christmas just around the corner . . . a long list of what to buy—and, while we are on the subject, may we suggest that the new Carter Pearltex Pen will simplify a number of your problems . . . If you expect beauty, newness and utility in a gift, the Carter Pearltex Pen will meet all your expectations. It is new, with the flair that is the pen vogue of tomorrow . . . It answers your quest for a gift that will most completely express the affection which prompts its giving. For the Carter Pen is the pride of every owner; the envy of those who have always wanted this beautiful friendly pen . . . Beautiful? Yes, but dependable, too. Enduring service is grafted into its smoothly gliding flexible point tipped with long-wearing Osmiridium. Its Rocker Spring Clip is *built* into the cap—it grips firmly, yet releases with a gentle finger pressure . . . Why not go tomorrow to any of the better stores and with certain relief buy the Carter Pen knowing that you have accomplished much for someone's happiness and writing satisfaction?

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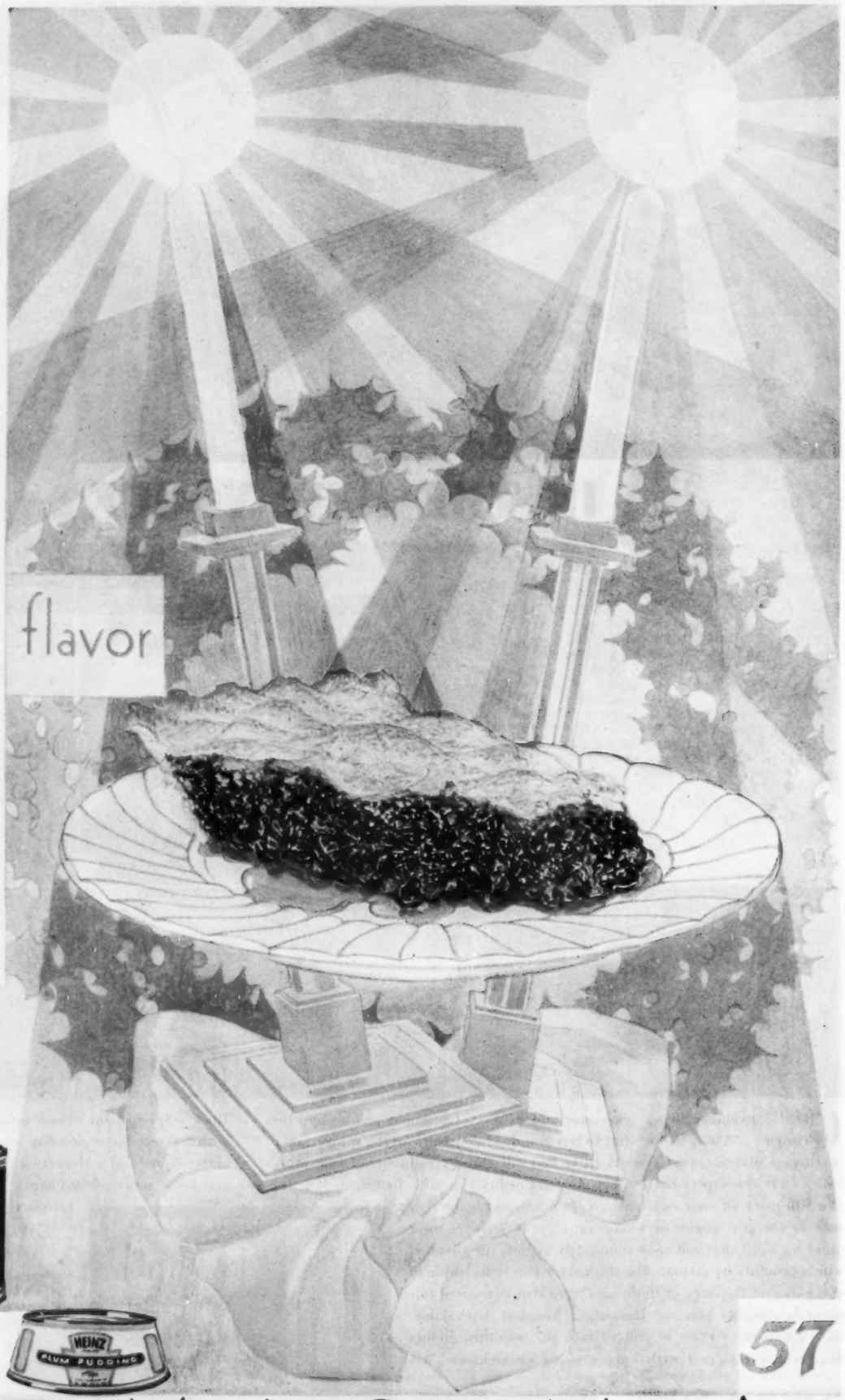

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HEINZ MINCE MEAT

(Continued from Page 122)

despairing feet. After a time Lise lay quite still. And then Heming spoke.

"What did you write to Eden?" he asked, standing above Lise. "Eden left me on our wedding day. We were to have been married that afternoon and in the morning she sent me two lines: 'Tell Lise I got her letter. Good-by.' What did you write to Eden?"

"What did I—write? Write—to Eden?" Lise sat up weakly and pushed back her hair and at first Lise couldn't remember. She wrote often to Eden. Sometimes she used air mail and sometimes she didn't. It depended upon the kind of stamps she happened to have at hand. Sometimes it took a letter two days to reach New York and sometimes it took four. Lise couldn't remember any particular letter. So Heming, reaching down, took Lise by her two arms and pulled her to her feet and held her there.

"What did you write to Eden?"

Lise began to sob weakly again. She tried not to see the moonlight or the mountain or Heming's face. She shut her eyes and shook. She couldn't remember. But ——

"Ask Eden," said Lise suddenly at last. "Ask poor Eden."

"Poor Eden—poor ——"

"Yes—yes—yes! She may be dead," screamed Lise suddenly, "and I shall be to blame. She may have fallen over a cliff, but how could I know that she would go up mountains and be dead? I have never gone up mountains because of a man. Eden has always loved her things too much. She loved a silly little dog years ago—and mother and Bill and me. And now you. How could I know that she would love you so much? She never said so."

"What did you write to Eden?"

"Don't ask me that again, Bruce," begged Lise. "Please—it hurts my head. Ask me anything else, Bruce, but not that ——"

"What did you write to Eden?"

"That I loved you," screamed Lise, both hands at her ears. "That I suited you, wanted you, had to have you. That you had loved me in Paris, but that you couldn't marry me because of Denny, so you had been noble and brave and had gone home and had met Eden and had got engaged to Eden for safety or something. I've always been that way about Eden, Bruce. When I saw Eden with anything—a musical box—a dog —— Once I took some green-linen shoes away from my poor little sister Eden because I thought I had to have them; and they were too small and not at all suited to my type, but I wore them. I tried not to be that way about you, Bruce. I tried, but when I saw her ring I nearly died. I thought of Eden's rows of dresses hanging behind glass when she got to be your wife. I thought of the pearls you would buy her, of the yacht, of the Rembrandts. I hate pictures, Bruce, but I thought of the Rembrandts. And I really did like you, Bruce, your eyes, your hands. Any woman could fall for you. But I fought. I went to Reno. I wouldn't look at the calendar for days, Bruce. I wouldn't keep track of the dates, and then one night I couldn't sleep and I got up in the middle of the night and wrote that letter and went out in my dressing gown to drop it in the box at the corner and send it to Eden. And if you'll please let go my arms now, Bruce, I'll go back to Denny—poor Denny. I'm glad I've told you, Bruce, and I hope you'll find Eden very soon; and now all I want, please, is to lie down somewhere and sleep."

Heming did what he could for Lise. He rolled up his coat for a pillow. He wiped her face with his handkerchief. He moved some stones away. He left Lise lying at the foot of a sugar pine tree. Lise held up her hand to him. "You may not believe it, Bruce," said Lise, "but I love Eden too. Eden is—my little sister."

He left Lise lying at the foot of a sugar pine tree and climbed straight up from there. As he climbed the trees thinned, the brush thinned. Across a canyon now and then he could see the flares of the searching parties, and once he heard a pistol shot and stood still, and then began doggedly to climb again. A branch whipped his cheek and cut it. He heard a coyote howl and the far-off barking of foxes, but he met nothing. He hadn't any revolver. He hadn't any lantern or any ax or any plan. But he found Eden.

The moon had set and the sun was coming. The east was streaked with rose. It was a high, still place. Eden was on her feet, leaning against a tree. Because the ranch could afford her no refuge Eden had taken the first horse at hand and gone off on it away from life, from living, from loving. Any wild young thing, panic-stricken with pain, must be allowed to run a little. Up Grass Valley—over the ridge—on and up and on until the roan had shied suddenly at a squirrel, until the roan had bucked and kicked and got rid of Eden and swung wildly away. But all along Eden had meant to go back. She was on her feet, waiting for the sun to help her fight through to home. The orange bandanna was stained and torn. One of her arms was broken. She was faint and sick and ghastly white and badly hurt, but she was Eden.

She saw him coming and just leaned against her tree. She didn't say anything and he didn't say anything either. He reached Eden. He looked down at her arm, at the stained bandanna, at the bruise on her forehead. There wasn't much to Eden but her soft dark hair and her great brown eyes and her beautiful mouth. There wasn't much to Eden but her generosity, her clarity, her love. But these were enough—more than enough. The man put his head down on Eden's shoulder and cried. And after a time Eden reached up her uninjured hand and pulled him near, close, until his cheek lay against hers. So Eden, standing, faced the sunrise.

The Monterey Coast, California

WHEN THE FORECAST READS

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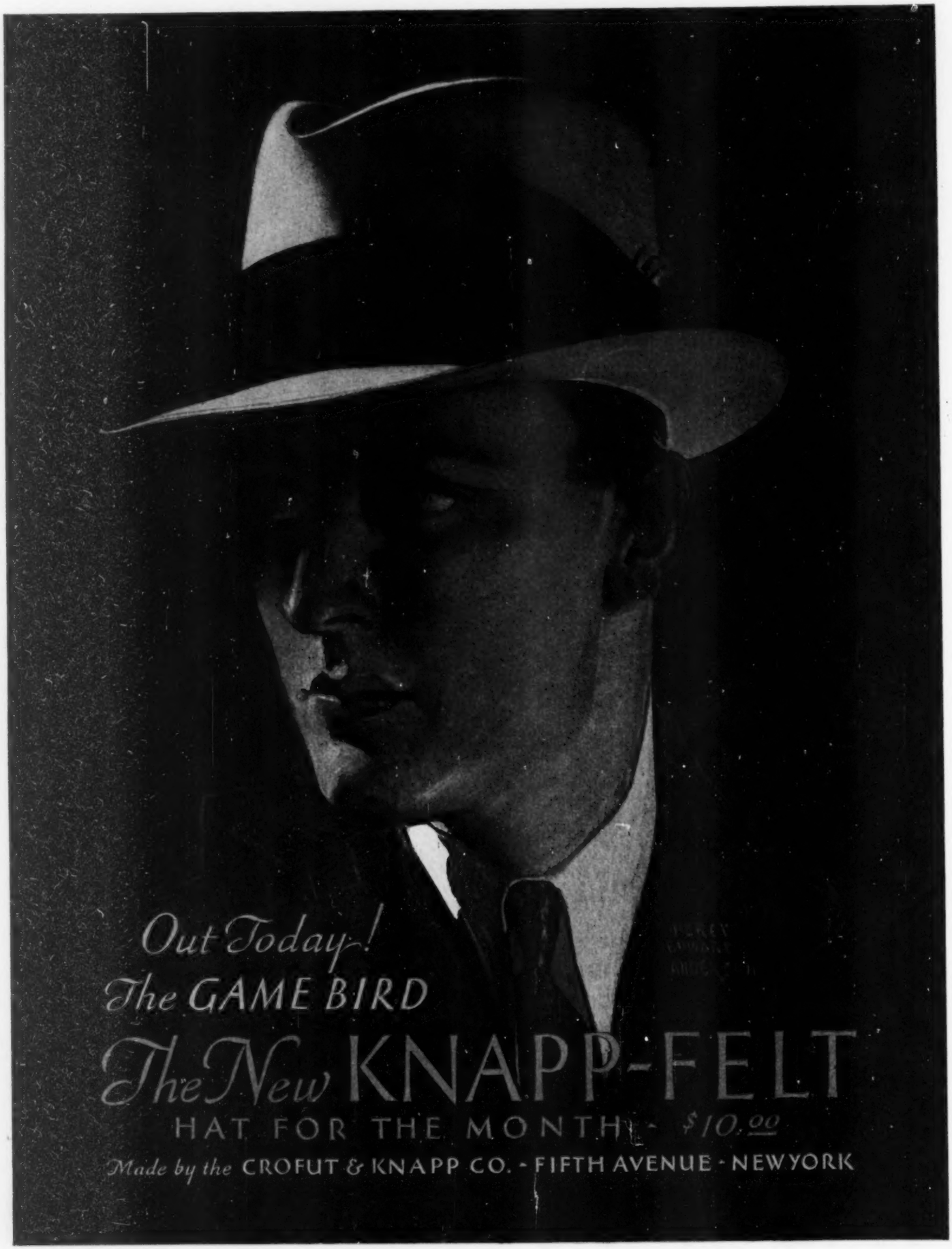
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THE OL' DEBBIL TARIFF

(Continued from Page 25)

political bugbear, a lobbyist rallying point, a special-favor instrument, a party contribution levier and a campaign-chest filler.

Normally the tariff is a purely economic proposition. It has to do with imposts to be levied on the products of foreign countries that are brought here to be offered for sale in this country in competition with our own products. Charles A. Dana made a national laughingstock of Winfield Scott Hancock when that bemused Democratic candidate for President against Garfield, in 1880, said in one of his public utterances: "The tariff is a local issue."

Hancock, who was a soldier and not a politician, may have been begging the issue with this statement; but, whether or no, the future tariff manipulations of both the Republican and Democratic parties made it a great truth.

The politicians made the tariff a local issue, or a series of local issues, fixing schedules by localities and industries rather than by any broad economic principles, and collecting political funds therefrom for the gratuities bestowed. Those who know anything of the politics of this country know that the tariff has been the great campaign-fund producer.

Thus localized, or specialized, the politicians who have handled the tariff have also been up against the local tariff needs of their states and districts. Each class of producers has always, and naturally, wanted its own products protected from foreign competition, and few states and districts have displayed more than a vague interest in the needs and desires of neighboring states and districts. This was never better illustrated than in the illuminating debate between Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, and Senator Julius Cæsar Burrows, of Michigan, during the fight over the plan to establish reciprocity with Canada.

Two products proposed for reciprocal entry were fish and sugar beets, and in the course of this debate it developed that Senator Lodge was in favor of full reciprocal entry of sugar beets, but against any reciprocity on fish—against that outrage to the sacred policy of protection to his dying gasp.

It further developed that Senator Burrows looked with lenient eye on the fullest reciprocity as to fish, but would stand forever and a day against any such infamy as the reciprocal entry from Canada of sugar beets. And the reasons for these impassioned stands by Senators Lodge and Burrows were that Massachusetts does not produce sugar beets and does produce fish, and that Michigan does not produce fish and does produce sugar beets.

A Record Party Wrecker

And so it has been. The tariff has always been with us, and especially with us, politically, since the first term of Cleveland. Susceptible to the widest possible divergence of economic ideas, and capable of the most secretive political manipulations in legislative processes, it has wound in and out of the politics of this country for many years, and has been the most troublesome, the most dangerous, the most incendiary of our continuing political issues since 1880. Of course, we had Free Silver in 1896, but that was sporadic; and we now have Prohibition, but that is comparatively recent. For a long-time political irritant, political disturber, political-party wrecker, the tariff holds all records for the past fifty years. Ol' Debbil Tariff has put a lot of politicians down for the count and has thrown a lot of monkey wrenches into various high-geared political machines.

There are exceptions, of course. A careful scrutiny of the official and political acts of President Coolidge fails to reveal any but the most casual and cautious interest in tariff matters, albeit he had certain tariff rights under the provisions of the Fordney bill that his predecessors did not enjoy. As for general tariff revision and, mayhap, reform, Mr. Coolidge was not taking any, as they say in England. He knew the dangers of the tariff, and he let it ride as he found it.

Then there was President Roosevelt, who knew a political hawk from a politic handsaw as acutely as any President of recent years. He inherited the Dingley Tariff, and he kept it intact, as it was handed to him, having other presidential fish to fry. He sensed the extraordinary dangers and difficulties of tariff making and revising, as shown so many times before, and he laid the tariff on the shelf and proceeded along his other lines, thereby displaying high political acumen.

Tariff Bills and Their Victims

There is no doubt that President Roosevelt was urged by some of his friends to insist on a revision of the tariff rates in the Dingley bill, which needed revision to put them in step with the times, and there is no doubt that President Roosevelt was well aware of that. However, Roosevelt felt that the need for the business, social and economic reforms he had in mind was greater than the need for tariff revision, and that he had a fair chance of putting his ideas into law—a much fairer chance than he would have if he complicated his program with a fight over tariff rates which, necessarily, would be a hard, and politically and party dangerous fight, and might result in disaster to both him and his party. This view was based on a comprehensive knowledge of the difficulties that surrounded tariff legislation in the past, which would probably be greater rather than less if he set about a tariff fight.

"There is no doubt that Roosevelt showed good judgment in this," says Professor Myers in his History of the Republican Party, "but it is also interesting as showing that he foresaw the tariff fight and the needed legislation along that line which were to wreck Mr. Taft and his Administration."

As I have pointed out, Mr. Roosevelt was an acute and understanding politician. Real pressure for tariff revision had not come during the three and one-half years he had served as President after the death of McKinley, and on the night of his election, in November, 1904, he had issued a statement saying that he would not be "a candidate for or accept another nomination." He knew all about the machinations and malevolence of Ol' Debbil Tariff, and that was one opportunity for a fight that he did not accept during his seven and a half years in the White House.

The first great tariff fight in my time was the one precipitated by President Cleveland in his first term; indeed, in his first message to Congress. I lived not far from Buffalo, which had produced Cleveland, and in a political atmosphere, and when the President demanded a tariff for revenue only—an accepted and traditional Democratic doctrine—there was great excitement in my locality. Also, there was great excitement elsewhere, and particularly in Congress.

President Cleveland had a Democratic majority in the House, but the Senate was Republican. The House framed the Morrison tariff bill, which carried out, to a degree, the President's demands, but the Morrison bill accomplished nothing save a considerable demoralization of the Democratic Party. Samuel J. Randall, himself a Democrat, saw to that. He swung enough Democratic votes to the Republicans to defeat the bill, and Mr. Cleveland's first tariff fight was a rout for him. The tariff as a political disturber was running true to form. It almost lost the House for the Democrats in the elections of 1886, cutting down the Democratic majority from forty to twelve.

Grover Cleveland was a sturdy fighter, even against so formidable an antagonist as Ol' Debbil Tariff, and he came back to the fray with his famous tariff message of 1887, in which he made his celebrated announcement that "it is a condition that confronts us, not a theory." He demanded tariff legislation along the lines laid down by him. Then ensued the Mills bill, and the most spectacular tariff fight of this generation, with Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, leading the opposition. The House passed the Mills bill, but the Senate did not, and again Mr. Cleveland was defeated in his tariff aspirations.

This led to the presidential campaign of 1888, when Benjamin Harrison ran against President Cleveland and defeated him. The 1888 campaign was a tariff campaign, and a most exciting one. The voters were all worked up over protection as against tariff for revenue only, which the Republicans held to be free trade.

Every community in the country became an inflamed point of debate over these two economic principles, which had been made entirely and virulently political, and there was great excitement and much turmoil. "Protection is the password to the presidential chair," sang the Republican glee clubs, and there were torchlight parades and great to-do everywhere, participated in, mostly, by voters who were vastly excited but had no clear idea of what excited them.

That was the campaign of the Sackville-West letter, which probably was induced by some scheming Republican to bring out the point that the Cleveland sort of tariff would be of great aid and comfort to help foreigners secure our markets against the interests of American workingmen. The British minister to this country, Sackville-West, had fallen into this trap and, with true British misunderstanding of American political affairs, had replied in terms that sustained the contention, with the result that President Cleveland, demanding action from the British Foreign Office, and not getting it, had arisen in gigantic wrath and dismissed the unfortunate Sackville-West. That episode was but another proof of the devious malignancies of the tariff. It helped defeat Cleveland.

Enter the High Cost of Living

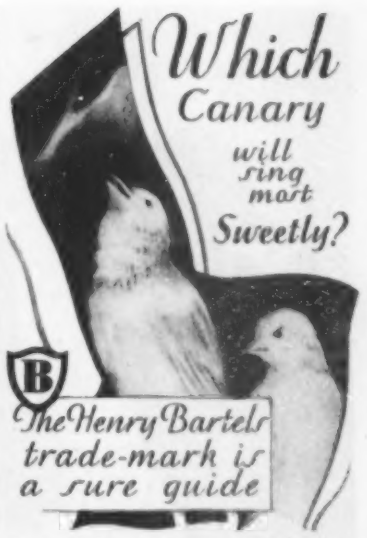
The Harrison Administration produced the McKinley bill, which increased tariff rates as a general thing. This did not become a law until October 1, 1890, and the congressional elections were in early November. There had been much agitation over the bill, much criticism of it because the rates were too high, and some of this criticism came from high Republican quarters.

With increased tariff rates, the prices of all the necessaries were immediately marked up by the dealers, and we began to hear our first complaints about the high cost of living. The Ol' Debbil Tariff was getting in his work again, and what happened in the elections that year emphatically showed how disastrous that work can be in a political sense.

When those elections were over and the results totted up, it was found that the Republicans, who had elected a majority in the House of Representatives in 1888, had elected but eighty-eight members, all told, in the 1890 campaign, to two hundred and thirty-six Democrats and a few Farmers' Alliance members. The Senate remained Republican, and Harrison had a divided Congress on his hands.

Harrison was renominated and Cleveland named by the Democrats in 1892. Meantime the Free Silver movement was getting under way, but the election of 1892 was decided, mainly, on the tariff. Senator Cullom, of Illinois, writing to President Harrison after the Republican disaster of 1892, and as

(Continued on Page 129)



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Every morning, rain or shine, the secretary of a famous New York executive does a fast five miles through Central Park . . . then rushes back from her ride to a hot bath —and the delicious swift refreshment of Pinaud's Lilac. "Perhaps even you don't realize," she writes, "how perfectly wonderful your Lilac is after exercise, especially if —like me—one is a business woman to whom time is precious, and strong perfumes anathema.

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. . . We *do* realize it—as much as we appreciate hearing from her. And more and more the vogue of this famous four-in-one beauty aid from France is spreading in America—

Side by side with the American woman's own increasing interest in business and in sports.

For years American men have used it after shaving. Now American women are discovering what their European sisters found out long ago: that Pinaud's Lilac is not only a suave yet effective astringent; not only a soothing, toning after-bath lotion; *it is also a fascinating light perfume which acts as one of the finest body-fresheners and deodorants known.*

150 years ago a certain French specialist decided that masculine Smartness, feminine Beauty, were two of the most important things in civilization . . . that the care of the skin, the health and beauty of the hair, the problems of personal fastidiousness involved in various types of perfumes and lotions, deserved really scientific investigation.

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And still from the great Pinaud Laboratories, new and amazing discoveries issue year by year: new lotions . . . new fragrances . . . a new Cream that is cleanser, astringent, powder base in one . . . a powder blended with scientific accuracy to the user's individual type of skin . . . inseparable companions now of the smart people of this world.

SINCE 1848, Pinaud's Lilac (Lilas de France) has been famous not only after shaving—but with women too: as a light, delicious Sports-perfume—and as an after-bath lotion, deodorant and astringent.

SINCE 1850, Pinaud's Eau de Quinine has been perhaps the world's most famous formula for the health of hair and scalp. Checks dandruff, keeps hair lustrous, thick, exquisitely clean and easy to arrange.

SINCE 1876, Pinaud's Eau de Portugal—the hair tonic prepared especially to protect all the glinting lights of precious blonde loveliness. Famous in Sweden, England, all Northern Europe.

SINCE 1927, Pinaud's Cream—the famous face Cream that washes away in water—has been displacing whole shelves-full of treatments . . . a complete scientific "facial" in 30 seconds!

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*Your Name*_____ *Your Address*_____

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(Continued from Page 127)

quoted by Professor Myers, said: "The people sat down on the McKinley tariff bill two years ago, and they have never got up. They are thoroughly imbued with the feeling that the party did not do right in revising the tariff up instead of down. They beat us for it in '90 and now again."

Senator Cullom was one of the wisest and most experienced politicians of his time. He served in House and Senate for years, and when any significant thing happened politically, he knew why it happened, and, usually, knew it was going to happen considerably in advance of some of his colleagues. His judgment was correct. The basic reason for the tremendous trouncing the Republicans got in 1892 was the tariff. The great political killer stepped out and pulled off a massacre.

Grover Cleveland certainly was a glutton for trouble. After he became President for the second time, on March 4, 1893, he had a disastrous economic situation on his hands that culminated in the panic of that year, the rising tide of free silver, a widespread agrarian discontent among other dangerous and disturbing political situations, but he stepped out and demanded tariff revision just the same. No Ol' Debbil Tariff frightened him.

It would have been just as well if the President had held off on the tariff. The country was in a bad economic situation, and changing a tariff at that time was an ill-considered policy, especially when looked at in the light of the disastrous political reactions that almost always follow tariff revisions in this country. However, the President insisted and William L. Wilson, a mild-mannered statesman from West Virginia, who was the Democratic chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, prepared a bill and introduced it. Mr. Wilson was not keen about monkeying with the tariff, and he was no radical in his views. His bill was a nice little bill fixed up to get by with, and reduced rates cautiously, but did enlarge the free list. The House passed this bill.

What the Senate did to it is another matter. It so happened that in the Senate there were various statesmen who maintained some deep-seated and enduring political aversions, among which may be mentioned Grover Cleveland and a tariff for revenue only. One of these, and the leader, was Senator Arthur Pue Gorman, of Maryland, as astute and capable a politician as the Democratic Party had produced since the Civil War.

The Remains of the Wilson Bill

When the Wilson bill came over to the Senate from the House, Senator Gorman took charge of it, and what he did to it was one of the great political sensations of the times. He took the measure of the mild and complaisant Wilson and tore it limb from limb. He eviscerated, emasculated and eroded it, and when he had finished, his product had no more resemblance to the mild Mr. Wilson's bill than it had to the Magna Charta.

Senator Gorman, with the aid of his protectionist Democratic senatorial friends, made considerably more than six hundred changes in the Wilson bill, mostly in the way of increases of duties, rather than in the Wilsonian direction of reduction of the same. Gorman was for higher duties and more of them. And he got his ideas over.

Then followed one of those long conference committee fights wherein the House conferees declared they never would recede and the Senate confereees asserted that they would not either, and the result was that Gorman prevailed and the House took its medicine and accepted the ultimatum of Gorman.

Meantime President Cleveland muddied the waters and made for disaster in his party by sending Representative Wilson a letter in which he bore down on the "party perfidy and party dishonor" of the senators who had maltreated the Wilson bill, and if you think that Ol' Debbil Tariff did not chuckle over that you are much mistaken.

Gorman had his way, and the Wilson-Gorman tariff bill was the result—which bill, by the way, was 90 per cent Gorman to 10 per cent Wilson. The President allowed this bill to become a law without his signature, and the Democratic Party got, thereby, a political status that did not allow it to win an election until 1912, when the Roosevelt-Taft split put it into power. The tariff had done some more political killing.

This tariff fight was a principal factor in the results of the elections of 1894. The Democrats had two hundred and thirty-five members of the House that passed the Wilson bill and accepted the Gorman revamping of it, and in the elections of 1894 their plurality of ninety-four in the House of Representatives was changed to a Republican plurality of one hundred and forty-two. The Republicans had a plurality of twelve votes in the Senate. Ol' Debbil Tariff had won again.

The Payne-Aldrich Tariff Duet

The election of McKinley by the Republicans in 1896 hinged to an extent on this tariff disturbance, but, of course, to a greater degree on the sound-money issue. However, as soon as McKinley had been inaugurated, in 1897, he called Congress in special session for the purpose of again revising the tariff. The result was the Dingley tariff bill, which became a law in July of that year and remained in force for twelve years. Ol' Debbil Tariff took a vacation at that time. The Dingley Law seemed to meet the requirements of the country, in its way, and, as has been pointed out, President Roosevelt did not attempt to revise it. He let it ride. And while there were plenty of economic and political protests and suggestions, there were no untoward political reactions.

This brings the story of the political malfeasances of the tariff down to the Administration of President Taft, and there is where the Ol' Debbil jumped in and brought about a wreck of matter and a crash of worlds, politically speaking. The platform on which Mr. Taft was elected had declared unequivocally for a revision of the tariff immediately after the inauguration of the next President, and President Taft had the Congress in session for that purpose within ten days after his inauguration. Sereno E. Payne, of New York State, was chairman of the Ways and Means Committee in the House of Representatives, and Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, was chairman of the Senate Finance Committee.

If hard-boiled, immutable, last-ditch Republicanism was what was wanted in the making of this new tariff, these chairmen supplied that need. Representative Payne was an old-line, old-style conservative Republican. Though it may be open to question whether he thought every Democrat was a horse thief, it is most likely true that he thought every horse thief was a Democrat. He was a large man, built after the architectural lines of a base-burner stove, and his inward fires were all of the standpat variety. Aldrich was the greatest political, strategic and effective leader the Republicans had had in the Senate since the Civil War. Between them they were to be depended upon to turn out a tariff that would be as standpat Republican as they were themselves. And they did.

Uncle Joe Cannon was Speaker of the House, and under his rigid rule the Payne bill was passed substantially as introduced. Some schedules were reduced, but not many. Then the bill went to the Senate and the astute Senator Aldrich took charge of it, and when he had finished with the bill, its general tendency was to raise tariff rates rather than lower them. There were weeks of acrimonious debate in the Senate in which the forthcoming split between the standpatters and the conservatives in the Republican Party was clearly outlined and made apparent, but, eventually, Senator Aldrich passed his bill.

The bill went to conference and President Taft, beset on all sides by progressives who warned him that so standpat a tariff bill as the Senate bill would surely spell disaster to the party and himself, tried to rectify matters by insisting on conference changes along the lines of real downward revision. He did not get very far, but did succeed in getting a few schedules reduced and in putting hides on the free list.

When the bill came up for final passage, the mischief that had been brewed by Ol' Debbil Tariff was clearly apparent. There was a substantial Republican vote against the bill in the House, and in the Senate seven Republican senators registered their disapproval by voting nay.

There was loud clamor over this tariff law. It was held to be the ultimate expression of the stand-pat, or reactionary, sentiment of the leaders of the Republican Party and of the party itself, and this feeling was greatly intensified when President Taft, swinging around the circle after the Congress had adjourned, said, in a speech at Winona, Minnesota, the home of Jim Tawney, standpatter of standpatters and chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, that the Payne-Aldrich bill was the best tariff bill the country ever had had.

Whoopa! That solidified the progressive sentiment in the party, gave Colonel Roosevelt his basic chance for his protest, and had as much to do as anything with what happened in 1912, when Taft was renominated, Roosevelt ran against him as a Progressive, and Wilson, the Democrat, was elected entirely because of this Republican split. Ol' Debbil Tariff licked his chops over that. It was his greatest political trouble-making and party-wrecking achievement.

President Wilson took immediate concern in the tariff after he was inaugurated in 1913, and called the Congress in special session to revise the tariff. The Democrats had pluralities in both Senate and House, and the Simmons-Underwood tariff bill was the outcome of their work. There can be no speculation as to what the effect of this tariff bill on Democratic fortunes would have been, because the World War began in 1914, and such domestic political problems and reactions were subordinated by that epochal affair. We went into the war in 1917, and the election in 1916, when President Wilson defeated Charles E. Hughes, the Republican nominee, did not hinge, except incidentally, on tariff or any similar issue. What elected Mr. Wilson in 1916 was the belief in the West that he had kept the country out of war, albeit we were in war up to our ears within six weeks after his second inauguration, and probably will not get out of the backwash of it for fifty years to come.

Still in the Limelight

Tariff remained in the background until after President Harding came in, and then, following an emergency tariff act to relieve agricultural conditions, those eminent old-line Republican statesmen, Joseph Fordney, in the House, and P. J. McCumber in the Senate, had their fling at it. Under their names, the Republican tariff bill, succeeding the Underwood-Simmons tariff, was produced and held up for the people to admire. The theory of this bill was that, as the Republican Party had overwhelmingly been returned to power, and as the Republican Party was a high-tariff party, this bill must be a high-tariff bill. That is what it was, and still is. The Payne-Aldrich Tariff Law, as a standpat Republican measure, had little on the Fordney-McCumber Law, if anything.

However, the death of President Harding, who might have been held responsible for it, and the succession of Mr. Coolidge as President, who had nothing to do with it, save to act as presiding officer of the Senate while it was being considered, let it remain inactive so far as the usual political reactions are concerned. That is to say, the Fordney-McCumber law had no effect on

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the election of Mr. Coolidge, in 1924, or on the election of Mr. Hoover in 1928.

Nevertheless, the agricultural provisions of that bill have been and are responsible for most of the agrarian protest in this country since its enactment, and for much of the political difficulty at present existing within the ranks of the Republican Party. The tariff is still troubling. Ol' Debbil Tariff is still going strong.

One of the chief pledges of the Republican Party in the campaign of 1928 was to furnish agrarian relief, and one of the features of agrarian relief demanded was tariff relief.

Consequent on those pledges, President Hoover called Congress into special session to revise the tariff along the lines laid down and promised in the Republican Party platform of 1928. And look at what has happened, if you think that the tariff is not the greatest political trouble maker we have!

At the time this article is written, early in October, we find thirteen nominally Republican senators voting against a Republican President on a tariff provision designed to make the tariff more flexible and less partisan. We find, aligned with these, thirty-four Democratic senators who have allowed themselves to become the tail to the dissenting Republican kite, not because they have any particular policies or principles they seek to enforce but because their only policy is opposition and they haven't the votes to be opposed effectively in any other way.

We find all the old tariff troubles cropping up, all the old special interests at work, all the old log-rolling, favoritism, rancor, party cleavage and party disruption going on. Perched above the fight is Ol' Debbil Tariff, grinning like a Cheshire cat. He gets them all. He polishes them off, as Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street, used to say. Start a tariff discussion and begin tariff legislation, and orderly politics leaps for life out of the window and consistent and party legislation begins to need immediate blood transfusion. It was the same fifty years ago, and it is the same now.

It is not conceivable that President Hoover will take a tariff bill, concocted by a coalition of Republican rebels and their Democratic allies, unless that bill suits his plans, purposes, and his ideas of what that bill shall be, to carry out the pledges of his party and to provide for the tariff needs of those industries for which the bill was primarily intended. No matter what happens in the Senate, there must be a long and acrimonious fight in conference before a tariff bill emerges that will come to him for final action.

The President has two alternatives: If he does not like the bill, he can veto it. If it comes in such shape that he can sign it, he can do that. Either way he faces trouble, for if the bill suits the Progressives and the Democrats, it will not suit the regular Republicans; and if the bill suits the regular Republicans, it will not suit the Progressive wing of his party.

It looks very much as if Ol' Debbil Tariff is going to have another mischievous inning.

YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN

(Continued from Page 28)

as well face this. It wasn't as if he had not been telling himself for almost three months now that it would be so.

His gaze brooded on her. He thought, "I can still love her. She can't stop that." And he could be with her, he could take care of her until she was better. After all, her getting better mattered most. He didn't matter.

He thought how lovely she was; thought he had not remembered quite how lovely. Her eyes were beautiful. He had been haunted by a vague, unthinkable apprehension. . . . But her eyes were clear and bright and beautiful as they were always. The pupils were dilated. That was all.

Now her lashes were downcast, deepening the faint shadows underneath. She sat forward, an elbow thrust back against the pillows. She wore a hospital gown with high, tight collar, and long sleeves reefed short, folded neatly into big cuffs near the shoulders. Ann would do that. Shapeless sleeves like those. She looked very young, a grave and patient lovely child, drinking milk while the starched white nurse stood over her. Absently Toby watched the dimple in her left cheek appear and disappear again with her suction on the tube. He watched her lashes lift.

He shouldn't be looking at her this way, he thought, and he glanced down. He had not forgotten how, when he first sat here beside her, she had begged him, suddenly, miserably, not to look at her. "Please don't." She had averted her face. "I don't want anybody to look at me."

He had not forgotten. Recollecting now, his eyes filled up again, as they had then. And as they had since. Tears were very near the surface in this hour. Again he reached for the bulge in his breast pocket that was a handkerchief, and angrily blew his nose. This must stop. He must stop it.

He got up, leaving the rocking-chair rocking; hearing simultaneously the click of the tube against the side of Ann's glass.

"Toby?" she cried out.

"It's all right, lamb," the nurse said soothingly. "He isn't going anywhere."

"I'm here," said Toby. "I'm—just looking out of the window." He swallowed hard, and added at random: "There's a funny little sliver of a house just opposite. About as broad as a stick of gum. I'm trying to figure out whether they get into it sideways, or how."

"Drink the rest," urged the nurse. "Miss Vau—— Mrs. McLean, I mean! I keep forgetting! . . . Here," she added. "Just a tiny bit more."

"Isn't it almost gone?"

"Almost."

"I'm so tired of it," sighed Ann.

But she began on it again. In the silence, Toby remained at the window, fingering the cord that controlled the shade. The end of the cord was knotted and his fingers worked to undo the knot. He did not know it. He stared across at the sliver of a house, and did not see. He was thinking that Ann was glad he was here; she must be. The panic in her voice when she thought he was going ——

But he said to himself in a minute more that that didn't mean anything either. She just wanted someone—someone or other—near.

He dropped the cord and turned away from the window aimlessly. The bureau was before him, and there was a book tucked in among numerous vases. Something the nurse was reading, or something the nurse was reading to Ann. He plucked it out and saw the cover. Siren, by Dwight Knowles.

Was that guy still ——

He did not finish the questioning thought, except by the leap of his glance toward Ann. He could not see her now. The nurse's plump form was between them. He looked down at the book again. Siren. Never heard of it, he thought. Must be a new one. He lifted the cover and, consciously ignoring the written inscription on the flyleaf, turned to the copyright page. "First printing, March, 1927. Second printing — before publication — March, 1927." Just out.

He remembered that Ann had read proof for Knowles on the train going West in December. This was the book, then.

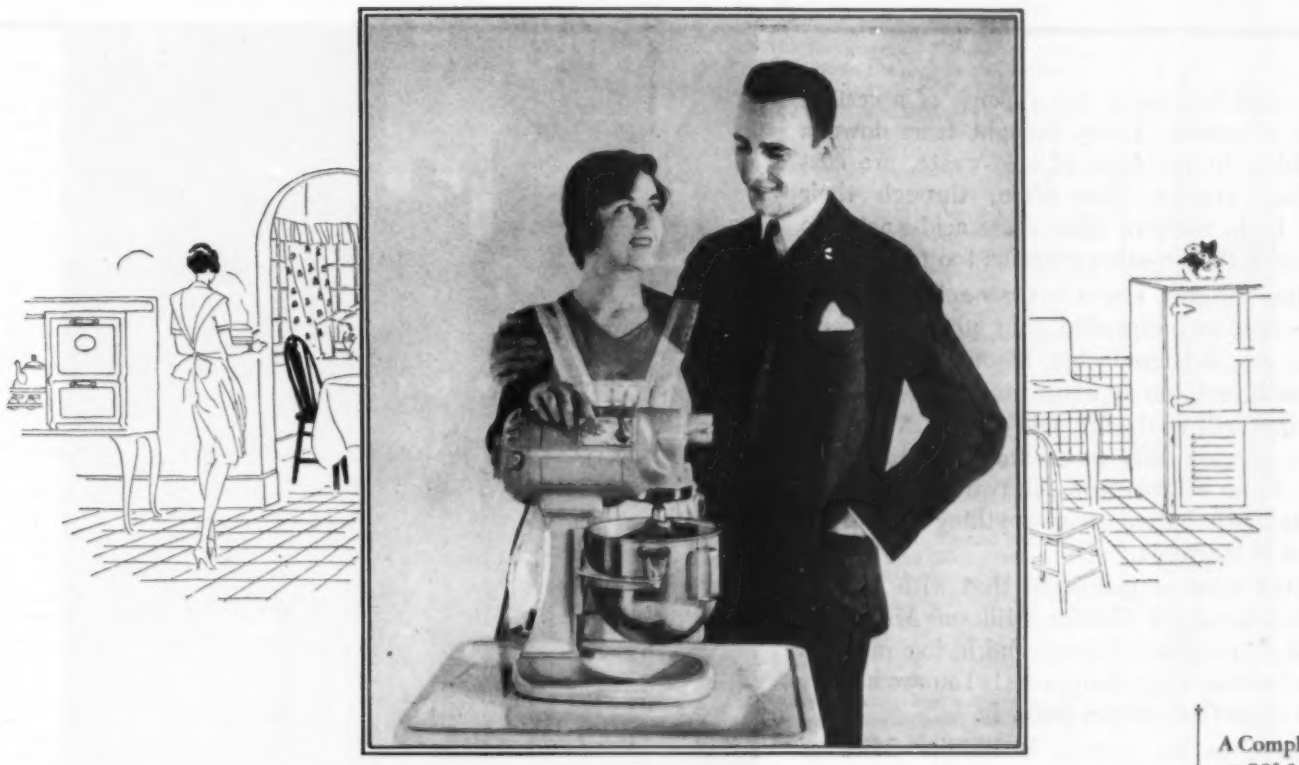
"There's a good girl," the nurse was exclaiming triumphantly. "Every last drop! Now is there anything else you'd like?"

"No, thank you," said Ann. And she said, "Toby?"

"Yes, honey."

(Continued on Page 133)

He's a wise man who chooses a kitchen gift!



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But unless *your* home differs from the average, everything in your kitchen is more up-to-date than the utensils used for preparing food. Yet the everlasting grind of preparing meals by hand consumes more time than all the cleaning, washing, ironing and dusting combined.

Suppose you slip into your home kitchen tonight; open the table and cabinet drawers; survey the array of beaters, grinders, choppers, colanders, lemon squeezers, sieves, potato mashers, assorted knives and spoons and what-not that are being employed to get the meals. You will recognize most of them as being the kind your grandmother used.

Then imagine this antiquated equipment replaced with KitchenAid, a small, compact, dependable power unit which, together with its attachments, will do all the hard tasks of preparing the 1095 meals of the year—at the snap of a switch.

KitchenAid can satisfactorily remedy the unsuspected deficiency in your kitchen equipment as it is now doing in so many thousands of homes. Even if your cooking is entrusted to servants, KitchenAid increases efficiency and promotes contentment. Novel recipes and varied menus are attempted with confidence. Foods take on new savor because of thorough preparation. Company is entertained with a feeling of assurance—for KitchenAid results are dependable. It is the modern and efficient . . . the sanitary way to prepare every item of any menu . . . from snow-white fluffy mashed potatoes to angel food cake supreme.

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The KitchenAid Manufacturing Co.
505 Olive Street **Troy, Ohio**

Subsidiary of The Hobart Mfg. Co., builders of food-preparing equipment for over 30 years.

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(126)

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Beats
eggs (1 or 10), icings, batters for cakes, waffles, etc.
Whips
cream (little or much)
Mixes
dough for bread, rolls, biscuits, pies and pastries
Strains
fruits for butters, jellies, sauces
Sieves
vegetables for soups, and purees; pumpkin, etc.
Slices
potatoes (thick or thin), vegetables, firm fruits
Chops
meats (cooked or raw), nuts, raisins, figs
Freezes
ice cream, sherbets and other frozen dainties
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juice from oranges, lemons, grapefruit, limes, etc.
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mayonnaise, candies, fruit whips, applesauce (without paring or coring)
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All these things—and many more

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When Brain Workers Suffer
from too much acid

ALL brain work is done at the expense of a certain amount of tissue. Every thought tears down a few cells, which, in the form of acid-waste, are cast into the blood stream. Too often, through their inactive life, brain workers allow these acid-wastes to accumulate until their system contains too much acid.

That's when trouble starts. Over-acidity is the proved cause of most indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn, nausea, gas, sick headaches, biliousness, sluggish intestines, bad breath, no appetite, etc.

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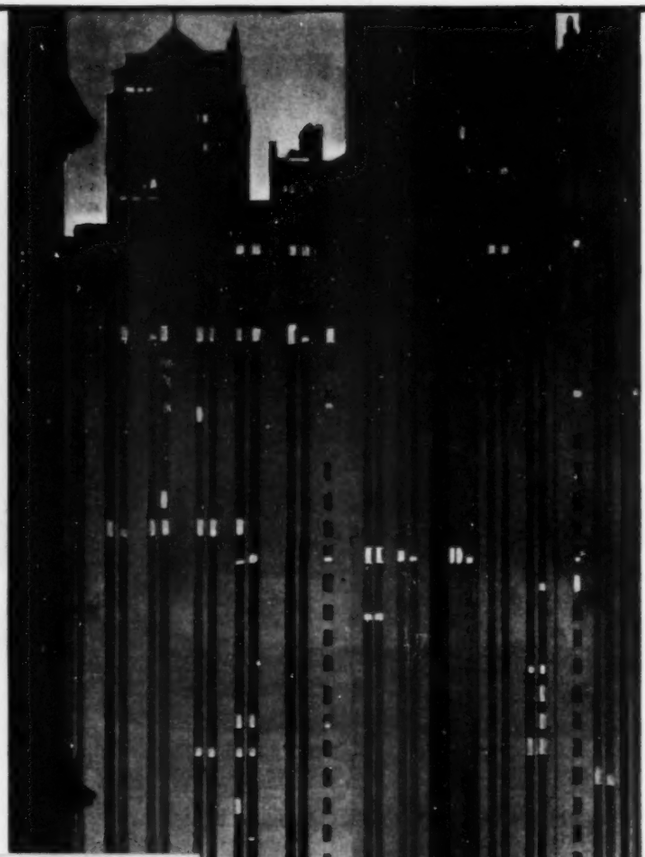

Look for Chas. H. Phillips' signature on wrapper; so you will be sure to get the original; the concentrated *liquid magnesia*; the form which the U. S. Dispensatory has pronounced best. All drug stores have the 25c and 50c bottles, with full directions.

(Continued from Page 130)

He shut the cover of Dwight Knowles' book and put it back where he found it. He had not looked again at the inscription on the flyleaf. To read what Knowles had written there when Ann could not know he read it would seem a sneaking thing, an odious taking of advantage. But the printed, official dedication he had seen. It was:

To A. V.,
who understands why.

Doctor Beauvais was big and stoop-shouldered and bald, with a wrinkling, lofty forehead and bone-rimmed glasses. He had been operating that morning, and the smell of antiseptic and boiled cleanliness and ether clung to him still. He was in a hurry, but he did not seem to be. He sat crouched like a huge hunchback in an armchair with a desk before him, and provided Toby with cigarette after cigarette from a tortoise-shell case.

"Otherwise," he said, shutting the case for the fifth time—"otherwise she's perfectly well. Gastric symptoms entirely disappeared. No fever. She isn't sick. A little weak still, but that's all."

"Yes, I know."

"You'll be able to take her home to-[illegible] or the next day. Say tomorrow afternoon."

Toby looked up quickly. "As soon as that?"

There was fear in his voice, and protest. He wanted Ann to stay here. This great hospital —— If they couldn't do anything for her here ——

"Why not?" the doctor was answering. "She'll be happier at home. Not a bit of use in keeping her here any longer. As I say," he added, "there's no treatment or anything of that sort. Just the tests I spoke of, that'll show us whatever improvement there may be as time goes on. You can bring her to my office for those. Physicians' Building."

"Physicians' Building," Toby repeated automatically.

"Recovery," said the doctor, "is always gradual in these cases. Complete recovery is possible, but it doesn't happen overnight. It may be some little time before we notice any change at all. That mustn't alarm you unduly."

His eyes were kind, paternal, behind his bone-rimmed glasses.

"All right, sir," Toby said, low.

"We have an instrument," the doctor continued, "called a perimeter, with which we make these tests. We hold it here, like this"—he held one forefinger erect before his eyes—"while we introduce objects—color cards, and so on—from the sides. There's a central blind spot, you understand. Mrs. McLean at present can't see anything placed directly in front of her, but she can distinguish large dark shapes at right and left. That's characteristic of this condition. It's a loss of function due to inflammation of the optic nerve. As it improves, there's a decrease in the central blind spot and an increase in the field of vision. Which is what we may hope to find happening before very long. . . . Now," concluded the doctor; he straightened and sat forward, folding his arms on the desk, "about taking her home," he said. "Is there someone there to look after her?"

Toby hesitated. His mind dismissed Missouri. Missouri could not read or talk with Ann or walk with her.

"Myself," he suggested dubiously. Ann might veto that. He felt she would. And besides ——

"You'll be busy," the doctor supplied, "of course."

"Yes," said Toby. His lips shut thin on the word and his eyes narrowed. He would be busy.

"It's a woman's job, anyway," opined the doctor matter-of-factly. If Toby's noticeable terseness had puzzled him, he gave no sign. "A combination companion and lady's maid is what you need," he said. Adding: "And secretary. Someone who can take dictation. Your wife tells me she wants to keep on working."

Toby nodded. "I know."

There was a silence.

"You don't seem to approve," said the doctor then.

Toby made haste to alter his expression. "Yes, I do," he said. "Of course, if she—if it'll make her feel better." He said, "I was thinking of something else."

"There's no question but what it'll make her feel better. Give her something to think about, keep up her morale. As long as she doesn't overdo, I think it's an excellent thing."

Toby nodded again. Of course. Naturally. If Ann were not allowed to work she would be desolate. One of her quiet, philosophical utterances of the morning had been, "I'm glad I write. Suppose I were an artist? Or a sculptor?"

She had talked a good deal this morning about work and about getting back to it as soon as ever she should be permitted. Her determination had not surprised him. It was like her to want to keep on writing, come what might. But the fever of eagerness to be at it again immediately, the almost desperate anxiety and impatience he had sensed in her while she talked—that he had not anticipated. There was no hurry, surely. But it was as if Ann felt driven, pressed.

At first he had thought, "She's afraid they'll give her job away. Oh, the poor kid—as if they would!" He had been about to interrupt her with vigorous reassurances, when a sudden deeper perception had come. It wasn't her regular work that concerned Ann most. It was the outside work. Articles, stories, scenarios.

It was money.

The suspicion smote him like a missile, and conviction was the bruise it made. Starkly he realized. So often had he failed Ann that she no longer looked to him at all, for anything. Not even now. She felt alone. She looked to herself alone. Now, through inferno, she said to herself, "I must make money. I must hurry and get stronger and make money to pay for this."

Ann, on whom his punishment had fallen.

She said nothing aloud. She did not mention expenses, payments. His realization was a guess, but that it was correct he could not doubt. It shattered him. Nothing that his mind could find alleviated the torment of the knowledge that he deserved this wholly. What had he ever done that should make Ann expect anything of him now? There was not one thing. There was only red ink on the ledger. He remembered her savings, never repaid. He had taken all she might have had.

And what could he say to her now that would ease the pressure she felt upon her? It was appalling that she should worry and fret and scheme—but what could he say? He had nothing to offer but promises. The old promises. There was no way to tell her that the man who made them now was changed, was new.

Finally he had lied, that her mind might rest.

"Darling," he had said, "listen. You're not worrying about the bills or anything, are you? Because you mustn't. I have money—for once. Enough to see us through this nicely." He had said, "I won five thousand on a horse in Florida."

Because that, at least, she could believe of him.

It was of all these things he had been thinking just now, in the little silence. He had been reliving that zero hour when the doctor, with unwitting irony, observed, "You don't seem to approve." Now he put the recollection behind him with an effort. It was going to be impossible, he knew, to keep it behind him. Often and often in the weeks to come it would overtake him, possess him again, as it had just now. He did not know that—even as it had just now—it would each time forge his new strength stronger.

Now he rose. The interview was over. From the desk he picked up his hat and stood shaping the point of the dent in his fingers. There was one more thing he must find out.

"In these cases," he said, "when—when they do completely recover ——"

"Yes?"

"—— about how long does it ordinarily take?"

"Well," said the doctor, "that's rather hard to say." He meditated and answered, "Perhaps two months. Perhaps longer."

Two months.

"Then she might be seeing again as well as ever by—sometime in May?"

"It's quite possible."

Toby nodded thoughtfully.

"I just wanted to have some idea," he said.

At Ann's suggestion Janet Kramer was procured as her companion. This was Mrs. Janet Kramer, divorcee. Everybody called her Wink, for some forgotten reason, and she was sporadically a reviewer of books for the newspapers. She almost always liked the books she reviewed, and when she did not, she thought of the author, thinking, "Oh, well. Anyhow, give him a break."

She was thirty-four years old and ten pounds overweight; a plump, good-natured, highly amused and amusing person. Ann was extremely fond of her, and Toby had pronounced her grand on the occasion of his first and, until now, only meeting with her. Mrs. Kramer had been away for the past six months. She had spent the autumn in Reno, cheerfully divorcing her good friend Douglas Kramer, who wished to marry a more imperious lady.

The divorce granted, Janet had paused just long enough in New York to give a celebration party which Ann and Toby had attended, and during which the guest of honor, the released Mr. Kramer himself, had threatened, at two in the morning, to throw himself from a twelfth-story window. He had been dissuaded, and Janet had sailed for London, Paris, the Riviera.

She was just back. Beyond more book reviewing, she had no plans. She had not even an apartment, having sublet hers until the first of June to a couple who were sorry, but adamant. Janet would love to come and stay with Ann and do whatever she could. She won Toby's heart during the talk they had about it.

She adored Ann; that was evident. She cried a little, then swore at herself for crying. "I don't often blubber like this," she said. "But why do the terrible things always have to happen to the precious people?"

She was to move from her hotel and live at Ann's apartment. When Ann and Toby discussed the matter in the hospital, before it was broached to Janet, Toby said, "And I'll get myself a room at the Brevoort."

The Brevoort was just around the corner.

"Because if Wink can come," he said, "you'll want her to stay, won't you? I mean, move in—not just come in in the daytime?"

What he meant was, "You don't want me there. Do you?"

It went without saying that if Janet stayed he would go elsewhere. The apartment was so very small.

He watched Ann's face intently. But it told him nothing. She appeared to consider, and presently she said, "I don't see how we could ask her just to come in in the daytime, Toby. Wink is pretty hard up right now, I happen to know. Of course she won't accept anything from us, but if she stays at the apartment she'll at least save what she spends now on hotel and board bills. It seems to me the least we can do is help her that way, when we're asking her to do such a lot for me."

Toby thought, "That's the answer." Yet he was not as certain that Ann wanted him to go as he had been before she spoke. It seemed to him that her voice had been a little reluctant, regretful, as if she would find loopholes in her reasoning if she could.

Later she said, "Well, it's near. You can come over often."

"Oh, sure. I'll be in and out all the time."

"You'll probably be happier at the Brevoort," Ann said. "You'll feel—freer."

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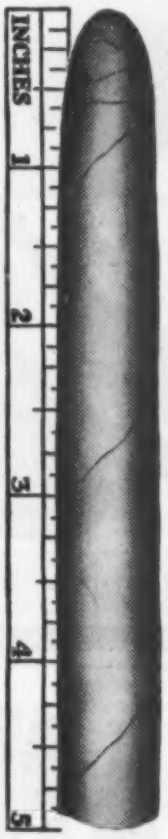

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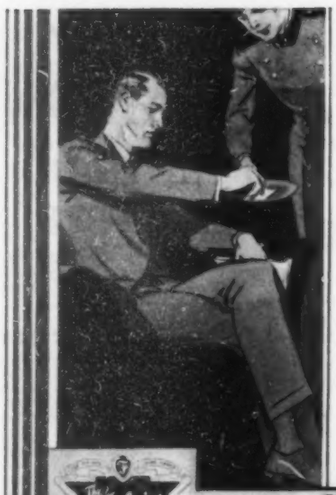

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He thought she was apologizing for discommoding him; so he did not refute what she said.

"I'll be fine there," he said. "Don't you worry about me."

Then Ann was silent quite a little while.

Still later she asked him whether he was not returning to Florida at all.

"Oh, a year from now, I guess I am," Toby said lightly.

"Not this year?"

"No. They're sending someone else down," he told her. "A kid off the staff—Adams. He's leaving tonight."

"I'm sorry you did that," said Ann, "if you didn't want to."

"Of course I wanted to! I was fed up with the place," Toby said, to make it less pointed. "Besides, they wanted to send Adams down. They've been wanting to break him in on baseball. Brennan's going to quit, and they'll need another man. So it works out fine all around."

Last night, his first night back, he had arranged this. The paper had been, for once, amazingly kind. Fitzgerald had even said, "Take a few days off. Take a week. Nothing doing in sports now anyway."

He started to tell Ann that he had been given a week's vacation, but he thought better of it. It was going to tax his ingenuity enough as it was, to explain his lack of leisure from now on.

He had already decided that he must not say, not to anyone, "I am writing a book." Ridiculous. Fatuous. "Toby McLean says he's writing a book." "Oh, ye-ah?" Funny as hell.

No. He must wait, and say at last, "The book I have written." He could wait. There was no jeer in his own mind any more.

He moved to the Brevoort. His suitcase and typewriter and most of his possessions were out of the apartment by the following afternoon, when Ann came home. In their place there were the multitudinous effects of Mrs. Kramer, who had moved all morning long, shuttling back and forth in a taxicab between Ninth Street and Fifty-first. Missouri, now suddenly employed as a full-time, not a part-time maid, toiled like a slave. By evening the new régime was well begun.

That night Toby worked all night. From nine in the evening, when he left Ann and Janet, until dawn, he did at once the most sustained and the swiftest work of his life. He had been careful to choose a corner room, with the bath between it and the room next door. His typewriter would disturb no one. There was only a sample room across the hall.

He had bought supplies. Plenty of yellow copy paper, pencils, a knife to sharpen them, a dictionary, a thesaurus, cigarettes, matches. He had bought additional typewriter ribbons also, and it occurred to him that tomorrow he'd better rent an extra typewriter, just to have here. If his own machine broke down he would lose hours—a whole night even. He meant to work through many nights like this.

He was quiet, deliberate, resolute. He did not pause to think what he would do; he began doing it. He knew, without any conscious reflection at all, just what was to be done, and when, and in what order. It was as if these answers came to him before the questions.

His book would have twelve chapters; five or six thousand words to a chapter. Writing as fast as he could, not stopping now to rewrite or revise, not caring at all how ragged the stuff was, he would set down a chapter a day for twelve days. Get it down. Have it there. Then he could polish it, trim it, fuss with it.

He wrote the first chapter that night between nine o'clock and one. Twenty pages. He had notes to work from. He had found them in the desk at the apartment, where Missouri had put them. Missouri knew better than ever to throw any typewritten papers away. He had found that they were headed, "Synopsis for a Book That Will Never be Written, By Toby McLean," in almost illegible pencil printing. His printing. He blacked the title out soberly. But it was still there, and so he retyped the page to be rid of it. He was superstitious about things like that.

At one o'clock he gathered the first chapter in his hands, hit its edges on the desk to even them, and laid it away, with the notes, in the right-hand top drawer of the bureau. He did not read what he had written. He had no idea whether it was good or bad. He shut the drawer and went to the telephone and ordered a pot of coffee. He felt keyed up and keen and wide awake. He wanted to stay that way.

He took a cold shower and drank two cups of the coffee, black. He pulled a blanket around him and opened a window. For a moment he hung out, looking down at the Avenue, up at the wan high stars. Then he banged the window and returned to the desk and sat down again and rewrote, in full, the story called Cabaret Lady.

It was quarter of six when he fell into bed. He slept instantly. He had meant to lie awake feeling pleased with himself for just a minute, but his fatigued system would not have it. Almost before his hands had drawn the bedclothes up to his ears, the fingers relaxed, grew limp, were still.

The telephone woke him.

"This is Wink," said Mrs. Kramer. "You don't mean to tell me you're still sleeping?"

"Yeah, I was. What time is it? How's Ann?"

"Ann's fine. It's two o'clock, lazy."

Toby was appropriately astounded and contrite. "No! Is it?"

"Pull yourself together," Janet said, "and come on over. We'll have some coffee for you ——" She broke off. "Wait just a second." There was a pause. Janet's voice was lowered carefully when he heard it again. "Look, Toby," she said. "Ann's all right, but she's awfully blue. We tried to work a little this morning, and it didn't go any too well. It's hard to dictate when you're not used to it."

Listening, Toby nodded somberly. He had been afraid Ann might find it so.

"I thought I'd better tell you," concluded Janet. "Ann said, 'No, let him sleep.' But I know she wants you."

He dressed in ten minutes. At least two minutes of the ten were spent in angry attempts to stop the copious bleeding of a razor nick in the skin of his chin. He had known he would cut himself, shaving so fast. But he had had to shave. There was the chance that Ann might study his face with the tips of her fingers. Sometimes, every now and then, she did that.

When he was dressed he folded the new manuscript of Cabaret Lady, folded it twice and thrust it deep into his big overcoat pocket. He would take it to a typist before the day was over. The Symposium would have it tomorrow or at latest the next day. If they still liked it —— He thought there was no reason why they shouldn't still like it. It was the selfsame story, only better.

There was a fire in the studio fireplace at the apartment, and Ann was lying stretched on the divan in the warm glow. She was wearing the favorite bright Chinese pajamas he remembered, and she was smoking a cigarette. Somehow it did his heart enormous good that she was smoking. People who could not see never liked to smoke—hadn't he heard that? Common sense told him that his exultation was groundless, really. Nevertheless, it lingered.

He perceived, when he was beside her, that she had wept not long ago, and that she was haunted still by her recent failure—even frightened by it rather badly. She was sitting up now, having partly risen when she heard his voice. She held out her arms for him; it was the first time she had done that. Caught close, she clung to him, childlike, burying her face in his coat.

"I can't work," she said. "Toby, I can't. I tried and tried."

(Continued on Page 137)

A Prophecy Fulfilled — *and* A New One Ventured

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BE CERTAIN WITH THE K-S TELEGAGE
Leading automotive engineers have decided—the gasoline gauge on the tank at the rear MUST GO!
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The above page appeared in this publication, Jan. 9, 1926.

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The K-S Telegage

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THE OVERLAND ROUTE

(Continued from Page 134)

It was hard to console her. She did not protest the soothing logical things he found to say, but he felt that she hardly listened to them. The thing he said, for instance, about brand-new executives and what a time they had at first dictating the simplest letters—she didn't hear that. When he concluded, "But they get the trick in no time!" she did not respond, except to say that she was sorry; she hadn't meant to make such a fuss.

"I'm all right now," she said presently.

She leaned back again against the pillows. "Wink?" she inquired.

"Wink's getting me some coffee. Do you want her?"

"No. Talk to me," said Ann.

She moved nearer the inside of the divan, so that Toby, seated on the edge, might have more room. Her hands were clasped behind her head, the big sleeves of her pajama coat spread like bizarre, bright wings above her shoulders.

Toby said, "You're looking very gorgeous this morning." His voice was caressing. "Little heathen Chinee."

He had mail for her. "I'll do better than talk," he said. "I'll read you two swell fat letters I found in the mail box."

"For me?"

"Yeah. One's from your father."

Her father was in Europe. "Oh," said Ann. "Written before ——"

"And the other's from California," Toby went on, as if he had not heard. "Los Angeles postmark, and a neat, little, thin sort of mincing handwriting."

"Oh!" said Ann. "That's—I think I know."

Toby thought he knew too. And in a way, he hoped he was right. If Knowles was in California, that was something.

He said helpfully, eyes on Ann's face, "It's a Hotel Ambassador envelope."

She nodded then. She held out her hand, not peremptorily at all, but simply; and Toby delivered the letter into it. He watched her fingers curl around the edge of the envelope. What would she do? Would she put it away for Wink to read to her later?

She herself seemed uncertain. Her face was speculative, grave.

"Somebody is in love with me," she said. "Toby, does that make you angry? Or doesn't it?" she said, almost under her breath.

"Depends," answered Toby as promptly and as lightly as he could. He had learned that he must answer promptly anything Ann said these days. Any hesitation puzzled and disturbed her.

"Depends on who the somebody is and—how you feel about it," he said, "of course." He cleared his throat; dread was making his voice sound queer. "Do you want to tell me?" he suggested.

Ann's hands held the letter motionless now between them.

He took the left hand and folded it in both his. He waited. He thought, "This is it. This is why," over and over. This was why Ann had stopped caring. Dwight Knowles was why.

"I knew," he said suddenly aloud. "I knew all the time." He saw the swift puckering of Ann's forehead. "I knew this Knowles was in love with you," he explained. His voice was weary now. "That's who it is, isn't it? Dwight Knowles."

"The writer," said Ann.

Whether there was a certain little possessive pride in that, or whether he imagined it, he could not decide. He had not time, for listening again. Ann was telling him about Knowles. About meeting Knowles on the train going west. About seeing a great deal of him while she was out there, and about how sweet he had been to her, taking her places, helping her with stories, keeping her supplied with books and flowers.

She was talking about Dwight Knowles' own latest book, dedicated to her. "It isn't out yet. Comes out the twenty-seventh. There's an advance copy around here somewhere that you can see. It's just initials in the dedication," Ann said conciliatingly. "Just 'To A. V.'; not the whole name. I mean, I hope it won't embarrass you when it comes out. I didn't know he was going to do it. But there must be lots of A. V.'s besides me."

"Is that all it says? Just, 'To A. V.'?"

"'Who understands why,' it says."

"I see," said Toby.

He was sorry he had made her quote it to him. She was perturbed now, being unable to watch him, to know how he took it. He must make this easy for her, not doubly difficult. She had had enough distress today.

"Why, that's all right," he said, striving to speak naturally. "Why, no, that won't embarrass me. Why should it? There must be lots of A. V.'s, as you say. And anyhow"—he forced an even lighter tone—"I think I ought to feel flattered that the fair-haired boy of American letters is wild about you."

Ann said, "You don't mind." Not as if she inquired, but flatly, as if she had just learned it.

"People will always be falling for you," Toby said, "shoes over derby. I can't mind that." He hesitated. Ann's hand was still in both his, and he looked at it, playing with it, folding the unresisting fingers. "You haven't told me yet how you feel about him," he reminded her.

"I don't know," Ann said.

"You don't know?"

"I'm not sure."

Toby nodded, as if someone's eyes were on him. His jaw tightened and a vein showed in his temple, blue and knotted. "I see," he said again.

Janet chose this inopportune moment to bang through the swinging door from the kitchen, carrying a plate of toasted rolls and a coffee percolator, and calling something back to Missouri about sugar and cream as she came.

"Do you want ——" she began, addressing Toby.

He glanced up dully. Afterward he remembered that Janet was there, that she halted there, and then that she turned and went back through the swinging door again, murmuring that she had forgotten something. At the time he was too preoccupied to be really aware.

"Did she go?" Ann whispered.

"Yes."

There was a pause.

"You're not sure whether you're in love with him or not," said Toby then.

Ann appeared to choose her rejoinder carefully. "I like him," she said. "I suppose I could be in love with him, if—if I tried."

Toby thought, "If she'd let herself, that means."

"He's very good-looking," Ann said. "And—glamorous. And I like his mind. He has a grand mind."

Toby was silent.

"Say something!" Ann implored him finally. It was an outburst. "Ask me questions! How can I go on talking and talking when I can't see you and you won't even speak?"

"I'm sorry," he said. "I was just sort of thinking it over." He mustn't do that. He must say things, ask her questions.

"Does he know you're married?" he asked.

"Of course."

"I just wondered. He doesn't use your married name."

"He knows it though."

"Well," said Toby tentatively.

In a minute he said, "Well, what does he want you to do? Divorce me and marry him?"

A little spasm, as of distaste for the bluntness of that, passed over Ann's face. But her reply was as blunt: "That's what he wanted me to do when I was in California. Whether he still will when he hears what's happened to me ——" She shrugged. "That remains to be seen."

Toby could have wept then. He could have shouted out, "Why, damn him! If he doesn't ——" But he only said quite quietly, holding Ann's hand very tight for a moment, "Of course he will. How could that make any difference? And you'll be all right again, anyway, by the time he gets back to New York. He's not coming for a week or two, is he?"

"He's not coming till the first of May."

Toby carried it through. "Well, then, what are you worrying about?" he said gently, as to a little sister. "You know you're going to be perfectly fine by then."

"I wasn't worrying," said Ann. "Not—not the way you mean."

"I should hope not. This fellow loves you, doesn't he?"

"I don't mean that," Ann said. "I —— Where're you going?"

Toby had released her hand and risen. "Just looking for a cigarette," he managed to say. It was not true. He had stood up because to sit still was impossible any longer, writhing inwardly this way. He put an elbow against the mantelpiece, and the fingers of his spread hand plowed his hair and stopped, arrested. In the shadow of his arm his face was like the face of one who cannot get his breath—twisted, with the clenched teeth bared. When, in a moment, he had hold of himself a little, he ducked his head and wiped the sweat from his forehead on his sleeve.

His hand dropped down. He turned. He was controlled now.

"I guess you smoked the last one," he said to Ann.

"Aren't there any?"

"I don't see any."

He sat down again. Her hand was lying where he had left it, and he laid it between his two hands again. "Sweet," he said, "listen. I'm not going to ask you to tell me now what you want to do. I don't think you know, and I don't think this is any time for you to be trying to decide. I want you to wait and not worry, and not even think about it any more than you can help, and let Toby look after you till you're better. Then, when you're all well again and everything's fine and Knowles is back—then it will be whatever you want. If you decide you're in love with him, and you want a divorce, we'll fix it up."

"You would give me one?" Ann breathed.

"If you wanted one."

"You wouldn't mind?"

His face broke again. But Ann could not see that.

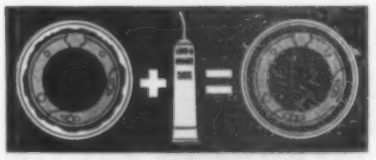
"I want you to be happy, is all," he said.

It might have defeated him. The Toby McLean he had newly become was aware that it would have defeated the Toby he had been. Once—even so short a time as a week ago—he would have thought he had to drink to bear this. There was a little while now when he thought he might have to. But he drank nothing. In the back of his mind was the consciousness that if he got through this unaided he could get through anything. He would be master. The boast he had always made—"I can take liquor or let it alone"—would at last, and for once and for all, be true.

It was a struggle, but not a prolonged one. When he left Ann that afternoon he thought that he had never needed a drink so terribly. Descending the stairs from the apartment, emerging onto the sidewalk, he thought that. He knew three speak-easies within two blocks of here.

It was below zero. He turned up his collar and punched his fists into his overcoat pockets, feeling the manuscript safe under the knuckles of the left one. He walked to the Subway, passing two of the speak-easies on the way. He rode uptown and left the manuscript at a typing bureau. "And two carbons. Can you have it by tomorrow afternoon?" His lips were dry and thick. He felt gone inside. "Shot to hell," he thought. "Judas, what wouldn't I give ——"

He thought that perhaps when he had done the little job he had to do, now for Ann he would yield, he would go back to his hotel room and shut himself in and drink and drink. He had whisky there, in his room. Shorty's quart from St. Petersburg,



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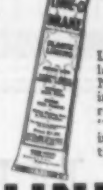

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still unopened, was there. Even as Shorty had, Missouri had packed it without consulting him. People were always taking his weakness for granted. Well. He had never had more justification for it than he had now.

But he must wait. First he must go and see the new picture at the Capitol for Ann, and write her a column. He had promised. He went to the Capitol. He found that waiting was not so hard as he had thought it would be, since it was for Ann's sake. He could even almost concentrate on the picture, for her sake. The review he would write would be signed By Ann Vaughn. It had to be good.

When he had seen the picture, returned to his room and written the column, he knew quite suddenly that the struggle was over. He had not opened Shorty's quart. He would not now. This particular bit of work for Ann was finished, but the long work he must do that Ann might be cared for, that she might be comfortable while she was his—perhaps always—that was hardly begun. He couldn't stop now. He couldn't do anything that would stop him even for a little while. He discovered that he did not even want to.

He had won. He devised a curious method of signalizing his victory. He set Shorty's bottle on the desk behind his typewriter, and sometimes during that evening's hours and hours of diligence he bowed to it and thumbed his nose at it.

Once he addressed it. He had just taken the final page of the second chapter of his novel from the typewriter, and he was rather happy. He bowed to the bottle. "Knowles," he said to it, "that for you!"

In the days immediately ensuing he warned himself time and time again that his speed couldn't last; he couldn't hope to be able to keep this pace up. Nobody could. It was prodigious, superhuman, and sooner or later it would slacken. There was a limit to what even a man possessed as he was possessed could do. There was an ultimate exhaustion, even for one who had rested all the twenty-six years of his life for this.

But it was not yet. He thought it well to predict to himself the inevitable slump that he might be stoical and undismayed when it should come. In the meantime he created like a machine, rapidly, tirelessly, through long hours and very many of them. For a week he averaged eight thousand words a day. In one day, working fourteen hours almost without a break, he wrote eleven thousand words—the fifth chapter of his novel, in rough; part of the sixth; and a short story two thousand words in length which he called The Sophomore and the Siren.

He had heard that Varsity, a magazine of college fiction, was paying four hundred dollars apiece for two-thousand-word stories.

His novel was daily his first consideration. Only after he had fattened the manuscript accumulating in the bureau drawer by twenty whirlwind pages or more—the uncorrected chapter for the day—could he turn his mind to other production. Even then it was sometimes difficult. The novel fascinated him and he was reluctant always to set it aside. But the novel was a gamble, a far shot; for quick and sure returns, short things must be written. And well written. He took pains with the short things, revising as he went along. He would turn out the rough draft of a chapter in three hours, and spend the whole next hour on a single paragraph of a short story.

He was not the first to learn the soundness of the doctrine that the more you have to do, the more you can do. By cutting down on sleep and avoiding companionship almost altogether, he seemed to have time enough for everything. In the midst of his own work he wrote three more columns for Ann that first week. She was adapting herself slowly to the necessity of composing aloud, but her fund of ideas and material for daily stories was low and she had no way of replenishing it.

She said after a few days that she would have to resign from the paper—temporarily, at least. "This is impossible," she said. "I see now." But she felt so very badly that Toby knew she must not be permitted to resign actually, whatever happened.

He talked with Williams, her managing editor, who in turn had a talk with Ann, and it was arranged that she should call these next few weeks her annual vacation. The job would be waiting when she was ready to return to it.

"And listen, young lady!" Williams growled quite realistically. "Don't you dare come around asking me for three weeks off this summer either! Because you won't get 'em."

All the world was doing its best for her in ways like that. She had streams of callers every day. Unless Toby dropped into the apartment in the morning, when Ann was working, he almost never saw her with fewer than five or six people around. Conversation would be general then, and he would have no opportunity to talk with her alone. He never stayed long, though he came often. As he had predicted, he was in and out.

When his week's leave of absence from the office ended, the necessity of appearing there every evening and doing whatever there was to do interfered somewhat with his program, but not greatly. Assignments were easy and few. As Fitzgerald had said, sports were quiet in March; there was not enough going on in New York and environs to keep two men busy, whereas nine of the Star's sports writers were in town. Oftener than not Toby had time on his hands at the office. He used it. He could turn out the next thousand words there as well as anywhere.

"Letter," he would answer briefly when someone asked what he was writing.

Sometimes inquirers peered over his shoulder, and this answer would not serve. In such emergencies he covered the typewritten lines with his sleeve, not too pretentiously, and turned a quizzical face, one eyebrow lifted. He meant to be casual about it; he never intended to remind people that as one dwelling close to tragedy these days he was a man apart, upon whom they should not intrude in the old easy way. But they were reminded, always, despite him. "Sorry," they always mumbled, becoming uncomfortable, backing away.

It would have helped if one of them had said some rude fraternal thing—genially and unthinkingly, as of old.

He sold two stories almost at once. The Symposium welcomed Cabaret Lady, and paid the five hundred dollars originally offered. The editors of Varsity did not like The Sophomore and the Siren, but they liked the style of it; would Mr. McLean let them see something else?

He wrote, in a day, two more stories of the requisite short length and they bought one, entitled Junior Prom. The other he sent to a magazine in Chicago, where it languished a while.

In the meantime he submitted The Sophomore and the Siren to his friend Miss Holmes on the Symposium. Again it was turned down—it was too short and too collegiate for this market—but over the telephone Miss Holmes suggested that there was a perfectly marvelous movie in it. Had Toby thought of that? The movie producers, said Miss Holmes, were yipping for good college stories just now. Had Toby an agent? Well, he ought to have. This was a job for an agent.

"I'll tell you what," Miss Holmes decided. "I'll give this copy I've got here to Arnold Mercer. You know who he is? Excellent agent. Handles some of the very biggest people." She rattled off names. "He's a sort of cousin of mine," she concluded, "but that mustn't be held against him. He can sell this thing for you if anyone can. And for a nice price."

"I could use it," said Toby.

He had talked to Miss Holmes as to a favorite aunt, days ago in her office. She knew much about his present situation.

(Continued on Page 141)

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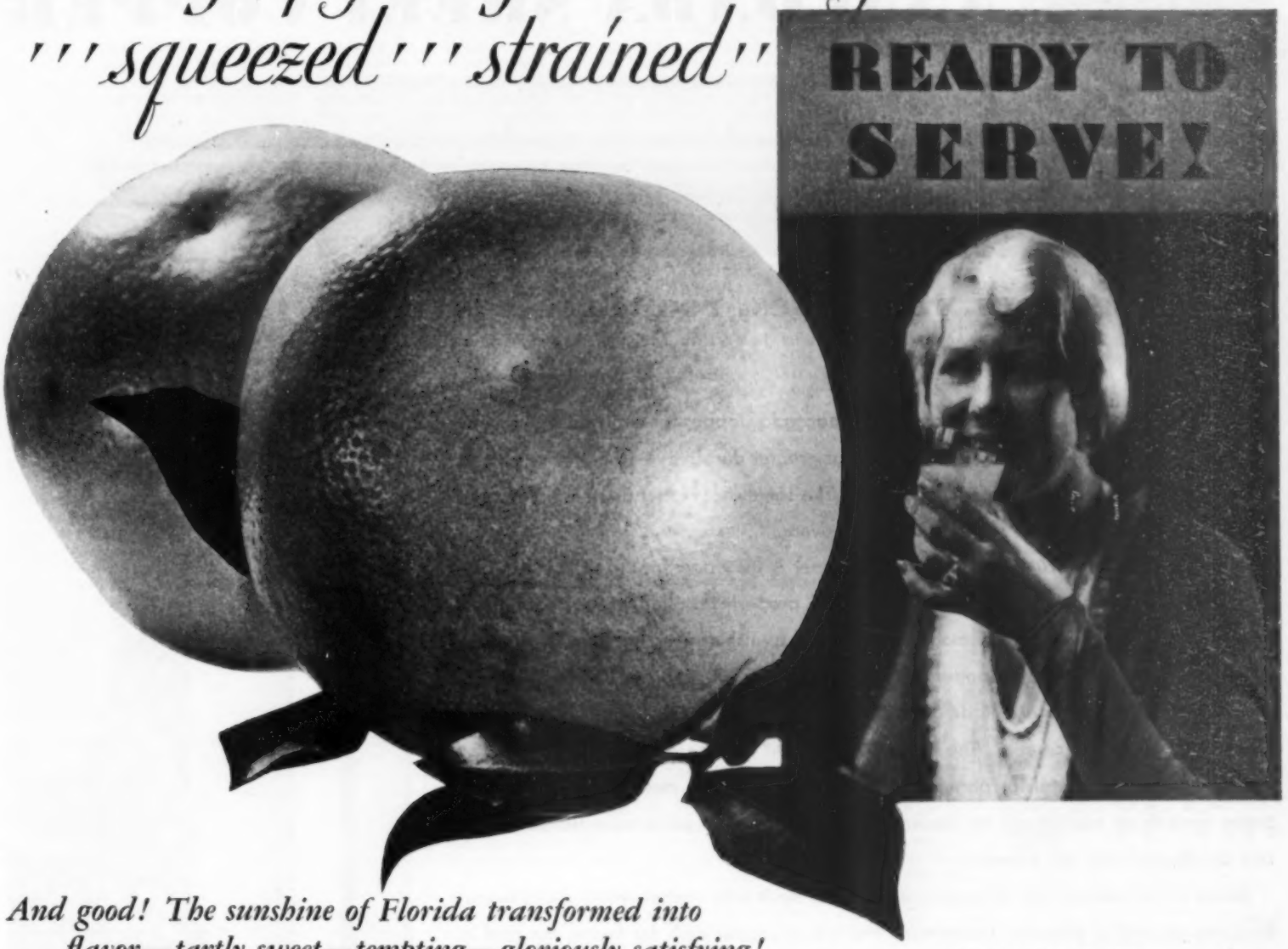

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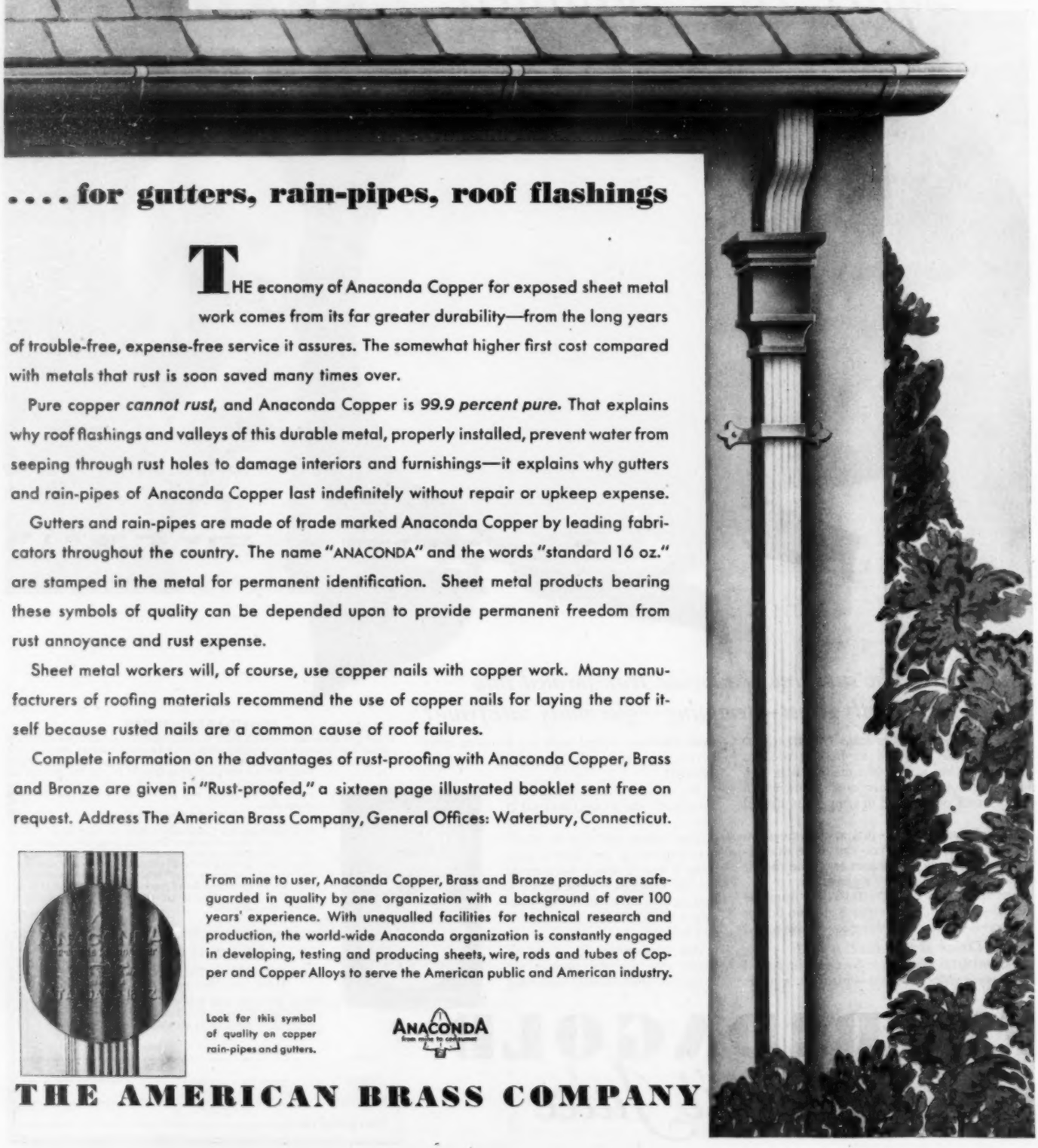

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ANACONDA
from mine to consumer

THE AMERICAN BRASS COMPANY

(Continued from Page 138)

"Sure," he agreed now. "That'll be fine, if he's willing to bother."

"He will be," said Miss Holmes.

The story went to Arnold Mercer. Toby met him and made up his mind at once that here was his agent.

"If he'll take my stuff," he thought, "it's as good as sold." He was aware that Mercer could afford to be selective as to clients; and Mercer's immediate interest in his work encouraged him mightily. This was no favor to Miss Holmes; this was genuine interest.

"You can write," said Mercer. And he said, "Got anything else in the trunk? If you have dig it out. Bring it over."

They discussed the novel, and Toby went away fired with new resolve. Mercer would help him. Merely knowing that that dynamic little man was his ally would make him work harder. Furthermore, he very much liked the idea that he had an agent. It seemed to establish him definitely as an author. "I'm not fooling," was the way he put it. He liked realizing that anew and again and again.

Of the nine hundred dollars he received from the two sales he made himself, he retained in his possession twenty-two dollars and sixty-five cents. The money was not his, and as soon as he got it he paid it to people. He had borrowed a hundred from Hastings to cover Ann's bill at the hospital. He reimbursed Hastings. The boys in St. Petersburg, through Shorty, had lent him a hundred and seventy-seven dollars for the journey north. He mailed Shorty a check for the amount, plus an additional thirty-five cents, which he recalled having snatched from Shorty's chiffonier to tip a bell boy.

Six hundred-odd dollars were left. He considered paying Doctor Beauvais a few hundred on account, but he decided against it. He knew a happier thing to do.

At the bank next morning he loaded his pockets with six hundred new, uncreased one-dollar bills. It felt like a lot. He wanted it to feel like a lot in Ann's fingers. He took it to her, saying that here was part of the fifteen hundred he owed her. "About a third of it. And I'll pay back the rest as soon as I see what Beauvais is going to charge. Will that be okay?"

He did not say that he had sold two stories. He wanted to; for his own gratification he longed to tell Ann where the money came from. But she was so depressed these days over repeated failures, it seemed unkind to mention his success. "What of it, anyway?" he thought. He had no handicap, no odds against him.

"This is some of what you won on the horses," Ann observed rather than asked.

"Yeah," Toby said. "Some of that."

Now he began to devote all his time to his novel. The first draft was done. The rewriting would go much more slowly. This he knew, even while he felt that there were pages and pages, whole scenes, that in the end would stand almost as they were written.

His first draft was surprisingly close to the mark. Until it was finished he had not read it over, for fear its various deficiencies and general imperfections might stop him dead. But he had discovered, going over the whole thing finally one evening, that its deficiencies were remediable, and that, in general, it was rather fine than otherwise.

He was not certain. He did not dare to believe that the thing was as good as he felt it was. He told himself that it couldn't possibly be that good—this original script, written so rapidly and so carelessly, without any pondering or planning at all. That his mind had conceived the story months before, and that his subconscious mind had developed it in the meantime, he understood; and there was his newspaperman's facility of expression. But these things did not explain or prove the merit he thought he recognized in this achievement. Here and there he found a passage so fine that it startled him.

"Did I write that?" he thought, incredulous; afraid that he might have read it somewhere long ago, and yet aware that he had not, that it was his own.

He had a fortnight more of comparative freedom. Then April would have begun, the ball clubs would have arrived from the South, and the long season of daily games to cover and of whole weeks at a stretch on the road with the Yankees would commence. If the book was not done by then, there was no telling how long it might take him. And—primarily important—what about Ann? He couldn't leave her.

He could quit the Star. In his heart he knew he was going to do exactly that, but whenever the knowledge emerged he argued with it for caution's sake. "Whoa, there, McLean! Better not yet. Wait till you're sure you can make a living this way. Nine hundred dollars in two weeks is heavy sugar, but don't get the idea you're a four-hundred-and-fifty-dollar-a-week man. You may not sell another story till hell freezes. How do you know?"

Well, anyway, he had two weeks more. The thing to do, he said to himself, was work while he could, and then see.

At the end of the first of the two weeks, Part One of his novel—it was in four parts—was pronounced complete by the author. This was the best he could do. He had it typed and gave it to Arnold Mercer.

"You can tell from this," he said. His face was quite white. "If it's no good just say so. Don't let me kid myself. If it hasn't a chance I'd rather know it now."

He did not hear from Mercer for several days. It was queer, he thought. Mercer had promised to read Part One that evening. That was Wednesday. Nothing happened on Thursday. Nothing on Friday. Nothing Saturday morning. Now he must wait until Monday, at least. It was hard to keep on working, not knowing. During business hours he jumped when the telephone rang. He would have telephoned Mercer; but what would be the use? Mercer had said, "I'll let you know as soon as I've read it."

Mercer called him finally late Monday afternoon. "I thought you wouldn't believe me when I told you what a book it is," he explained, "so I got you an option on it—from the livest publishers in the business, to my mind. Christopher, Lowe. Lowe read it over the week-end. Just called me. He's shouting about it. Now, listen here. When can we have the rest?"

It was great news. It was simply marvelous. He tried to tell Mercer how glad he was about it, but he thought afterward that he hardly did the subject justice. There was something else so much more marvelous today.

"Lord, if this isn't a day!" he exulted through the telephone. "You know what's happened?"

This afternoon, an hour ago, in Doctor Beauvais' office, Ann had told the red card from the black one.

When, in time, she could see the green card, and the blue, and even the yellow card; when she knew the shape at her side—whether it was Janet, whether it was Toby—then she began herself to believe the miracle of her recovery. She was the last to surrender doubt and fear. She said to Janet, after her initial triumph, "Don't tell Toby, but I'm not a bit sure I'm any better. It seems to me that I could have guessed that red card all along."

But presently there was no mistaking her improvement. Now the darkness was a mist, and the mist was thinning, dissipating. Suddenly she let herself be joyous. She stopped trying to work. She could rest and wait, now that waiting would end. She was a different Ann, a laughing Ann playing blindfolded. Everything was different. Things that had been heartbreaking—miscalculations, gropings—were funny now. She who had been so sensitive about her helplessness now called amused attention to it. "Oh, I'm lost again! Who moved the door? Somebody steer me!"

Now she wanted diversion, gayety, noise; parties in the evening; all the new jazz records for the phonograph. She wanted to go out. She had hated to appear on the streets, "and be led around," she explained now. She did not mind any more. "You wouldn't mind being mistaken for a cripple," she told Toby, "if you knew yourself you only had a broken leg."

Toby was one of her friends. As nearly as he could make out, that had become her attitude about him. She was glad when he dropped in. She was glad when Eunice dropped in, or Norma Drake, or Nick Standish, or Shorty, back from Florida, or anyone she liked. Because he was busier than ever now, and because there was always a crowd there anyway, Toby's visits of late had diminished in number to one a day, and that a brief one; but Ann, far from complaining, as he had secretly hoped she might, seemed unaware.

"Oh, do you have to go?" she asked lightly when he said he must. She did not even protest, as to Nick or Shorty. "But you just got here!"

Once, when he had the rare good fortune to find her alone, she queried idly, smiling at him: "Having a good time these days, Toby?"

"Oh, all right," he said.

"I thought you must be."

So she had missed him. Or at least she had noticed his neglect. He could not think that she had really missed him, in the sense of caring one way or the other. Her remark was a pleasantry, that was all.

"I'm working pretty hard," he said. Whether she cared or not, he wanted her to understand that work, not diversion, was keeping him away.

"I know," Ann assented. "Of course you are."

She inquired, as she always did with friendly interest, what he was writing now. "Another story?"

"Yes," he said. He always said yes.

He had quit the Star summarily during the second week in April, for the purpose, he had told Ann, of "trying fiction." He had informed her beforehand; and in order that she might not think the project too wild and risky, he had announced the stories sold already. There had been, by that time, a third sale to enumerate. American Pictures, Incorporated, had purchased the motion-picture rights to his college story for twenty-five hundred dollars, just the day before.

"So," he had said to Ann, "maybe I'll make out all right if the luck holds. Try it, anyway. If I flop I can always get a job again."

Ann had been extraordinarily sweet, he thought, that day. She had taken the trouble to pretend an excitement that it seemed to him she could not possibly have felt over his few sales.

"Toby McLean!" she kept exclaiming breathlessly. "You didn't! Aren't you tickled?" She kept wailing, "And you never told me!"

Her fervor—because he was sure it was artificial—rather shamed and hurt than gratified him. It was sweet of her, but he wished she wouldn't. He wanted to say, "Never mind, Ann, honey. Please don't bother." She was only sorry for him. Did she think he didn't know that? Did she think he didn't know how pitiful his tiny start must look, ranged against Dwight Knowles' whole great career?

"It isn't anything," he mumbled diffidently several times. The tendency was to minimize it, to be deprecatory about it, thinking of Knowles. He said, "One story was old, and the other two were little short ones." He said finally, "I wish you'd save the flowers till I do something."

He did not say a word about his book. He nearly did on that occasion, but he held his tongue. The news that he had all but finished a novel, and that a publisher had taken an option on it, would, he felt, make up in some degree for the mortifying disparity between Ann's rapture and its present cause. The temptation to tell her then and there was strong.

But even stronger was his desire to make the announcement of the novel impressive—as impressive as it could be. That meant

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waiting until it was accepted and the contract signed. He had waited this long; he could wait a little longer. After all, a mere vague option on a novel, against Knowles' five published novels, was pathetically inadequate again.

Now it was May. The novel was finished, and Christopher, Lowe & Co. had a full copy. They had had it only a few days and hadn't reported yet. Toby thought satirically, "I suppose I'm on the well-known tenterhooks, whatever they are." Queer that he wasn't. He had no sense of suspense, no anguish, no insomnia, on the score of the novel, now that it was done. A sort of fatalistic torpor had descended upon him, a vast apathy as to the verdict. This was protective, but he did not know it. He knew only that the book was gone, it was out of his hands; though he tried, he could not worry now about it.

Knowles was back in town. Ann had not said so. Since the day of their talk about him, Knowles had not been mentioned between them, but Toby knew he was back. There had been a line in Winchell's column several days ago. There had been a paragraph yesterday in Nick Standish's column in the Star. Perusing the paragraph, Toby had noted that Nick had been talking to Knowles somewhere. At Ann's? The squib was a thumb-nail interview.

He had been dreading these days of Knowles' reappearance a long time now. They were agonizing days. He had known they would be. He spent them for the most part in his room, moping in his hotel room, pacing, and smoking cigarettes in a chain, and staring at nothing, as he had pictured himself idiotically doing. For four days he kept away from Ann's apartment. He had planned to. He didn't want to run into Knowles—not yet, anyway—and he wanted to give Knowles a little time. That was only fair. That was only fair to Ann and all of them.

He himself had had time. He had had weeks; and what had he done, he thought dismally now, to strengthen his own position? He had done nothing but work. He had neglected Ann in work's favor. This had seemed unavoidable, but now he thought it had been a grave, perhaps a disastrous, mistake. No matter how hard he worked or what progress he made, it would be years—if ever—before he could outstrip Knowles professionally. He should have entered this competition, not as a writer but as a person—as an attentive and thoughtful and entertaining suitor of Ann's. That had been his single chance, he saw now. "And I muffed it!"

Here was something to worry about. Here were anguish and suspense in plenty. Compared with the decision Ann was making—perhaps had already made—the publisher's yes or no on the novel was inconsequential. When, on the fourth day of his moping and stalking alone in his room, he heard from Mercer that it was yes, the book was taken, he was still wretched. All well and good, but what about Ann? What about Ann? What would it profit him to have his name on the front of a book, if he had nothing else in a ruined world?

That evening, all at once, he could not bear it any longer. He had to see her. He wouldn't question her if he could help it, but he had to see her, to be where she was. He went around to the apartment. He thought, when he rang the doorbell marked "Toby McLean—Ann Vaughn McLean," that Knowles might be there. He thought "I don't care if he is." Then he thought very suddenly and very shatteringly that the bell might not be answered, and that if it was not answered it would not mean that Ann was out. Ann did not yet go out of evenings. His heart stopped while he listened for the clicking of the latch.

When it came he was ashamed. Shame made him red and miserable. "You louse," he said to himself. "You low-down, dirty rotten hound. You know better."

Going up the stairs, he found that his fists must have clenched a moment ago. The nails had bitten four half-moons in each palm.

There was a party. He could hear it from the second landing on—chatter and laughter, the piano going and voices singing. He continued up. It didn't matter that there was a party. He wasn't here to try to talk to Ann, just to be near her. This he kept telling himself severely, as an admonition. He was afraid that if he had half an opportunity he was going to ask her what the answer was, and he did not want to. If she knew she would tell him. If not, he should not hurry her.

Knowles wasn't present. That was the first thing his quick glance learned. Everybody was a friend. Janet was there, of course, and Harriet Cottle and Nick and Bee Standish. Bee was playing the piano, and she and Bugs McDonald were singing. Harry Griffin was there, and the Atwaters, Janet's brother and sister-in-law. And Ann. Nobody else at all.

His entrance brought everybody crowding around. He was, said everybody, such a stranger. They were glad to see him. They laid welcoming hands upon him and asked him where under the sun he had been? Where keeping himself? Was he working hard? How was free-lancing? Several of them averred that they had not seen him for weeks.

"Ann!" somebody turned to call. "It's the boy friend."

"I know," Ann, across the room, said lightly. "Hullo, Toby."

She had not come with the rest, flocking to greet him. She came unhastily now, smiling placidly toward him; her eyes smiling straight toward his face. Faces were visible now to her. They were hardly even blurry. She would be reading—"and threading needles," Beauvais said—in a little while more.

Toby started to meet her. In the two steps it took, he had time to see that she was adorable in a little powder-blue sleeveless dress with a cape. "Hullo," he said again, taking her hands and ducking his head to kiss her quickly. He hoped she would not mind that. People were looking, and would expect it.

"How are you?" he said.

"Fine."

Probably only Janet, of the eight or nine spectators, was aware that days had elapsed since Toby's last visit. Ann and he instinctively were careful to comport themselves as if they had seen each other not longer ago than this afternoon.

They drifted apart now, Ann to seize Bee Standish by the arm and pull her back again to the piano, Toby to answer Harry Griffin, who wished to know, for the third time, how the fiction writing was going.

"Going all right, I guess."

"Sold anything since I saw you last?" Harry asked.

Toby thought, "Only a novel," with the first real flash of exultation he had felt. Lord, it was true! But he did not say it. From Harry, by the loud, immediate public proclamation Harry would make, was no way for Ann to learn about it.

"No," he said. "Nothing since then."

"Oh, well," Harry consoled him, "that's only been a couple of weeks."

The group at the door had scattered and those present were resuming the several idle pastimes interrupted by Toby's arrival. He was commanded to come and regard a game of anagrams in which the Atwaters and Harriet Cottle and Janet were engaged. Obediently he sat for a while on the arm of Janet's chair, simulating interest in the lengthening, shifting words and the stray letters on the card table.

Actually, in repeated swift flights of his glance toward the piano, he was watching Ann. Her profile was toward him; she was seated on the near end of the bench beside Bee, who was playing again while a trio composed of herself and McDonald and Harry harmonized. Ann merely listened, and approved between selections. Her singing voice was an affectionate joke among her friends, being a funny childlike little voice, very clear and sweet, but given

(Continued on Page 145)

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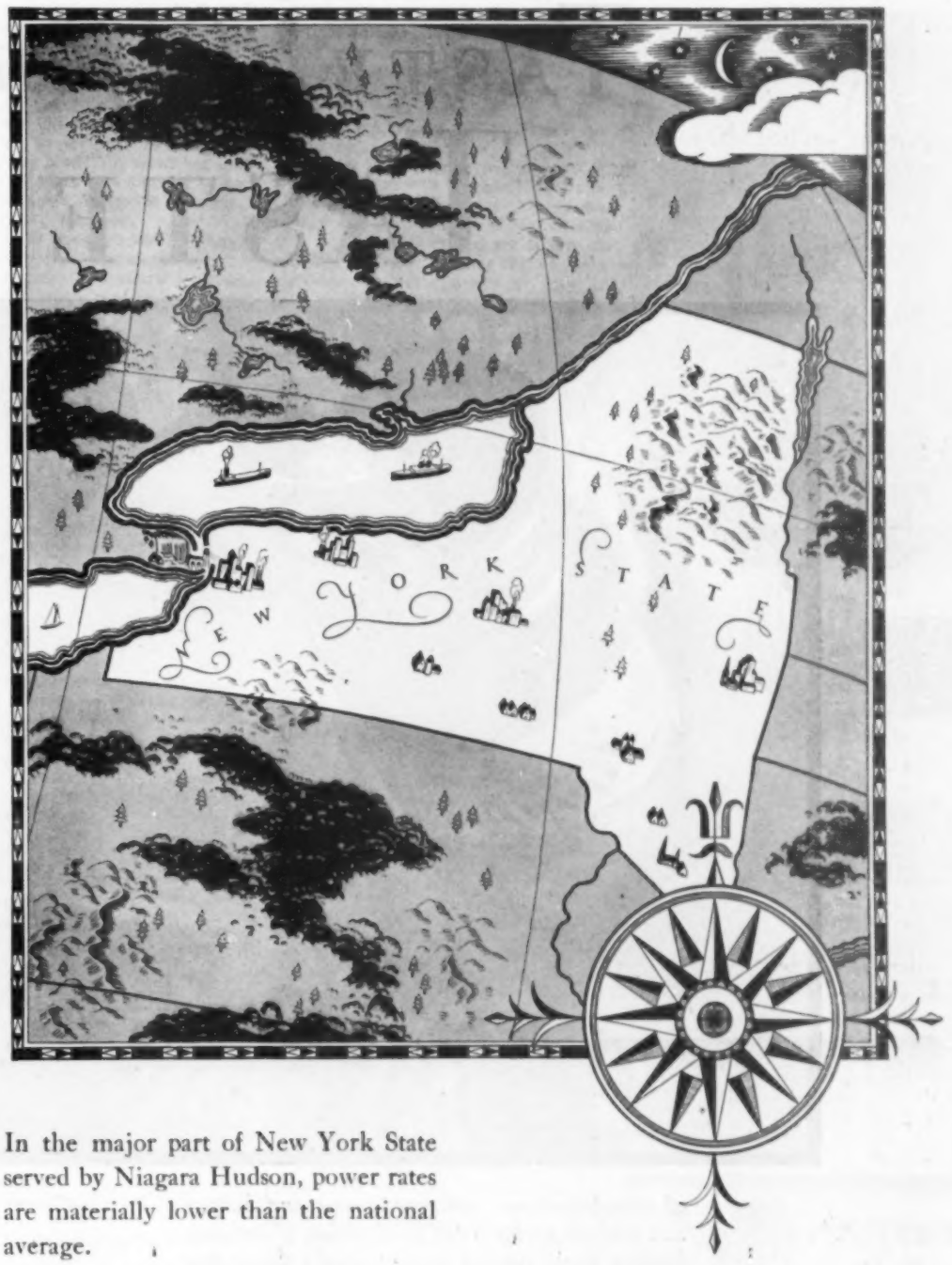

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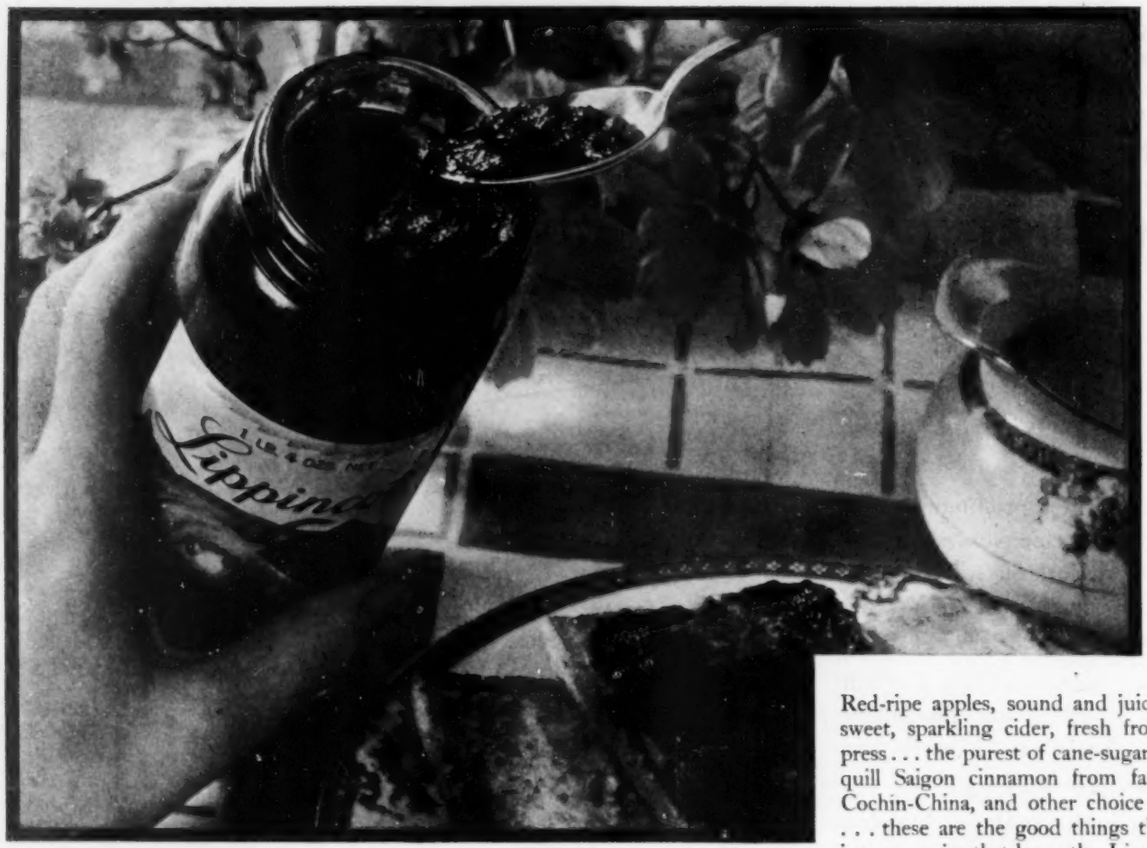

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(Continued from Page 142)

to the strangest innocent deviations from tune and key.

"Sing, Ann," Toby heard Bugs McDonald urge her now. He smiled broadly, and Ann dimpled up at him. "Help us out here," said McDonald. "How about it?"

"With my bronchitis?"

"Oh, is that what it is?"

On the shelf of the piano above the lower end of the keyboard an enormous vase of transparent amber glass contained at least two dozen very gorgeous long-stemmed roses. In intervals of watching Ann, Toby eyed these. They were not quite fresh. They must have come several days ago—the day Knowles came, for instance, or the next day. They were full-blown now, and shedding occasional petals on the piano. Toby thought, "She'll have to throw them out tomorrow." He thought dourly, "And that will be all right with me."

He wondered what he was doing here, exactly. There didn't seem to be any sense in it. Ann had apparently forgotten his presence altogether; not once in a quarter of an hour had she looked his way. And here he sat, on the sidelines of an asinine anagram game. Was it for this he had come stalking up here?

He gave the card table and the little lettered blocks upon it a sudden indignant glare and got to his feet. He was conscious, as he did so, that Janet's eyes lifted, and as he moved away he felt them follow. Commiserating, were they? Saying optically, "Poor Toby?" Or—not. They would be knowing eyes, of course. Janet would know.

He did not turn his head. He strolled on. By a devious rambling route, as if he had no destination in mind, he was on his way to the piano. He halted and leafed through a magazine on the table. He crossed to the divan, and over the back of it, leaning on his folded arms, held momentary converse with Nick Standish, who was pensive there. Toby thought, "I'll ask him about interviewing Knowles." But it was a thought only. He did not ask.

He arrived finally. The trio at the piano was singing Where's That Rainbow? and Ann was listening, still not chiming in. Her knees were crossed, and the free foot in its gray satin pump kicked to the rhythm. When Toby stopped beside her the foot stopped. Ann glanced up swiftly.

"Oh," she observed without expression.

Her smile was the merest flickering of her lashes and the slightest possible tremor of her lips. She looked down again at a handkerchief she held in her hands. Even in his preoccupation, Toby wondered how well she could see it. How much better was she than she was four days ago?

This while his mind was busy with the distinct impression he had now that Ann was caught unarmored, off her guard. He did not know how he knew, but he knew quite certainly that she would have had ready her bright, shallow, careless smile, if she had been apprised of his approach before he reached her.

Intuition added that she had been thinking about him just then. But the fact was unimportant. Thinking what?

She told him. Under cover of the music she said, "I was just wondering if you were going to watch anagrams all evening."

He didn't quite hear it. He bent over until his head was close to Ann's, until his senses partook of the perfume she used. Ann repeated her remark.

"But I wasn't," Toby said. "I was watching you. And wondering if you'd be annoyed if I came over."

"How absurd!"

"Was it?" he queried. "I couldn't tell."

The final chord of Where's That Rainbow? interrupted them. "Play that again," Toby said at once. "That's great."

"Where's your banjo?" Bee demanded.

"At the hotel."

"Go get it," said Harry. "Or let me have your key, and I will."

Toby shook his head. "Two of the strings are gone."

The banjo was here, and in good condition. But Ann did not give him away. The music began again, and again he leaned down for conversation. He could not sit down unless he sat on the floor beside the bench. He would have to look up at Ann from there, like a supplicant. "Not so good," he thought. So he leaned, hands over his knees, like a ball player.

Ann waited, fingering the handkerchief.

"How've you been?" he asked her after an attempt to think of something better. "I haven't seen you for three or four days."

"I know that," said Ann.

Her sharpness was unmistakable. Again he knew that she was unguarded now, for once, her barriers of unconcern let down. Then it hadn't been a genuine unconcern? She cared what he did! "Hold everything," he thought, to the upward surging in his mind. "Maybe not."

Knowles.

He said, "Well, of course you knew why I was staying away."

"No," said Ann. She looked at her hands again. "It might have been any one of several reasons."

"It might have been nothing of the kind!"

Ann was silent.

Toby said, "Knowles got back on Tuesday, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"You knew that was why."

Ann looked at her hands. "But this is Saturday," she said. The hands fluttered a little, and she locked them firmly around the cap of her knee. "And you didn't even telephone," she said. "Which seemed to prove conclusively that you weren't interested at all—in whether or not his coming back meant anything to me."

"I wasn't interested?"

He had forgotten to keep his voice down. Above the song, the singers must have heard it. "Here," Toby muttered agitatedly, grabbing Ann's wrist. "We'll dance." He had to get her away, and this was the first idea that occurred to him. Ann did not dissent. She accompanied him to a plot of unoccupied floor and allowed herself to be seized by the waist and the hand.

Solemnly they began an able though an absent-minded fox trot.

"Look here!" Toby's undertone was savage in its earnestness. "I just want to say this: Not only have I been 'interested' these past few days; I've been as near off my noodle as a supposedly sane man can get." He executed a deft twirl, continuing as he did so, "But I didn't telephone or come over because I thought you'd rather I'd wait. After all, you had to have time to make up your mind."

"No," Ann murmured.

"What?"

"I mean, I didn't have to have all that time."

Toby held her a little off from him, so he could see her face. He could see nothing that answered him. Her eyes were hidden.

"Then you've decided," he said in a strained voice.

Ann's nod of affirmation was very slow to come. They stepped twice around the little space before he saw it.

"Sort of," she said. "I've decided about Dwight. I haven't quite decided about you yet."

Then Toby stopped dancing altogether, unaware that he did. He still held Ann around the waist and by the hand. He still stared.

"You turned him down," he said huskily. It was quite plain. He said it again in a different version, loving to say it. "You sent him away." Then his eyes darkened. "Well, then, why ——"

"Let's sit somewhere," Ann said abruptly. "We don't have to dance. This is ridiculous."

All at once they realized that it was. Toby's arms dropped, and Ann turned and led the way across to the window seat. There was no one very near there, but the spot was within everyone's plain view. They sat down. Then Toby stood up again, and again pulled Ann up by the wrist. "No, not here," he groaned, *sotto voce*. "Damn all these people!"

He hesitated, looking about him, wild-eyed, for isolation. There was no such thing in the studio. The bedroom was Janet's now. There was only the kitchen. Thither he marched, big and grim, towing small Ann. She went submissively; even—though Toby, ahead, did not know it—mirthfully.

The exit was by no means unobserved. "To the guillotine?" inquired Nick Standish when Toby was halfway. He saw tardily then that they were all watching with amusement. It was too late to do anything but carry it off as best he could. He essayed a cheerful grin.

"Yeah," he said, and indicated Ann to them with his head. "*Sic semper tyrannis.*"

But when the kitchen door swung shut behind him he was doubly grim, desperately grim. "Tell me what you mean," he said at once, as if Ann had just spoken. The minutes that had intervened did not exist for him. "What do you mean, you haven't decided about me yet? You don't want him—you don't want either of us, is that it? Even with Knowles eliminated, I lose out. Is that what you mean?"

"Not so loud," Ann implored him.

"Well, answer me!"

They stood facing each other between the door and the painted cupboard. A clock was ticking—Toby remembered that later—and in the other room the piano was momentarily still. Ann was close to him. She was scrutinizing him, her face tilted up slightly. Her eyes shone and the line of her mouth was soft.

"I can see you," she murmured happily, as if to herself. "I couldn't—that other time."

"I'm glad," Toby said. The significance of any but her first four words was lost on him. This remarking of her improvement seemed irrelevant just now. "Tell me!" he persisted.

"You tell me something!" said Ann.

Still he was dull, his insight dulled by concentration on one single thought. He said wearily, "Anything you want to ask me."

Then Ann laughed outright, softly, exultantly. "Goofy!" she cried. "Tell me you're still in love with me! I know it now, but I've been thinking you weren't for such ages."

Out of his profound bewilderment Toby began: "You've been thi——" But he stopped. Words, explanations, could come later.

"You see," said Ann, "first, I thought perhaps you were just sorry for me, because I was blind. I mean, how could I know? When we'd been separated so long? You didn't say anything or do anything that I hoped you'd do and say. And I couldn't see you. How could I tell? Then when I tried to use poor Dwight's unrequited passion"—she dimpled—"which he'll snap out of almost any day now ——"

"I don't believe it!"

"Yes, he will. He's not the type," said Ann. "Wait till you meet him. Anyway ——"

"Am I going to meet him?"

"Of course! You'll like him."

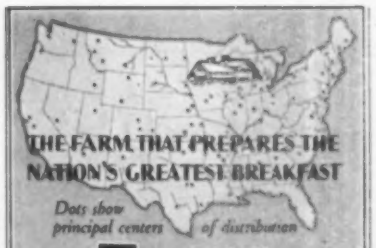
"Oh, I'll just adore him!" Toby mimicked. "He and I'll be just like that," he said, extending two fingers together. "Or like that," he added, giving the air a fast poke with his fist.

"Silly!" Ann called him lovingly.

She was kissed again. She was being kissed a good deal.

They were still in the kitchen. They had been there, away from their guests, for twenty minutes or more; and Ann had duly shown signs of compunction about it. "Oughtn't we to go back in?" she had asked twice in an anxious voice; becoming reassured at once, as if by irrefutable logic, when Toby each time said emphatically, "Certainly not."

They sat side by side on the kitchen table, Ann's shoulders in Toby's arm, and Toby's shoulders against the wall. The table was rather wide, and it held their legs extended straight, the toes of their shoes toward the



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ceiling. Toby's very large black shoes almost reached the stove. Ann's satin slippers, primly even and together like slippers in a showcase, came nowhere near. They were not very comfortable, sitting there, but they had not noticed, and would not have minded.

"Whose girl are you?" Toby wanted to know. He kept wanting to know.

He kept thinking, "In a minute I'm going to tell her about the book ——" And the expectation was bliss. He liked prolonging it. He liked looking down at Ann and seeing how starrily happy she was, and thinking how doubly happy she would be. Now his own belated jubilation sang in him. "Author," he said to himself experimentally. "Novelist." He preferred that, but it didn't seem to belong to him quite yet. He experimented further. "Toby McLean, ex-newspaperman, author of 'Play Boy,' a novel."

He laughed at himself for the thrill that ran all through him. "*That* went over big!" he thought.

He said to Ann, "Whose girl did you say you were? I didn't quite get it."

Ann made it clear. "And," she said, "I always was, that's the point. Dwight knew that—if you didn't. He knew there wasn't a chance of my ever caring about him, as long as you were somewhere. I just pretended there was to you," said Ann, "to try to goad you into admitting that you liked me a little yourself. And did I succeed?" She made a mock-tragic face. "I did not! As far as I could tell, you weren't a bit put out about it—then, or afterward, or any time—until tonight."

Toby wagged his head, marveling. "It turns out," he said, "that I'm a great actor. Probably the greatest the world has ever known."

"Except me," Ann reminded him. "You had nothing on me."

"Couple of half-wits."

"Oh, heavens, weren't we!"

They couldn't get over it.

"Well," said Toby presently, "only thing to do is begin again."

He put a finger under Ann's chin and searched her eyes with his eyes. "Will you marry me?"

Ann said she would.

"Of course," said Toby, as in the beginning, "I suppose I'll make the world's worst husband!"

Ann remembered too. "Oh, unquestionably!" she smiled back.

It delighted them that even their facial expressions were the same. Toby altered his now, sobering, growing thoughtful.

"Well, now, why would I?" he demanded presently. "The more I think about it, the more I think I'd make a darn good husband! Because look!"

"This is fun," murmured Ann.

"Because look!" repeated Toby. "I don't drink. I can take it or let it alone." Suddenly his gravity was real. "I can, Ann," he said. "I've got that licked."

Ann squeezed his hand.

"Tell you all about it sometime," Toby said. He resumed, in his previous voice: "That's one thing. For another thing—Selling Point Number Two—all debts are paid. I'm financially solvent. I can now support you in the luxury to which you accustomed me!" He grinned wryly, and Ann squeezed his hand again and would have interrupted him had he let her. "No," Toby said, "seriously; I don't owe a cent in the world, and I've got a couple of thousand left over. By the way!" he exclaimed. "Let's go to Europe!"

Ann laughed at him, her eyes tender. "You're still reckless," she said. "I can see that."

"That isn't as reckless as it sounds," said Toby cryptically. "We can go. You need a trip, and we never had a real honeymoon, and besides, it's time I took a vacation."

"A vacation!" Ann echoed, as was expected of her. "Already?" She was troubled now. "Oh, Toby, no!"

"Why not?" Toby said.

"But, darling—you've done simply wonderfully, of course—but you've just started! You ought to write a lot more," Ann declared, "and sell it, before you even think of a vacation."

"How much more, would you say?"

"Oh, a lot more."

"A novel, I suppose," Toby teased.

Ann smiled slightly, as he had known she would. Then she sobered. "Well, why not?" she said. "You could."

Toby kissed her. "Sweet," he murmured.

He thought a minute.

"No," he said then, in earnest, having made a discovery. "No, you're wrong. *I* couldn't write a novel—ever." It was true. What he meant was true. He knew, now. "But Ann Vaughn's husband could," he said.

He hugged Ann very tight. "He *has!*" he said.

He felt a little like crying, and so he laughed, rather huskily. "In fact," he said, "if you'll stick with him—some day he may be really quite a fellow ——"

(THE END)

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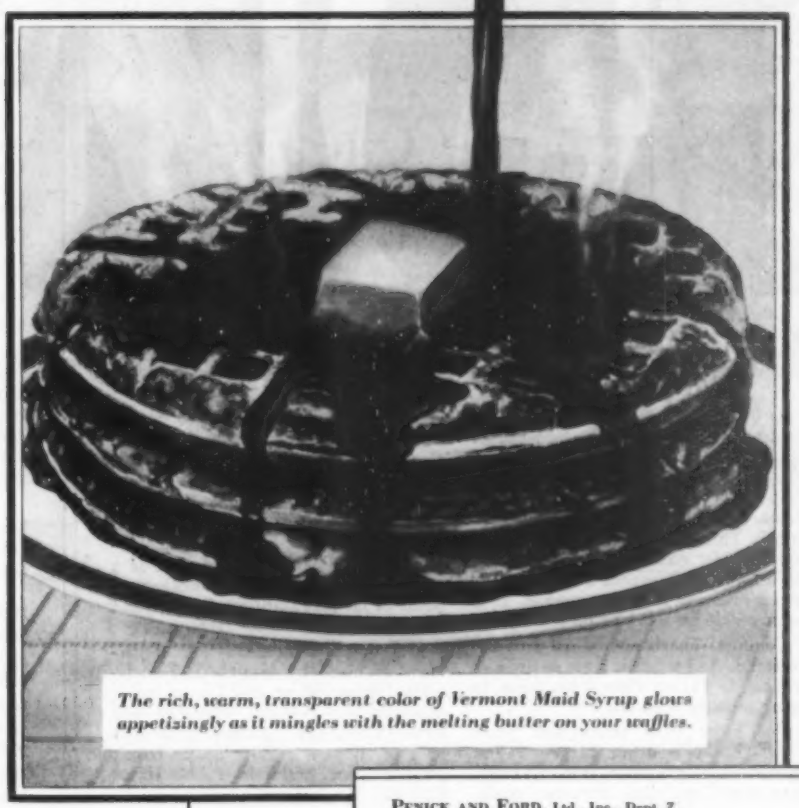

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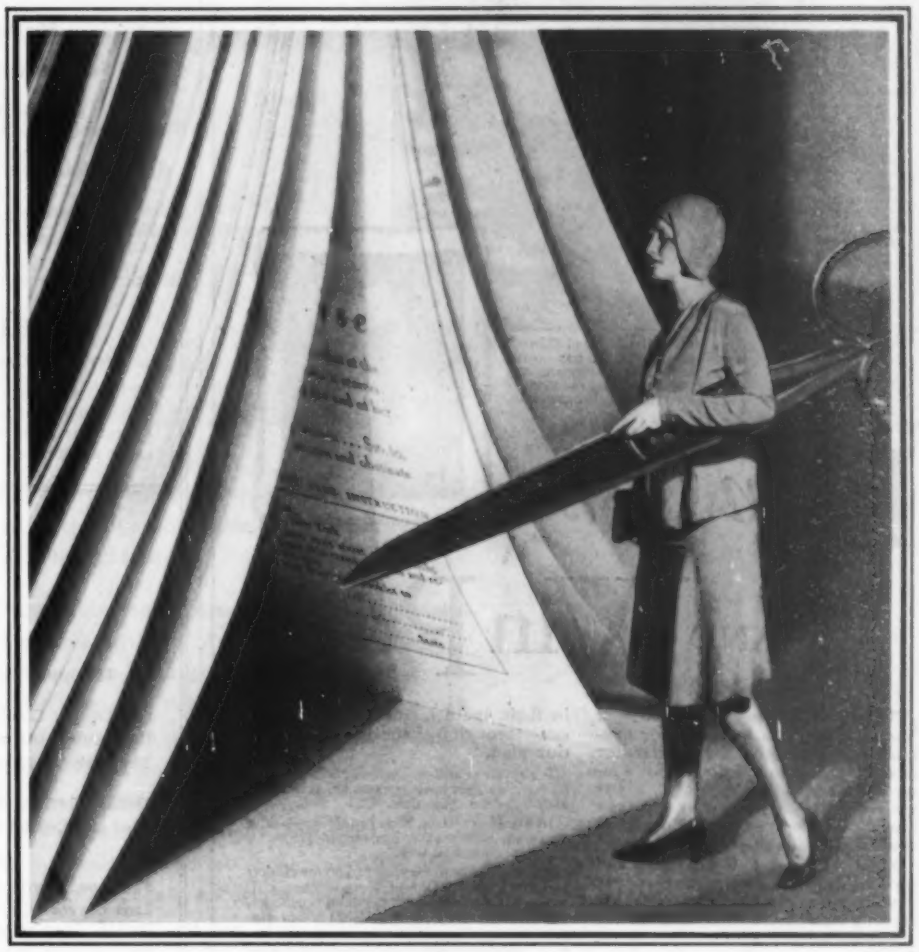

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The Poets' Corner

April o'Clock

OH, WHAT a burst of morning,
Oh, what a chime of day!
With cardinals for what's o'clock
And daffodils to pay;
With heart's bud and soul's bloom
And summer on the way—
Oh, what a thrust of morning,
Oh, what a stab of day!

Oh, what a shout of daytime,
What cataracts of sun,
With bird time and spring time
And love time begun.
With heart's blood and soul's flood
And heaven's toll to pay—
Oh, what a House of Paradise—
And you away! —*Angela Morgan.*

My People

THEY hail from the broad hills and long shores,
A land of tall women and fair men,
Where the wolf's hide sprawls on the plank floors
And the birds talk all day in their glen.

Children are quick and gay in the land of my birth,
Old folk are strong there, and thoughtful-eyed,
And the girls are the ripeness of April earth,
The boys are golden-haired and their mouths wide.

My people, sowing and reaping, are far from poor;
They have the brook's wine and the hillside's food,
And the great-bodied winds of the sea and moor,
And the trusted friendliness of solitude.

Their books are written with plows, and are bound
With the turning of seasons, and are read
In great faith, and the Writer of them is crowned
With an esteem both honest and ungarlanded.

Since leaving their broad hills and generous shores,
Though full my shelves and fair my harvest-glean,
And though the friends are many at my doors—
I have become a poor man and a lean!
—*Bert Cooksley.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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Not even *your* child can have a straight, sturdy body . . . without this precious *sunlight vitamin*

Don't for a moment make any mistake as to the necessity of Vitamin D for *all* growing children.

Vitamin D is that mysterious element that comes to us in the direct rays of the sun and is a vital factor in preventing rickets, building strong bones, sound, well-developed teeth, sturdy, straight-as-an-arrow bodies. Without it, the milk minerals (lime and phosphorus) in the diet which go to make these strong bones and sound teeth are not efficiently utilized by the body.

And now that the dark days are coming it is even more important to see that your youngsters have enough of this precious sunlight vitamin. The good that they stored up from the sunshine last summer is fast being dissipated.

Now . . . Cocomalt contains the sunlight vitamin • That's why it's so necessary that Cocomalt should be a part of their regular diet —morning, noon and night and for after school lunches.

For extensive research has proved that Cocomalt makes a definite contribution to the antirachitic potency of the diet—and contains Vitamin D in sufficient quantities to aid in building strong bones and sound teeth when taken under normal every-day conditions.

Cocomalt gives them not only the sunlight vitamin but the milk minerals as well. In fact, it increases these minerals by over 50% and adds 70% more nourishment to milk . . . It is really a completely balanced *natural* food that combines in correct proportions nourishing elements ideally suited to children.

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Adds 70% more nourishment to milk

Illegible - poor spelling ··· RE-WRITE

THERE are two kinds of leisure—that of the loafer and the kind enjoyed by men who get their work done. The real college laborer is the one who is always doing yesterday's work. Always trying to catch up. So busy dodging failure that he misses success.

Loafers and failures don't make the grade at college. The honors pass them by. They don't make the right kind of friends. Miss out in sports. Miss about everything worth while.

The greatest little leisure-giver a college man ever had is a Corona. Take that theme, for example, that was just returned with a kindly suggestion that it be done over in such a manner that it would be possible for someone to read it. A perfectly good theme but illegible. An evening's work wasted. The gang is stepping out tonight and you are staying in.

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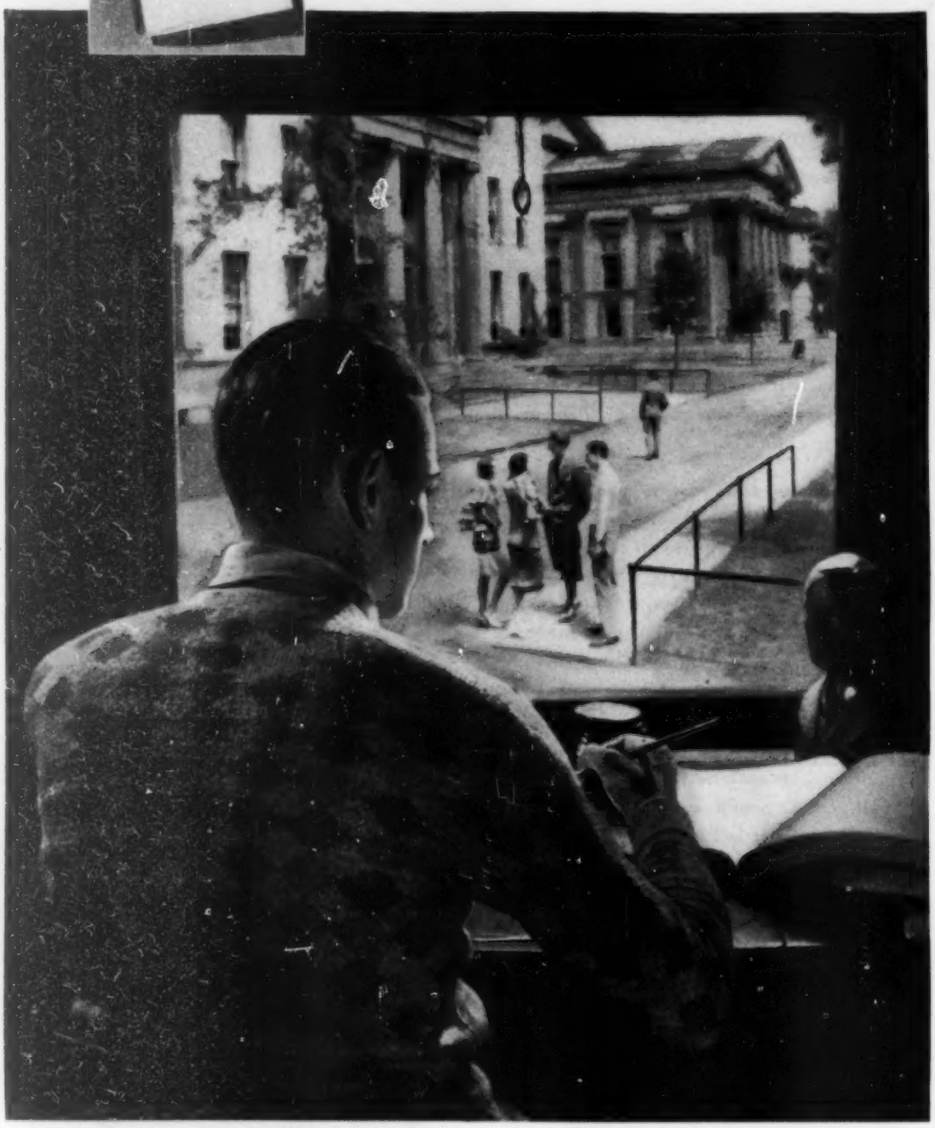

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Spur Tie always holds its hand-tied look because it has a patented, flexible Innerform which you can pinch or pat into any shape that suits you.

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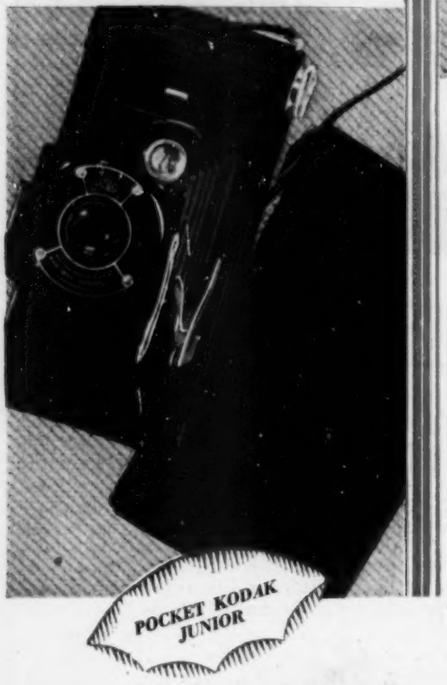

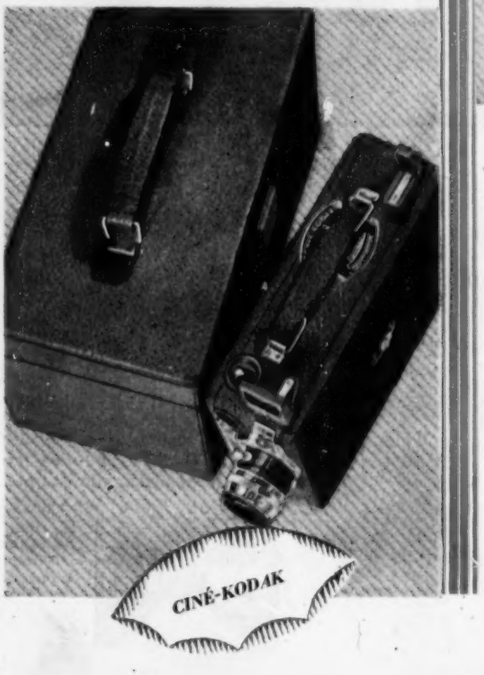

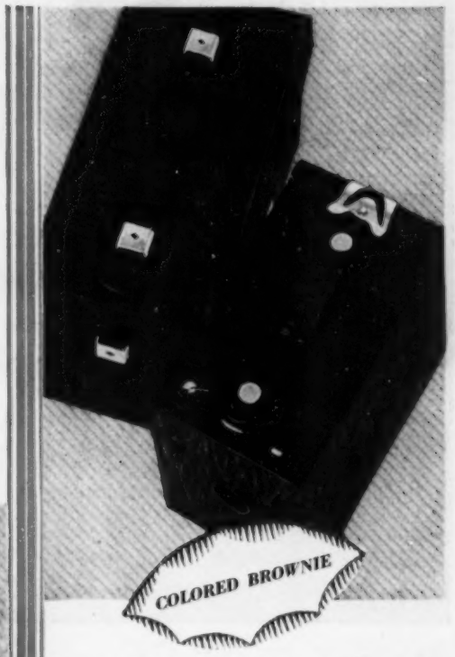

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